



# *The Overland Monthly*





# OVERLAND MONTHLY

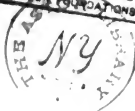
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EDITED BY  
ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN

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# Overland Monthly

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## AS TALKED IN THE SANCTUM.

BY THE EDITOR.



HE CONTRIBUTOR prides himself on being a man of judgment, and of possessing, as he rather modestly asserts, a little more than his share of good, old-fashioned "horse-sense."

We instinctively felt that, in spite of the ambiguity of the good man's egotism, he meant something slyly complimentary to himself, if not openly disparaging to his usually sweet-tempered colleagues. The Poet and the Parson resented the assumption.

The Parson. "I suppose the gentle boaster has a monopoly of everything equine, regardless of the eternal fitness of things. I rise to inquire if the 'horse-laugh' is also among his accomplishments. Does he claim to be the 'dark horse' of the circle? Or is he indulging in 'horse-play' at the expense of us whose understandings are limited to plain 'cat-sense' or even everyday *homo-sense*."

The Contributor. "Horse-sense, my dear Parson, is but another term for 'common-sense,' a sense that is not so common in or out of Congress in these degenerate times."

The Parson. "I opine that our friend has been reading the delectable 'Hazard of New Fortunes,' and fallen into the error of thinking that his *confreere*, Brother Howells, was referring to him when he said, 'What I want is an editor who has *horse sense*, and you've got it.'"

Then we fell to discussing the use of the word "horse" in phrase and fable. It was Cromwell who made the famous remark, that a certain man, unknown to fame, had less discernment in the moot points of the Protestant controversy than his horse; hence the phrase "Horse-Protestant," which was possibly the forerunner of the phrase "horse-sense."

Then there was, in counter-distinction to our modern "horse-marines," the "Horse-milliner," a horse-soldier who was more fit to pass ices at an afternoon function than to follow the dogs of war. Of him Scott sung,

One comes in foreign trashery  
 Of tinkling chain and spur,  
 A walking haberdashery  
 Of feathers, lace, and fur.

It is Æsop who is responsible for the once much-used and expressive term, "Horse and his Rider," to show how nations at war have craved the assistance of others, and have thereby only become in the end, the slave of the arbitrator. Thus the Celtic Britons asked the aid of the Saxons, and the Danish duchies of the Germans, and in both cases the rider, once safely mounted, refused to alight when his aid was no longer needed.

The Contributor. "To modernize,—the Democratic party is the horse, or ass, if you please, that appealed to the tariff bugbear last election, to direct its insane gyrations, which invitation was accepted with the usual Æsopian result,—the rider has made an ass of the ass."

The Parson. "Which reminds me of the story of a friend of mine from Mississippi, who died some years ago. When he arrived at the pearly gate he was asked by Saint Peter the usual questions, and among others, if he had come afoot or on horseback, 'Afoot,' he answered, with a proper showing of pride. 'We are very sorry, Colonel,' came the answer, 'we only admit those who have been frugal enough in the other world to be able to make their appearance here well mounted.'

"As the disappointed applicant turned sadly away, his eye fell on Pomp, his old colored man, who was sleeping peacefully under the shadow of a fig-tree.

"'Ho, Pomp, wake up,' he said, kicking the old slave, 'you were always a good nigger, why don't you go inside?'

"'No use, Mastar Carter, I've neber had a hoss in all my life. I'se outside, sho, sah!'

"Then a bright idea struck my friend.

"'Here, Pomp, you get down on your hands and knees and I will mount you and we can ride right into heaven as man and horse.'

"When the couple knocked once more at the gate, the question came,

"'Who's that?'

"'Colonel Carter of Fairfax, sir.' •

"'Mounted or on foot?'

"'Mounted.'

"'All right, Colonel. Just dismount and tie your horse outside, and walk right in.'"

Some one was irreverent enough to suggest that the tale unlike wine had not improved with age, and the good Parson left the room on his "high horse."

The Artist. "Which is a 'horse' on the Parson?"

"THERE is something fascinating to me in this Coxey movement," the Poet said with a slightly apologetic quaver in his voice.

There was always sure to be something fascinating in the Poet's fascinations, so we listened in amused silence.

The Poet. "In the first place, Coxey is one of the great men of the century. His name will have a place in history, when the names of nine tenths of our so-called statesmen have been forgotten."

The Contributor. "By the side of Guy Fawkes and Wilkes Booth."

The Poet. "By the side of King David, Peter the Hermit, and John Brown. Like them he has sprung from the common people to become their chief, to lead them, possibly by promises of plunder, to carry out great reforms, which though they may be absurd in their genesis have been and may be in the present case approved by history. It may be with Coxey as it was with David and Peter the Hermit, the end guarantees the means.

"David, the erst favorite of a dissolute king and the champion of a down-trodden people, 'escaped to the cave Adullam, . . . and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them.'

"With this collection of 'tramps' and 'commonwealers,' David, possibly, as I have said, by promises of plunder, saved the little kingdom from the hordes of the Philistines, and in the end became its King."

The Contributor. "Which proves nothing but the old adage that you can prove anything by the Bible."

The Poet. "Which simply proves that history continues to repeat itself. Hence, I argue that, while Coxey's movement may seem absurd and fanatical to the present generation, it is no more absurd than was Peter the Hermit's, as viewed by nineteenth century eyes. Peter the Hermit attached to himself by his eloquence, personal magnetism, or perchance promise of gain either in this world or the next, a horde of 'unemployed,' and marched them across Europe and into the borders of Asia, a distance not greater than Coxey's army traversed, only to break up and be swept out of existence. Peter's usefulness ended with his preaching; as an organizer and a general he was not Coxey's equal, who has reduced a mass of men that governments, municipal or national, have been unable to control, to law-respecting citizens, if quixotic ones. But, like his celebrated prototype, his aim to make a speech from the Capitol steps at Washington has failed, as Peter's fanatical attempt to wrest a mythical sepulcher from the rightful possession of an antagonistic nation failed. Inasmuch is the Coxey movement fascinating to me. Peter the Hermit found Godfrey of Bouillon to carry on the work, and John Brown, Abraham Lincoln. Some convert, after Coxey has gone, of greater breadth and profounder mind, is sure to spring up, and out of these early chaotic dreams bring about reforms that will be a blessing to our country and a legacy to mankind."

The Poet paused for our applause.

The Reader. "Why is Brother Coxey like the United States Mint?"

No one deigned to volunteer a solution, for the Reader's failing was a sore trial to us all.

The Reader. "Coxey turned out a capitol nuisance; the Mint turns out capital new cents."

The Contributor. "Still I am in favor of the government giving the Coxeyites what they ask for,—work. I don't care whether it is on the roads, the Nicaragua Canal, or the stone pile."

The Reader. "Or on the Tariff Bill."

THE *Century* is thrice welcome this month of June, for it brings to the Sanctum another, of Mr. Alex. W. Drake's charming, "Midnight Stories."

There is something so fresh, so unexpected, withal so sweet and simple, in the new author's work, that one is attracted almost as much by the absence of the essentials that go to make up the usual magazine stories as by the very qualities that stamp it as unusual, oftentimes startlingly weird.

Each one of the three tales of the series that have so far appeared has for its motif an idea that is new, if there is anything new under our sun. The hero of his first story, which appeared in the November *Century*, is an old artist, who has been studying the varying effects of light and shade in yellow for his masterpiece,—a Haunted House. A simple haunted house such as you might paint in your dreams,—a haunted house so true, that you would recognize it if you should meet it in your travels in broad daylight, with a glorious summer sun flooding its every nook and cranny with its golden light. That is all there is to the story, but the picture that he draws is so clear and distinct that, you stop and lay down the magazine with a queer, creepy, catch-your-breath kind of a feeling.

His second story, "The Curious Vehicle," is also the story of an artist who haunts the streets of New York for halos. The halos that one sees about an electric light on cold, winter nights, halos that outrival those produced by Rubens or Van Dyke, or those that encircle the heads of the almost divine Sienna Madonnas. It is a quaint conceit, but one that gives new meaning to a cab ride through our otherwise uninteresting streets on a January night.

Now comes "The Loosened Cord," which while it is not as striking, is full as sweet as its predecessors. A company of choice spirits are gathered about the table of one of their number in his studio, up under an open skylight. The host was famous for his dinners and the designs of his table.

"Once it was a delightful dinner in midsummer, where small vessels floated about among miniature icebergs, over a sea of cobalt blue."

On the night which the story opens "all eyes were turned toward the chair assigned to the honored guest, for, attached to it by a most delicate silken cord, floated a miniature balloon, swayed by every current of air which passed through the great studio. . . . Beneath it, instead of the usual car, hung a circular cage of gossamer-like workmanship. In it was a swinging perch, on which sat a little bird that sang with the greatest delight as the balloon rocked to and fro.

While the contralto was singing the silken cord became loosened, and in spite of the frantic efforts of the company to catch it the balloon sailed up and out the open skylight. It is this incident of the story that suggests to Mr. Drake the clever little head-piece of upraised hands.


In the second part of the story the little balloon appears at the death-bed of sweet Rose Damian, in an old French town on the Mississippi. It came floating into her window, among the little children and kind old priests, a miracle to them, for the little bird, starved by its long trip, gives up its life in an impassioned burst of song, wafting the human sufferer's soul away, in the midst of half-delirious melody.

All three of the stories are so short, so concise, that it is difficult to review them, and much more difficult to quote from them without copying them entire. If I only call some one's attention to them that has so far overlooked them, I shall feel more than repaid.

The Office Boy. "Proof."


## A SUMMER IDYL.

O LET'S away from dust and heat,  
From busy town and crowded street,  
And seek the cañon's cool retreat;



Pray let us hie,  
Just you and I,  
To charmed spot, with flying feet.

A tiny path the cows have made,  
Winds through the open, across the  
glade,  
And leads to cool, perpetual shade



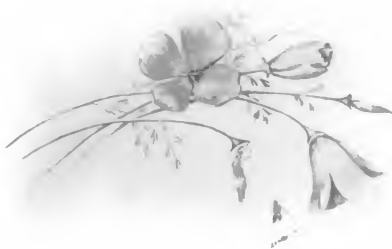
In cosy nook,  
Beside the brook,  
Where breezes sweet-perfumed are laid.





And here we pass  
 The stiffer grass,  
 In solid phalanx, left and right,  
 A troop of imps in armor bright,  
 With needle swords each plumed knight  
     Stands guard, to prick  
     And prod and stick,  
 And captive take unwary wight.

When brightest sunbeams glance and play,  
 The golden poppies nod and sway  
 Their silken petals by the way,  
     Closing nightly,  
     Petals tightly,  
 Sweet sleeping till the dawning day.







On, on we speed,  
Past flower and weed,  
Till safe within the shady dell,  
Where silence reigns and fairies dwell,  
I feel a dazed, enchanted spell,  
Despite my will  
My pulses thrill,  
Sweet, do assure me, "All is well."

*Helen M. Carpenter.*



#### A BOOK.

A LIVING soul had penned its likeness here;  
Whate'er is writ, or tale or history,  
The mind of the Creator shines out clear,  
With no successful guise of mystery.

*L. Worthington Green.*

## MADRID SAUNTERINGS.

BY THE SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN COMMISSION TO THE MADRID COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.



THE dullest and most uninteresting capital in Europe," said my friend. "Six months in Madrid! You have my sympathy. A glaring sun during the day, and piercing cold at nightfall! No

chance for a touch of the romance that lingers in that land of famous story.

Spain presents two aspects to the traveler. If he enters from the south, its beauties at once take possession of his soul; and when by leisurely travel he reaches the capital, criticism is disarmed by remembrances of Seville and



LA PUERTA DEL ALCALA.

amusements; no society; bad wines and worse cooking! Besides, the cholera is coming, sure!"

In spite of these forebodings I had many pleasant anticipations of what was in store for me. I looked forward to participating in the first of the series of celebrations of the Columbian Discovery, to a sight of those treasures of art for which Spain is famous, and per-

Granada, and the never-to-be forgotten scenery of the Sierra. The pleasure of the journey from the north is largely in anticipation. Burgos excites without satisfying the imagination, and he who tarries at Madrid, on that great central tableland, must penetrate the externals of the city's life to find an equivalent for what the south bestows so lavishly on even the bird of passage.



LA PUERTA DEL SOL.

In time he grows to know that in spite of the suggestions of Paris in the modes and cuisine, he is living in the heart of Spain; that the original documents of much of the history of the world is conserved in its libraries, while its unwritten records span ages and link the remotest past with the time when history began.

The first serious duty that confronts the traveler is to witness a bull fight. I saw my first and last upon the second day of my stay in Madrid. The porter at the hotel bought the tickets, as he had bought them Sunday after Sunday for new arrivals through more than one generation of travelers. Governments change, but the bull fight remains; brutal, terrible! Not so trying, however, in its demands upon the sensibilities of the sojourner in Spain as the comments of the tourists, who relate their experiences, emotions, and criticisms, with unvarying regularity at each Sunday evening's table d'hôte.

Let me turn from the bull fight to describe another of the Madrid enter-

tainments that flourishes in summer, when the nights are devoted to gayety, and only *novillos* are to be seen in the Plaza de Toros. The English circus in the Plaza del Rey is one of the best patronized summer amusements in Madrid. Here is to be seen an equestrian performance of a superior character; for the Madrileños are good judges of horseflesh and riding.

This is followed by a kind of play that is pretty sure to reflect many interesting national customs and characteristics. During the summer of the Columbian year, the bill of the circus announced *La Feria de Seville*, "The Fair at Seville," a pantomime that crowded the spacious amphitheater the summer long. Fairs are an ancient institution in Spain, and one is always being held at some place or another. The people assemble in the costumes of their province, with their musical instruments, and dance and sing, and make merry generally. The representation of the fair at the English circus was partly upon a raised stage and partly within the ring, which,

for reasons that will presently be seen, was surrounded with a high iron railing.

The performance commenced with the advent of the company, dressed as country folk, strollers, and gypsies. A booth was erected, and wine and refreshments sold. A drove of burros was driven in, followed by a mountebank riding in a cart drawn by two black poodles, which afterwards jumped through hoops placed at different distances. A company of vaulters performed various feats, and the bustle and confusion increased until all hurried away to give place to the next number. *Canto y Baile Flamenco*, the programme styled it, or Flemish Songs and Dances.

Wooden chains were arranged to form three sides of a square in the arena, and in rode caballeros on beautiful horses, with fair señoritas clinging behind them. Then the musicians took their places in the middle of the seated company, and one began a song in a harsh, rasping voice to the thumping of his guitar; while the audience in the circus, carried away with enthusiasm, punctuated the pauses in the song with shouts. Here, for the first time, I saw the picturesque costumes of Andalusia, the

most elegant and graceful of all the costumes of Spain, and the ones which artists have made best known to the world.

The song, thrice repeated, gave way to a dance, a quadrille of graceful Seville women, whose dance, so often described, fails all description. This was continued on the stage where the company re-

assembled, while the grooms and mechanics of the circus strengthened the railing that surrounded the ring by intertwining ropes between the iron bars. So great was their care that it would have proved alarming, had not the audience, now greatly augmented, pressed close to the rails. The last number of the program, *Lidia de un becerro*, was about to begin. This burlesque bull fight, for such it is, mimics the real encounters in the



Plaza, whose formalities are carefully observed. First the carriages drove up with the spadas, or bull fighters, dressed in their proper costumes. Then the alguacil rode in on a spirited horse; the procession was formed, and the quadrille advanced to the president's box. The key was tossed to the proper officer, and the ring cleared, while the picadores took their places, ready to receive the on-

slaught of the bull. These picadores carried their horses instead of being carried by them, for they were made of wicker work, like those that sometimes augment the armies of the theater. The bull, however, was a reality, and when the gates were opened, the attendants meanwhile carefully guarding the barriers, rushed into the arena and made short work of the poor mock-horsemen. No sooner would they trot up, lance in place, to the sportive yearling, than he would give them a toss, and over would go picador, basket and all, to the intense delight of the crowd.

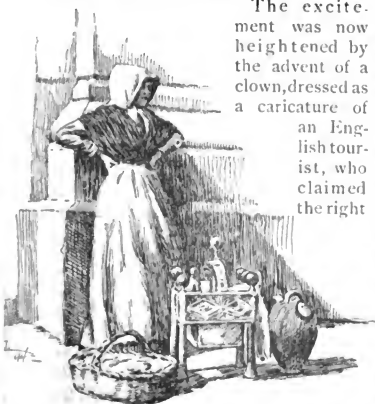
The banderillas appeared in due course, and the poor little bull, who was at first inclined to be playful, began to bellow and paw the ground. He seemed puzzled and worried, and determined to resist further indignities. Then the trumpet gave the signal for the matador, who advances with a sword of lath to kill the bull. The harassed creature tossed him and his attendants right and left. The bull's horns were well padded, but the amateur espada lacked courage to stand before them long enough to make even the feint that is considered equivalent to the death-thrust.

The excitement was now heightened by the advent of a clown, dressed as a caricature of an English tourist, who claimed the right



of killing the bull. Some years since an English amateur appeared in the Plaza at Madrid and killed several bulls. People still speak well of his work, so that it could hardly have been with him in the mind that the audience jeered the clown, who was chased instead of pursuing. The clamor rose higher and higher, until the young matador uncovered his sword and gave the bull his *coup de grace*.

The performance closes at an early hour, and the night is still young for the saunterer. At twelve o'clock the cafés are filled with a gossiping crowd. Young women, with black shawls drawn over their heads in lieu of the old-time lace mantilla, elbow their way through the streets. At half past twelve the hawkers are crying tickets for the last performance at the Tarzuela, where the doors are blocked by an expectant multitude. Society may have graced the boxes of the theater earlier in the evening, but now the house is filled with a miscellaneous throng. The succession of the little musical plays that give the theater its name varies as the weeks go on, new ones being added at the close as the earlier ones are dropped, so that all may see the repertoire of the com-



pany. The same plays are played year after year, with not a few traditions being observed as to times and seasons. One may see many charming pictures of Spanish life in these graceful comedies, revivals as well as survivals of the past; and the familiar figures, the barber and the sacristan, the village elder and the simple country lad, not to speak of the pert waiting maid, the gallant lover, and the fair lady in distress, are common characters. Here one may listen to old ditties set to new music, and new songs sung to airs that were old when Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery.

The crowd lingers in the streets until nearly dawn, and with the dawn the high voices of the revelers mingle with the many cries that usher in the noisy day. Each hawker has his peculiar cry, which varies from city to city. It is pleasant to wander abroad in the early morning. The cambista has taken his stand at his usual station in the Puerta del Sol, with his heavy bag of copper coins, exchanging a nod with all the cooks and serving maids on the way to market. They often stop to change their silver for the copper pieces with the head of the young king. He gives full count, this survival it may be of the Moorish schroff, getting his copper at a discount from the bakers. No servant goes to market without having obtained change from him. They do not trust either the count or the metal of the dealers.

The morning air is scented with the odor of coffee and spices. In front of each café the coffee for the day's consumption is being roasted in a globular iron vessel in the open air, while before many doors the cinnamon for the chocolate is being pounded in an iron mortar. The sounds of bugles are heard about the city almost before the birds are awake, and troops are to be seen marching from their barracks at the earliest hour. One misses in the United States the variety they give to city life,



and in Madrid they furnish the color that is needed to offset the somber cloaks and generally subdued dress of the civilians. The civil guards ride two by two along the Alcalá. A departing regiment passes with music and colors flying. And then we see the soldier in his working dress, clad in dull brown cloth, shod with *alpargatas*, or hempen sandals, carrying a whip instead of a carbine, and accompanying forage wagons drawn by mules. But this, the reality of the Spanish soldier's life, is less known and less observed.

Towards mid-day the diligences drive up filled with country people, often with two civil guards seated in one of the compartments, and always piled high with leather trunks and boxes of a great variety of shapes and epochs. Often have I been tempted to buy a place in one of these quaint vehicles, and set off to some one of the little towns in the country, leaving my ultimate destination to chance, and fancying that beyond the hills I might find some ancient village, whose life I had seen many times on the boards of the Apolo Thea-



ter. But the great Exposition and its manifold duties chained me, and perforce, I found my amusements nearer by.

There is a certain tram-car leaving Puerta del Sol, that bears the legend "Carabanchel y Leganés." This was my resource in idle hours. It carried me down the quaint Plaza Mayor, past the market, through Old Madrid, and at last gave fair sight of those rolling plains, brown at all seasons, save the early spring, that surround the city like the sea. The first journey was a voyage of discovery. At the Toledo Gate, care seemed to be left behind. On either side of the level road were refreshment booths for the working people, who throng there on Sunday afternoons to play quoits or ninepins.

The broad avenue to the Manzanares crosses the river by an ancient bridge set with time-worn statues; and passing this, we have soon forgotten the city. It would be pleasant to stand upon this bridge and watch the sluggish stream, but the tram hurries on by the little house where the *consumos* levy toll, until we are soon fairly in the country, where the wind blows fresher across the sun-dried wastes.

The travelers on the road form an interesting study. A sturdy yeoman, with broad-brimmed black hat, short coat, and tight breeches, approached, riding on a donkey. Great mule wagons, laden with grain and flour, toil slowly toward the city. At intervals the car stops for country women on their way home, and occasionally prepossessing señoras, neatly dressed in black, bound for a visit to friends in some outlying town, board the train. The driver waits without concern while they make adieus to family or friends, as though about undertaking some long and dangerous journey.

Now we pass a roadside tavern, with a friendly bush as a sign of cheer, or a warehouse for oil and wine, with its yard filled with enormous unwieldy jars, that seem too large to be sheltered

within the neighboring walls. There are few isolated farm houses, but here and there a threshing floor is marked with a great yellow stack, where the oxen sometimes still drag a stone-toothed harrow over the sheaves, until the pyramid of straw grows apace. On the sloping sides of a tiny stream gardeners are at work, and one hears the creaking of the ancient Moorish pump, as the earthen pots empty their contents to a higher level to irrigate the little garden.

The car at last passes through a closely built town, twisting for some minutes along the narrow, crooked streets, and then emerging again into the open country, always browner and barer than before. Here I would leave the conveyance for a tramp across the wind-blown fields, exchanging words of salutation with the leather-clad shepherds, and rejoicing at the sight of an occasional stunted olive tree, the only green thing that appeared for miles.

The journey homeward, as the sun declined, gave much chance for sober reflection. As the city came in view it would seem glorified by the transverse rays. Rising above the plain, with the dome of San Francisco el Grande and the Palacio Real in high relief, Madrid seemed indeed worthy of her position among the cities of the world.

The outgoing trains were crowded with market people, and the road enlivened by handsome equipages, carrying officials and city gentry to their villas beyond the walls. At the bridge the keen-eyed officials visé each passenger, and often carried off one or more of their number to the guard-house to search them for contraband wine or provisions,—an indignity which the men would endure with apparent indifference, but the women with shrieks and tears. It was well to hurry at this hour. At sunset the air became piercing cold, and it was pleasant to seek the shelter of a café for a glass of *aguardiente* and a little friendly gossip before dinner.



There was a goal in these pilgrimages which I often longed to attain,—the town bearing the pleasant-sounding name of Liguanes, the end of the car route. I started one Sunday at an earlier hour, and reached, at last, this destination. I arrived at four o'clock, and found the place asleep. The church was locked, and the streets deserted. The very dogs lay basking in the dust. There are barracks here, but not even a soldier was in sight. Parched with thirst I entered the café, where, behind closed doors and barred windows, the waiters dozed over the table, and a few soldiers sat playing dominoes. Had I been a little later in the day I should tell a very different story. All the village would have been out in the plaza. The doors of the café would have stood wide open, and tables with heladas and that seductive national beverage, *cervaca con limon*, "beer and lemonade," dotted what might with courtesy be called the village green.

There are twosides to Spanish character, one of listlessness and apathy, and the other of untiring, resistless energy. We hear now-a-days of the former, but the latter also survives, as the glories of the great Historic Exposition at Madrid in 1892, will testify.

Little has transpired concerning this

Exposition in America. We were too busy preparing for the celebration at Chicago, and at best hear little news from Spain. The Exposition was held in the new building erected for the national museum and library in the Paseo de Recoletos. The Exposition was divided into two distinct parts, the Historic-American, designed to display the condition of America and its native people at the time of the discovery; and the Historic-European, in which Europe was represented at the period of the Columbian epoch. It was pleasant to stroll through the cool halls of the great palace, especially on festivals and holidays, when the civil guards that did police duty wore their gayest uniforms and the great dignitaries of Spain made their official visits with no lack of ceremony.

Among the many visitors, however, one could not fail to observe the children. Spain is a pleasant land for children. The dress of those of the better class in Madrid is always picturesque and charming, and they are everywhere treated with unusual care and consideration. The Prado is the children's playground in Madrid. Between nine and eleven on summer evenings the long, brilliantly lighted avenue is filled on both sides with children, playing games and making merry, watched the while by their nurses seated upon the low stone benches that line the broad street. At the extreme southern end of the Prado is a little marionette theater. The audience sit in the open air, within a fenced inclosure that bears the sign at the entrance of *Guignol Theater*. Plays are regularly performed here on summer evenings; admission, ten centesimos, about two cents, for each play, with seats on the cushioned benches in the front rows for twice that amount. A man at the gate rings a gong-like bell, while a piano player rattles off an overture. The greatest good nature exists among the audience. Children and nurse maids predominate, with an occasional soldier, who devotes himself to

one of the maids. A few boys from the street and a laborer in a flat cap, with his family, make up the spectators.

A paying number having been obtained at last, the drop curtain rises, the puppets whirl into their places, and the performance begins. I witnessed a play entitled *La Isla del Hesoro*. Its characters comprised Dorinda, Domingo, el Abate (the Abbé), el Jefe de la Tribe (the Chief of the Tribe) and el Ayundante (his lieutenant). There were impassioned love scenes between Domingo and Dorinda, sung with the piano as an accompaniment. The puppets clapped their hands wildly, and at last, after a dance by the Chief of the Tribe and his fellow-savages, the drama closed happily, all the principal personages sailing away in a little boat with red fire accompaniment, the thwarted chief and his tribesmen watching them from the shore.

As I left the theater by a side gate, all going out as is the custom in Madrid at the end of each play, of which there are usually several in the course of an evening, a man accosted me and asked me to return to the theater. He was the manager, had observed my taking notes, and concluding that I belonged to the press, wished to extend to me the hospitalities of his establishment, of which he was very proud.

I entered the inclosure behind the scenes and met the members of his troupe, seven men and a woman, his wife, who took the female parts. The scenery was in sets, hung from above by ropes attached to each set and fastened at the sides.

After I had admired the really beau-

tiful scene of the enchanted cave which I had witnessed from the front, and wondered how such excellent effects could be obtained so simply, and had examined the little beaver hat with the stamp of a Madrid hatter that Domingo wore, and the boat on which the lovers sailed away, I seated myself, to witness the play from behind the scenes.

The players were dressing, putting the sleeve-like body of the puppets over their arms, and working their fingers into the arms and head of the mannikins. One with hands yet unincumbered was tidying the wigs, and setting the hats and bonnets straight.

Soon the bell rang, and up went the curtain. It was an amusing spectacle. With arms thrust in air the company were marching about in the narrow space, singing intently and making the most grotesque motions. The book of the play was passed around, as occasion required, and entrances and exits were made with a serious flourish of arms overhead, until at last all the players save one were waving both hands frantically in the air in a grand finalé, and the curtain again fell amid a blaze of colored fires.

The director and proprietor handed me his card when I took my departure. It bore the name

JOSÉ LLOPIS PELEJERO,

Calle del 7 de Julio, No. 5, piso 4°.

I naturally returned the compliment, and went away, more than ever impressed with the high courtesy and generous spirit one finds among all classes while traveling or sojourning in the Spanish Castiles.

Stewart Culin.



## DOT-AND-GO-ONE.

## A JUSTIFIABLE BURGLARY.

"I MUST say, Alice, I do not understand your infatuation for John Barclay."

Thus Mrs. Colonel Peyton to her daughter, who, rising with a pretty flush, retorted, "I do wish, dear mamma, that you would not describe my little friendships as infatuations. It is a waste of the superlative."

"With your prospects it would be ridiculous to throw yourself away on Mr. Barclay. Believe me, Alice, no one but a Southern gentleman knows how to take care of a woman."

Alice shrugged her pretty shoulders. She was of Southern stock, but when out of her mother's jurisdiction she confessed that if she ever put her destinies in the hands of a man, it would not be a fatal objection to him that he was of Northern birth.

Her father, Colonel Peyton, of Culpepper County, Virginia, bore an honorary title; for an accident in childhood had left him with one leg longer than the other, and unfitted him for martial exercises. He had not served in the war, except as far as a little blockade running might constitute patriotic service. After Appomattox he turned his assets into greenbacks, and foreseeing a long period of depression for the South, he came to California.

The moment was propitious. The long ground swell of the mining boom was beginning to rise and fall. The Colonel chanced to buy into one or two of the Comstock properties just as the wave struck them. He bought and sold with such surprising luck and judgment that one day when he balanced his bank account he found he was worth a round half million. That night he vowed that

the stock market should see him no more, and strange to say, he kept his word. From that day he was deaf to early information and points on stocks. He laughed when people told him that Mackay was buying or Flood selling. His brokers could not screw an order out of him, however straight the tip. But he opened a modest office in Montgomery Street, and nailed on the door a tin shingle engraved,—

FAIRFAX PEYTON, BANKER.

He always had money to lend, provided the collaterals were A1, the loan on call or at short date, and the rate of interest all the traffic would bear. He reached his office at ten A. M., and remained there for the transaction of business till four P. M., when he brushed his coat and hat with care, and called on his cronies, the Fairfaxes—the Virginia Fairfaxes. There were young ladies in the family, and visions had once been cherished; they had vanished when the Colonel came to be regarded merely as a friend of the family; so it was a surprise when, one day, he asked Mrs. Fairfax in a stately way for the hand of Lucinda. The match was commendable. He was rich and growing richer daily; his habits were correct, his family Southern, which was a *sine qua non*. True, his gait led rude boys to call him Dot-and-Go-One, at which he smiled a ghastly smile. This smile rarely deserted his lips, and made him look like a hyena. But he had evinced no carnivorous propensity. There was a legend that he had once dragged a very saucy boy into his back office, gnashed his teeth at him, and called him a black Republican, and a white-livered

abolitionist, until the lad had a fit : but the story lacked authenticity.

To the Colonel and Lucinda two children were born : Robert E. Lee Peyton, and after an interval of eight years, Alice Peyton, who at the time of the above quoted maternal warning was twenty years old, a tall girl, straight as an Oregon pine, with honest brown eyes, masses of light brown hair with glints of gold, rosy cheeks, and the generous roundnesses which distinguish Bouguereau's nymphs and California girls.

As the prospective heiress of half of Colonel Peyton's wealth, Alice had a court of her own. She might have been happier if her prospects had been less bright, for then she might have fancied she was being wooed for herself. As it was, each new admirer impressed her as another young man who wanted some one to pay his board bill. She was so pretty and so sweet that she must have inspired a tender feeling in some masculine breasts, but the fortune hunters so outnumbered the honest lovers that the latter were merged and lost in the mass.

"I suppose," she said to her dearest girl friend, "that I must end by buying a husband. I know too much to affect to despise matrimony, as girls do when eligible parties do not offer. But if I do buy a man, I want a guarantee with him such as Shreve gives me when he mends my watch, that he will go right so long as he is carefully wound up."

Mrs. Peyton had not been unobservant, when she accused Alice of a preference for John Barclay. Perhaps the reason was that John never made love to her, or even tried to attract her attention. He was gentle and deferential, but he hardly showed a preference for her society over that of other girls. When she coquetted with him, he put her pretty wiles aside with an indulgent smile. When she contradicted him, he acquiesced with grave courtesy, but she always felt that this great hulk of a man over whom she tyrannized could turn

and rend her if he chose. His superiority and self-control were exasperating. He knew everything, and gave himself airs of knowing nothing. Once, when she had saturated herself with the ideas of a review of a new book, she retailed them to him as if they had been her own ; he listened gratefully, as one who was hearing something new : she learned afterward that he was the author of the review. He was not, at least openly, a fortune hunter, for she had heard him pour such a torrent of contemptuous scorn on the Moneybags tribe that she was glad to remember that she was not only rich, but also a member of one of the first families.

Her brother, Robert E. Lee Peyton, was not a wellspring of joy in the house. He was a middle-sized youth, with thin legs and watery eyes ; he was a master of bad language, and his swearing vocabulary was astonishingly copious. Every member of the family knew the sound of his rickety tread, as he reeled to his room after a supper at tavern or club. More than once, Mrs. Peyton had been compelled to open her purse to her prodigal, when the Colonel with his white teeth glistening through his smile refused to anticipate his allowance to enable him to pay his gambling debts. According to the sporting papers he was an authority on the turf ; he knew the points of a horse as well as the jockeys themselves, and had backed Election against the field at such odds that he was compelled to ask for time when the filly was distanced. These fredaines the Colonel was not disposed to condemn too harshly.

"Bob's a Southerner, my deah," he would say to his wife ; "a love of horse-flesh runs in his blood. I have heard my father say that Mista Jefferson never went to a race that he did not come home dead broke, eh !"

But there was a woman—a dreadful woman—a woman so dreadful that no one in the family had seen her, and she

was spoken of in whispers and gasps. Colonel Peyton had forbidden his wife to mention her to Alice, and delicacy forbade Alice's ordinary friends from alluding to her; the consequence of which was that the horrid creature was the chief topic of conversation between mother and daughter; and Alice's best and dearest friend gathered from far and near every scrap of intelligence about her, and bore them to Miss Peyton with her tender and delicate sympathy. Her name,—or at least the name she chose to bear,—her domicile, her clothes, her haunts, her tastes, the color of her hair, the hue of her eyes, her jewels,—he had given them to her, the villain,—were all known in the minutest detail in the Peyton household.

The only one who was imperfectly informed on the subject was the Colonel himself. He did not want information. He loathed the subject. Wild oats he understood; Washington had raised a crop of them; John Randolph of Roanoke saw advantages in their culture. But this business of women with bleached topknots, flaunting scarlet skirts in the face of the opera, and actually capable of marrying—yes, marrying, heaven save the mark!—young gentlemen of good family, was too revolting for him to let his mind dwell upon it. He waved it away with a sweep of his arm, grinned his ghastliest smile, raised himself to his full height by throwing his whole weight on his long leg, and then came down on his short leg with a thump which signified that the case was closed, and could not be reopened for reconsideration.

Certain communications reached him one night at the club which made him so grave that he forgot to smile. If his son, the bearer of a historic name, was going to perpetrate a marriage which would reconcile his family to news of his death, well, it must be borne like any other overwhelming affliction. The Peytons had never flinched from the blows of fate. But there was a lower depth

still; to that depth the son of Fairfax Peyton must not descend. It must be his father's business to guard against that.

Next morning father and son met in the Montgomery Street office. The elder man was cool and smiling. The son was nervous.

"Robert," said the father, "you have complained that the allowance I make you of two hundred and fifty dollars a month is insufficient for your wants."

The young man bowed.

"I will not discuss the question whether it is or not. I double it from this day. And in order to place our relations on a business footing, as no one can tell what may happen in the future, and we may not always be as good friends as we have been, ahem, I propose to make you independent of me, by placing in your hands at once a portion of the estate which would come to you at my death. Here are bonds which will yield you, net, six thousand a year. They are yours. But on one condition. You are not in my life-time to part with the bonds. You will content yourself with cashing the coupons," (he called them "kewpons,") "as they mature,—you understand?" And the banker leaned back in his chair, and grinned his stereotyped smile.

"I understand perfectly, sir. My dear old father!" The poor weak reprobate was touched, and a tear, not vicious this time, glistened in his eye.

"You understand, Rob, that I could have accomplished my object by placing the bonds in the hands of trustees. But I thought that if I was going to trust any one it had better be my own son. I do not ask you to sign any promise not to sell the bonds. I will take your word of honor as a Southern gentleman. Oblige me by giving it."

"On the honor of a gentleman, I promise you that not a bond shall go out of my possession."

Two weeks afterward, at the close of



business, Colonel Peyton was going over his securities as his custom was. In his hand he held a bundle of bonds on which he had that day loaned money. He observed that their numbers seemed familiar, and as he noted the figures mechanically, a thought struck him. Rising, he opened his ledger; turning to a certain page, he compared a row of numbers with the numbers of the bonds he held in his hand. "Ha!" said he, and sitting down with his usual smile frozen to marble on his lips, he muttered,—

"Knaves as well as fools!"

Sinking into a reverie, he went over in his memory the history of his own life, and though there were passages, as there are in every man's, which brought a blush to his cheek as he remembered them, he could not recall an instance in which he had broken his word.

John Barclay, dining at the Peytons that evening, observed a restraint on his host's face, and would have left immediately after dinner, but for a sign from Alice bidding him stay.

"Mr. Barclay," said the girl, when they were alone, "will you promise not to think the worse of me, if I am a little forward?"

"I will."

"I make a distinction," she went on, articulating painfully, and twisting her handkerchief, "between you and the others, because—, because—"

It was mean, but he would not help her by word or look.

"Because I have somehow fancied that if I wanted a friend, you would be the friend."

"You were right."

"It is about my brother."

"What about your brother?" asked John sharply, with an entire change of manner.

"I am afraid," muttered Alice, in a half whisper, "that things are very bad. He has no friend, no counselor, no one

near him to strengthen his good impulses and to check his bad ones. He is not really bad, but only weak. If he had any one who was strong to lean against he would do right."

John looked straight into the brown eyes of the girl, and said nothing. She did not avoid his glance, but looked into the depths of his blue eyes with a frank, honest gaze, and it seemed to him that those two—the man and the girl—then and there signed a compact without the scratch of a pen, or the utterance of a word. There was nothing but an exchange of looks and a mutual pressure of the hand, but it was binding.

A few days afterward, the town was surprised to hear that Bob Peyton and John Barclay had gone to house-keeping together, in a bachelor home in a new house with all the modern improvements, in the Western Addition. People could n't quite make up their mind whether Bob was going to demoralize John or John to reform Bob, but old General Leboule expressed public opinion when he said that it was easier to lower a ponderable body down than to lift it up, and therefore the odds were that Bob would bring John down to his level within six months. Still it was remarked that Bob's name ceased to figure in the newspapers; and Mr. Deuce-Ace, who keeps those comfortable parlors on Post Street, was heard to declare, that he'd be d—d if he did n't think that Bob had turned Methodist; he had n't touched a card for a month. Among the quidnuncs of the clubs, spicy tales floated round about a Calypso who not only *ne pouvait se consoler du départ d'Ulysse*, but was disposed to fight for a funeral with Mentor; it was even said that she had horsewhipped Mentor in front of the Baldwin; but as Mentor stood six feet one inch in his stockings and was built on the Sandow pattern, while Calypso was frail both physically and otherwise, this story was disbelieved. It was certain that when

Colonel Peyton, who had been suffering of late, embarked on a steamer for Australia for the benefit of the sea air, his son Bob went to see him off in the most dutiful manner, and never noticed that the sardonic smile on the paternal face was more accentuated than ever.

Discussion of the future relations of the two bachelors was suddenly arrested by the startling announcement that their joint domicile had been robbed, and a large amount of property carried off. It was averred that the thieves had secured \$200,000 in negotiable bonds, which belonged to Rob. Peyton, and were in a brick safe which he had had constructed in his new house for their safekeeping. San Francisco had seldom had such a startling sensation; it reveled in it; the papers issued extras at intervals, and the scene of the robbery swarmed with detectives, professional and amateur.

There was no mystery about the *modus operandi* of the thieves. The safe had been cut open with ordinary burglars' tools; it had not been necessary to use explosives; the deed had been done in the early evening, between 8 and 10, when the Chinese cook was in Chinatown, and Bob's valet was at Colonel Peyton's house, where he was courting one of the maids. John said that at that time he was taking a walk for exercise toward the Park; Bob declined to say where he had been at the time, and the question was not pressed. Suspicion first fastened on the Chinaman; he was fortunate enough to be able to prove an alibi by white witnesses. The valet's story was confirmed by the Peyton servants. The keenest of the detectives failed to discover any sign of forcible entry through doors or windows.

The chief detective summoned Robert Peyton to his office, and after locking the door, apologized for having to ask questions which might seem impertinent.

Robert told him to go ahead.

"Have you known Mr. Barclay long and intimately?"

"No," was the answer. "He's a friend of the family, but until lately I cannot say that my own acquaintance with him has been intimate."

"Then how do you come to be living together?"

"He proposed the arrangement, saying that it would be charming for both of us. He's a pleasant fellow, and I thought it would be convenient to have some one in the house when I was out. I'm a good deal out, you know."

"Did he know the bonds were in the safe?"

"Of course he did. The way of that was this. When I first got the bonds I put them in a safe deposit vault. It occurred to me one day that if the Governor got mad with me he might clap an attachment on the vault. He's a foxy old fellow, the Governor. So I brought 'em home. Barclay made a fuss about their lying round loose in the house, and insisted that they should be kept in a safe. So I had an iron-lined brick safe built, and they've been in it ever since; at least, until they vamped."

"Hum!" grunted the detective, thoughtfully. After a pause he drew from a drawer a long, stout, straight knife, and showing it to Robert asked if he had ever seen that weapon before.

"Seen it? Of course. That's Barclay's paper knife. It's an East Indian weapon, which he picked up somewhere in his trip around the world."

"Paper knife, eh!" responded the detective. "Judging from the condition of this blade, I should infer that Mr. Barclay's books must be printed on pretty tough paper," and he showed Bob how the blade was nicked and hacked, and the point broken off. "You see, sir," he went on, running his finger along the edge of the blade, "the burglars used this knife to cut through the

brickwork, and left it behind them when they had finished their job."

A silence ensued; then, abruptly, the thief-taker asked: "What do you think yourself?"

"I won't say what I think. But I will say that it is just my cursed luck, by all the apostles, never to have a friend who does n't sour on my hands."

And he hurried to a bar-room, where he fortified himself with two brandies straight, each of which he swallowed at a gulp, muttering, "I never liked the fellow, dod rot him. He was always preaching. A pretty preacher, by —"

That night John Barclay was arrested on a charge of having stolen Mr. Peyton's bonds. It was so aggravated a case that the judge set the bail high, and one or two of Mr. Barclay's friends to whom he applied having evinced reluctance to serve as bondsmen, he refused to seek farther, and settled himself down in jail. Among people generally there was but one opinion as to his guilt. The case was quite simple. He had wormed himself into the confidence of Peyton with the purpose of robbing him. He had induced him to remove the bonds from the safe deposit vault to the house they occupied jointly. He had now made away with the stuff, which was probably in New York. There was no way of following it. Robert Peyton had been too careless to take the numbers of the bonds; if there was a record of them in the banking house, it was in a private ledger kept in a private safe, of which the Colonel alone had the key; he was on the high seas, and could not be reached by telegraph. Long before he turned up a confederate would have converted the bonds into coin. People were inclined to admire the smartness of the young rascal.

There was one person who had no doubts. When she visited him in jail, she forgot herself, and sobbed.

"John! John! It is I who have brought you to this!"

But Alice Peyton was not of the hysterical breed. In a just cause, when the bugle blew a battleblast, her Southern blood tingled, and her nostrils expanded and quivered like a young colt's. She retained the ablest criminal lawyer in the city, and poured money out on his table. When that was spent there would be more, any quantity of money; but the innocence of Mr. Barclay must be shown and his enemies rolled in the dust.

"My dear young lady," said the old lawyer, patting her lavender glove with his hairy paw, "I know some young men who would not be sorry to change places with Mr. Barclay at this moment, though he is in jail under suspicion of crime. But it is only right that you should know that the case is grave. The theory of the police is that the robbery was committed by two men, one of whom they declare to have been Mr. Barclay, the other a professional burglar of the name of Owens. It appears that burglars, like painters, have a style of their own which connoisseurs can recognize. The city hall detectives declare that they can identify Owens's work at your brother's house. What complicates matters is that Owens has disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him up. He is not at New York, or Boston, or Chicago, where he is as well known by the police as he is here; and yet they say he must have the bonds with him. If we could find a trace of even one of the bonds, we could hark back from that, and we would be sure to drive our man to earth. But until your father returns, we shall not know a single number. When do you expect him?"

"Next Tuesday. He did not go on to Australia, but turned round at Apia, and started homeward."

"Good. That's not long to wait. Meanwhile, my dear, keep your spirits up," and the shrewd old lawyer, with a twinkle of his eye, whispered in the

young girl's ear, "A little bird has told me a story that is stranger than a fairy tale."

When the *Monowai* was signaled, a young lady, hot, impetuous, and domineering, boarded her in the Doctor's tug, dragged Colonel Peyton to his stateroom, and told him his story. He was speechless. She had to get him a glass of water and to loosen his collar. When he could speak, he ejaculated, "Good God!"

After a moment he rushed out of the stateroom, and stamped back and forth, up and down on the deck, exclaiming at every turn, "Good God! Good God!"

The impression among the passengers was that his bank had failed, that he was a ruined man, and that he was going mad. He would recognize no one, but limped to and fro unceasingly, as if he was walking for a wager. When the ship was warped into her berth, he dropped his grip-sack on the deck, and without waiting for the gang-plank, leaped ashore, jumped into a carriage, and roared,—

"Drive to the District Attorney's office like blazes!"

The official was a type of sedate composure. He glanced at Colonel Peyton, whom he knew by sight, and beckoned him to a chair. The furious Southerner exploded.

"Sit down? No, sir, I will not sit down. I sit down with honest men. As for you, you are a scoundrel." As the lawyer started, the Colonel pursued, "I say that you are a scoundrel, and I am responsible for my words, here and anywhere. You have shut up an innocent man in jail, and you keep him there, knowing his innocence. By the Lord, sir, before the sun sets this day I will have you impeached and placed in the cell which your victim occupies. Come with me, sir, to the office of the Chief of Police."

In the course of his practice the District Attorney had seen many forms of

acute mania. But this was a surprise to him. Here was a man whom he knew to be a prudent, long-headed banker, accustomed to control his temper and to measure his speech; and he was ranting and raving like the wildest inmate of the violent ward at Stockton. What had upset his reason? How had he lost his wits? No harm could be done by humoring him, so far as to accompany him to the office of the Chief of Police.

When the pair entered the office Colonel Peyton sprang at the Chief's throat. The police officer laughingly shook him off, and said,—

"So you're back, eh, Colonel!"

"I ask you, sir," screamed Peyton, "how you dared lock up a friend of mine on a charge which you know to be false?"

The Chief merely laughed in his face.

"I ask you, sir," continued the Colonel, foaming at the mouth, "did you or did you not know that Mr. Barclay was innocent of the charge of having stolen my son's bonds?"

"Of course, I knew he was innocent," answered the Chief coolly.

"Then," said the Colonel, catching his breath, "you are as great a scoundrel as the District Attorney here."

"Come, come," answered the Chief, "go a little slow, please. When a man comes to me and gets me to hire a professional to burgle his son's safe, in order to save the bonds which the young chap was melting too promiscuous-like, and I execute his commission to the Queen's taste, I think he owes me civil speech. There are your bonds in my safe, and if you'll give me a check for a thousand, which I handed Owens by your orders, we'll call the deal square. But the next time you want to hire a burglar to rob a safe, you'll please do it yourself."

That was the first pleasant evening the Peytons had spent since the robbery, and John was dining with them.

Over a glass of native Burgundy, the Colonel accosted him,—

“Mr. Barclay, did you never suspect?”

“Sir,” replied Barclay, “a word you once let fall made the affair clear to me from the first. But what could I say or do?”

Alice crossed over from her side of

the table and laid her hand in John's. The Colonel observed the holy Palmer's kiss, rose up on his long leg, and opened his mouth as if to speak, fell back on his short leg, and again opened his mouth; but he gave up the attempt as a bad job, smiled beamingly, and—whistled.

*John Bonner.*



### THE MINSTREL AND THE KHAN.

A MINSTREL once, as chance befell,  
Happed where the Moslem Tartars dwell.  
Under the walls af a princely pile  
He sang his song; yet grieved the while,  
Thinking how very fine 't would be  
To reign a Khan of Tartary.

Genghis, Khan of Tartary,  
Weary with ruling his kingdom three,  
Looked from his towers, that echoed o'er  
The Yenesei's sullen roar,  
And saw the bard in the court below.  
“Allah!” he sighed, “That I were so,  
A man of merrie minstrelsy,  
Instead of a Khan of Tartary.”

*Charles F. Howell.*



## AN OLD GARDEN.

THE zig-zag fence is wrapped in vines  
And here and there a creeper trails,  
A burning lash that twists and twines  
Around the ancient, rotting rails.

A slender brooklet shivers through  
The tall, strong grass, and glides along  
To seaward with such silence you  
Hear but the echo of a song.

A few broad sunflowers flaming bright  
Lift from the brambles' woven darks ;  
Amid sweet clover, pink and white,  
A poppy flings its glowing sparks.

Beyond lean lonely alder trees,  
Each slim trunk mottled leopard-wise ;  
In deep flower-bells crawl bandit bees,  
With belts of gold about their thighs.

*Herbert Bashford.*



## LITTLE MANUEL.

## A TRUE GHOST STORY.

THIS is the story of "Little Manuel," as it was told by Arthur Banning, an attendant at the Stockton Insane Asylum in 18—. He earnestly vouched for its truthfulness, and no one doubted that he solemnly believed, himself, that he had seen an inhabitant of another world, whatever other explanation might have been given of the event by those incredulous of supernatural visitations. He was an honest, intelligent, and trustworthy man, highly respected by his employers and associates.

Arthur Banning is now dead, but there are many still living that have heard him tell the story over and over again, and who will recognize the accuracy of the following :—

WHEN I was a young man I was for several years an attendant in the Stockton Insane Asylum.

It was at first not at all an agreeable situation, but in time I grew to like it. I became interested in the different phases of human nature about me, and liked to study the poor fellows.

Some of the patients were brighter and more amusing than they could ever have been in the full possession of their healthful faculties, and for some of them I was so dismally sorry that I did n't want to leave them to an attendant who might not care for them.

While there I saw my only ghost. When I tell you about it you will smile and call it at least an improbable story, but it is perfectly true, nevertheless, and I could find half-a-dozen persons who would corroborate all the circumstances, —though only myself and one other man really saw the ghost.

In the same ward with myself there

was a night-watchman named Rogers. He was a good fellow and we all liked him, though we sometimes said among ourselves that he had not the right feeling for the patients. However, we knew of nothing particularly wrong, and no fault was ever found with him. The night attendant has charge of the ward, and it is his duty to see to the wants of the sick, and to wait upon any one requiring any attention of whatever kind during the night.

I considered it an unpleasant post, and I wouldn't have changed places with him for any money, but it was a long time before we heard of any complaint from him,—and even when it came it was not directly from him, but through the Assistant Physician, Doctor Smith. From the Doctor I heard that something had gone wrong with Rogers. He called me into his office one day just after our noon-day dinner, and said jocosely,—

"Are you afraid of ghosts, Banning?"

I thought it was a joke, and wondered at Doctor Smith, as he was usually distant and reserved with the attendants. However, I laughed, and said: "Well, I don't know, Doctor. Maybe I am, and maybe not. I can't answer for certain, never having seen one,—but one thing I can say, I should like to have a chance to find out whether I should be afraid or not. Is there one about the place?"

"Rogers says there is; and I think you're the man we want to capture his ghostship. At any rate, you can try. Rogers wants company; he is unwilling to stay another night alone in the ward where he is, so I'll give you a chance to try your hand at the business. You can

share his watch with him tonight, and that you may be ready to sit up all night you can leave your work to Hammond, and take a nap now, if you choose."

"All right, Doctor. Shall I come to you for instructions tonight."

"No, there is nothing to be done except stay beside Rogers and watch him closely. He has been here a long time, and maybe his mind is becoming affected by his associations. It is n't well for the best balanced mind to stay too long in an insane asylum. I have had to order a strait-jacket for more than one attendant since I've been here."

"That is rather an unpleasant outlook, Doctor," I answered.

"Oh! you need n't mind,—you are all right so far."

I then left the Doctor's office,—but not to sleep. I could sit up more than one night in those days without being fazed. My curiosity was aroused, and I found it hard to get through with the afternoon. That you may understand subsequent occurrences, I shall have to give a few explanations.

There was at that time living in France a well known physician, whose name we will call Harvey Blank. He had married, fourteen years before, a pretty Mexican girl, who had a year after the marriage given birth to a son, and then died. Doctor Blank, it was said, had loved his wife, and he seemed to be fond of pretty black-eyed Manuel while he was a little fellow, and made a great pet of him, as I have heard,—but as he grew older and showed more and more the traits inherited from his Mexican progenitors, the Doctor, who was an energetic, ambitious man, began to betray symptoms of dissatisfaction.

Things went on well enough, however, until a stepmother came upon the scene, and then the lazy, dreamy little "greaser," as she called him, began to have a hard time. The stepmother was a fair, thin, light-eyed woman, one of the Doc-

tor's own people,—a cousin, I believe,—and she actually seemed to delight in worrying the forlorn little fellow. She did nothing, perhaps, which might not have been right for her own child, but Boston ways were unbearable to the descendant of Anita Garcia. She hauled him out of bed at unearthly hours, set regular tasks, and starched his clothes until they drove him to desperation.

After the child started to school, things grew worse and worse. Manuel hated the confinement of the school-room, detested his books, and fairly loathed his teacher; and to add to all his troubles, his stepmother began to report his daily shortcomings to his father. After that to be scolded, whipped, and locked in a dark room, was a frequent occurrence.

At last he could stand things no longer, and the poor little chap ran away. He was gone several days, and when found was half-starved, and frightened nearly to death.

Just before his father came upon him Manuel had found a kinsman in feeling,—if not in blood,—and he hoped to be allowed to end his days in selling tamales,—but before he could even fill the vacuum in his own poor little stomach, his father had learned of his whereabouts, and carried him off.

Doctor Blank was the kind of man who should never have given way to his temper. I suppose he never knew how hard he struck the child. But it is useless making excuses for him. I can never think of it without feeling my fingers work like an eagle's claws, and wishing I had hold of him for a few minutes.

Little Manuel never recovered from the whipping. He was sick in bed for a long time, and then began slowly to wander about the house and garden. He could n't talk,—never could speak a word after that,—but he could make a pitiful noise, and whenever he wanted food or drink would point to his mouth.



Hunger and thirst, and a desire to lie in the warm sun, seemed to be the only feelings left to him. He was gentle and docile most of the time, but at long intervals flew into violent paroxysms of rage. His eyes would blaze, his usually pale face become flushed, and he would have the strength of a little giant. At those times he was dangerous. Once he threw a carving knife at his father, but it unfortunately missed him.

Manuel was put under the care of the best physicians in San Francisco, but nothing could be done, and at last he was sent to the Stockton Insane Asylum.

He was still a pretty little fellow, with great, sad-looking, black eyes, and gentle, pleading ways. For some time after he became an inmate of the Asylum he would shrink away as if expecting a blow whenever any one approached him, but he was treated with such uniform kindness and consideration that he gradually lost the fear he had first manifested, and grew to love all of the attendants and some of the patients.

He was kept in the most agreeable ward, and was permitted to wander at will about the garden. He often went to the house of the resident physician, whose two little sons of five and three years of age made a playmate of him, and took the greatest interest in attempting to teach him to talk. Sometimes he seemed to try to utter the words they repeated over and over again to him in their broken baby speech, but usually he made no effort whatever, and stood, sat, or walked, as he was pushed into place by their little hands.

He seldom gave trouble to any one except at night; then he was restless and seemed lonely. Poor child! He could not sleep, and wanted companionship. I wondered if his mother could see him then.

The room in which Manuel was locked at night had two doors. One was made of upright wooden bars, through which

the patient could see and be seen. This one was locked at night, and the other was usually left open.

When Manuel had one of his restless attacks, he used to appear at the barred door and make the plaintive calls for water. Often these calls would be so frequent that the attendant would find it necessary to go to him many times in the night. He never refused the water when it was given him, but it seemed scarcely possible that he could really want a drink as often as he called for it. This may have become tiresome to Rogers at times,—for it was in his ward that Manuel was kept,—and in fact I remembered afterward that Rogers had spoken of the child several times as a “nuisance.”

It was not long after that, before the little “nuisance” had ceased (or we thought he had) to trouble any one on earth, for he died suddenly one day when he was sitting alone in the garden. We found him among the flowers, a few of the gayest (for bright colors attracted him) in his hands.

Heart disease, the Doctor said it was. He was beautiful after he was dead, and the Doctor's wife and little boys placed flowers about him; but he had no kindred to weep over him. His father and stepmother had gone on a pleasure excursion to the Yosemite.

It must have been a month after his death that Doctor Smith asked me to share Rogers's watch, and see the “ghost.”

I undertook the business in fine spirits, and after the patients had all gone to bed, and the ward was as quiet as it ever is in an asylum, I sat down beside Rogers, and in a low tone of voice,—so low as not to disturb the patients,—asked him to tell me the trouble.

Poor Rogers was evidently very nervous. He looked like a ghost himself. After some hesitation, he said,—

“Of course you remember how little

Manuel used to come to the barred door and ask for a drink?"

"Certainly, I remember. He often did so when locked in his room."

"Well—for two nights—I've seen his face and heard his voice,—just as we used to see and hear him when alive."

"Nonsense, man," I laughed. "You are crazy yourself. You imagine it. You are nervous, and need a change."

"You may laugh if you can, and you may say whatever you please, but I saw him just the same, and I believe he will come again tonight."

"What time did he come last night," I asked, impressed in spite of myself.

"About twelve o'clock,—and I saw him distinctly for what I believe to have been several minutes. I sat here where we are sitting now,—perhaps I was half asleep,—may be quite so. Suddenly I heard him call just as he used to. For the moment I forgot that he was dead. I jumped up, started toward him, and had nearly reached the door, when I remembered. I staggered back to my seat. He called again several times. His voice was so natural, and he looked so exactly as he used to, that I could scarcely keep from going to him. It was not until he had gone that I fully realized the awfulness of the thing.

"That was the first night. I sat shivering on this seat until morning. To add to my misery, every blamed patient kept perfectly quiet, and I verily believe every mother's son of them slept all night like a top.

"In the morning I laughed, and assured myself that I had been dreaming. I told no one of the occurrence, and determined not to make a fool of myself. But last night—believe it or not, as you please—the same thing happened again, and I felt that I could n't stand it a third night alone. I told the Doctor, and though I could see he was laughing at me, still he told me you should keep me company tonight. He said you were not likely to see ghosts."

Rogers had talked himself into a much more cheerful frame of mind, and our conversation gradually drifted off into other subjects. We had one or two little bouts with restless patients, and at last—all being quiet—we sat down about half-past eleven o'clock to a snug little lunch. This we were obliged to take in the ward, as it was one of the Doctor's rules that the night attendant should remain at his post all night.

We ate and chatted. I had actually forgotten the ghost, and believe my companion had also, when suddenly the familiar cry fell upon my ears.

I jumped to my feet like a flash. I looked towards the door from whence the sound proceeded, and there, sure enough, stood Manuel, not ten feet from me. There was light enough in the hall to enable me to see him distinctly. His dark, sad eyes looked between the bars,—I heard the well known call, and the slender, childish arm was extended, motioning for water.

For a moment I could not move; then I walked rapidly towards him. I distinctly saw the child until I actually touched the door,—and he was gone.

I returned to my seat,—and he again appeared.

Every vestige of color had left Rogers's face. His eyes were distended and wild.

Again the cry came, and again the mute pleading for water.

Rogers could not speak, nor for the moment could I.

Once more the cry and motion, and then the vision faded.

After I found that my voice would serve me, I said, "Rogers, did you let that poor child suffer for water?"

He buried his face in his hands and did not answer.

I hardly know how we passed the rest of the night. The next morning Rogers resigned his situation and left the Asylum. His departure laid the ghost to rest,—for the sad face and

mournful cry of poor little Manuel were never seen nor heard again.

After several years Rogers was brought back to the Asylum, raving.

THE above was submitted to the widow of Arthur Banning, and she unhesitatingly declared it to be a faithful and accurate chronicle.

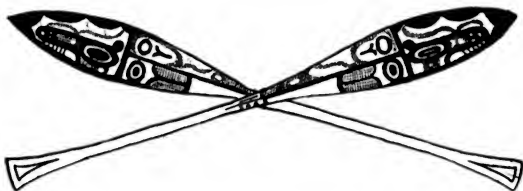
*C. M. Tilden-Brown.*



### IN CALIFORNIA HILLS.

AMONG the hills the year is beautiful  
 In its old age; blue mists and golden haze  
 Soften the heights and touch with glamorous blaze  
 The rugged slopes, whose dreamful colors lull  
 The senses, till the twilight shadows dull  
 The gay prismatic shades and dim the ways  
 Where glide the swift feet of the perfect days.  
 A moment's hush, and then the air is full  
 Of mingled sounds; the lowing of the herd,  
 The tinkling bells of homeward-going sheep;  
 The last ecstatic trill of hovering bird,  
 Seeking his love-mate hid in foliage deep;  
 Silence at last; no faintest leaf is stirred;  
 Beneath the moon the weird pine-shadows sleep.

*Virna Woods.*



## A VOYAGE NORTHWARD.

## ALASKA.



ON THE third of August, 1492, Christopher Columbus started for the new world. It was just one day earlier in 1892 when we departed for that country occupying cramped quarters in the northwestern corner of our childhood's maps and known as Alaska.

We went by steamer from San Francisco to Port Townsend. That was all the open sea we had,—all we desired. That conjurer, the Old Man of the Sea, transformed us and the world. As the Walla Walla steamed through the Golden Gate we cast one last look at the familiar city, spread out before us in all the rugged beauty of her hundred hills, and then retired reflectively to our stateroom. From this we emerged three days later, pale and silent, to look upon Cape Flattery, and to enjoy the quieter waters of the Strait of Juan del Fuca. And it is here the voyage proper begins, as most tourists travel overland to meet the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's magnificent steamer "Queen" at Port Townsend. For in the secluded waters from this point to Sitka, that Latin word which stands for so much unalloyed misery is virtually not in the vernacular.

Here are only summer seas, quiet lakes, winding rivers. Through deep

gorges the rivers run; the glassy lakes—true "mirror lakes"—nestle in the bosom of mountain heights; and round the wide reaches of inland seas close the benign, ever-sheltering hills. Always these monarchs of nature's domain looked down upon us,—grand, awful, sublime. It is hard to believe, as we ride past mountain peaks, that after all we are only sailing over sheltered bits of old ocean's "gray and melancholy waste," and that we are no nearer the stars here than we were in the dirty docks of San Francisco. We cannot find it in our heart to ridicule the simple-minded Israelite who cried jubilantly, "My! We must be up pretty high by this time! I wonder what altitude it is."

Nature conceals none of her loveliness from those who seek her in the Alaskan Archipelago. She speaks to them a double language,—*"one is of the mountains, the other of the sea."* But with the Psalmist we feel that the most helpful is the language of the hills. Mount Baker spoke to us first, looking like some spectral mountain as it reared its snow-capped head above the mist, into the mist. In its awful loneliness it seemed to us like some austere monk, drawing his gown about him, and treading his solitary life imperturbed by the world's feverish haste.

On the 5th of August, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the steamer "Queen"

slipped away from the dock at Port Townsend, and we were skimming over the Gulf of Georgia, a silver sea with a silver sky : here and there in the sweet west a golden light broke through, for the horizon, as is frequent here, was enshrouded in mist.

Had the Queen followed her usual course, Victoria would have been her first stopping place. But Victoria's gates were barred against the foreigner by a

Haven, and moored at the pier of a sister city and hated rival, New Whatcom. Here she stayed until the dawn, sleepy-eyed but persistent, warned her to be gone.

For two days and nights the weather was remarkably clear; no cloud in the sky, no mist on the hills. We were glad when the narrow portals of Discovery Passage opened before us. This was what we had longed for,—to sail right



JUNEAU FROM THE DECK OF THE PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S STEAMER QUEEN.

gloomy, resistless quarantine. So we gave the discreet little city a wide berth, and sailed up the eastern margin of the Gulf. We touched at Anacortes, and then pulled up at Fair Haven to take on board Eastern friends, who, dazed with the beauty of the Canadian Pacific route, were wondering if the sights and experiences promised in the Steamship Company's annual Baedeker—"All about Alaska"—could by any possibility be more grand. In the deepening night the Queen turned her back upon Fair

into the heart of the mountains. On all sides they rose, wooded from the crest to the water's edge. Before us there seemed no entrance, behind us no trace of the way we had come. Like Childe Roland—

The plain had given place  
All round to mountains. . . .  
How thus they had surprised me,—solve it, you !  
How to get from them, was no clearer case.

A stiff breeze was blowing; we stood on the upper deck above the pilot wheel, noting with keen interest our course

through this narrow passage. The captain paced up and down the bridge, keeping a sharp lookout. But it is impossible to be apprehensive of danger. We have committed our lives to the good ship, and are fearless.

From Discovery Passage we entered Johnstone Straits. Snow-covered peaks rose up behind the nearer green hills. One such peak, clothed in grandeur, "would have been a treasure-trove" in the haunts of men; but here Nature does nothing with a sparing hand. Green islands, smiling at their reflections in the water, fill us with questionings as to which side of them lies on our course; but we smile back undaunted, and trust to the man at the helm.

At eight o'clock the sun set. We were sailing directly west, into the glow. A sunset in such a scene! Just as the sun dropped into the west, while the sky

was still burning with the fever caught upon her dear one's breast, in the opposite quarter up shot the moon, full-orbed, but very pale in the lingering daylight.

We who love not ocean's impetuous tossing had been taught to fear Queen Charlotte's Sound; but Captain Carroll was equal to the emergency. In the dark hours of the night, while we lay unconscious of stress or strain, the doughty Queen carried us over the perilous way, and we awoke on Sunday morning in waters so quiet they seemed to be under a magician's spell. The hills were lower here, and the islands smaller and more numerous than the day before. Sometimes our steamer skirted the shores of perfectly flat reaches of country, so near we knew that the shore must be precipitous, and that we were looking upon some submerged table-land.

At seven o'clock we beheld with dis-



A FAMILY GROUP.

may a fog-bank ; directly in our path it hung, like a heavy woolen curtain. Just as the vessel's bow pierced it, a beautiful rainbow spanned the channel, and we passed under its arch. For an hour the fog enveloped us, obscuring the view. The vessel moved slowly. At short intervals she blew a searching note, and three times the tricky Kobolds of that region sent back the answer ; first loud, as if another ship were close

heights swing round us again, but here and there, first on one side and then on the other, the mountains part, disclosing sheltered little seas beyond, island-dotted, and leading the way to seas still farther on, gleaming silver through the aperture left by the half-revealing, half-concealing islands. And always in the background of these quiet coves that dimple with sunshine and verdure, seemingly welcome partakers in all these



TOTEM POLES AT FORT WRANGEL.

beside us, then fainter and fainter. The effect was uncanny in the extreme. How glad we were to burst out into the sunshine again !

So all day long we sailed, the scenes ever shifting. Now we are riding through channels so narrow the land seems but a stone's throw distant on either side ; again, across the bosom of what apparently is a mighty lake ; the hills recede, growing dimmer and dimmer in the distance, until they are mere clouds against the sky. Then the

summer joys, stand the snow-mountains, hoary-headed, but not grim.

Were our feeble descriptions wholly adequate, only the half would have been told ; for all this beauty of color and outline is repeated. Such reflections must be unique. For granted that other waters show a surface as glassy, where are we to find such images to be reflected ?

At half past nine on Monday morning we made our first stop in Alaska. The blackboard on the pier told us that we



A CHILCAT BLANKET.

might have two hours and a half to visit Fort Wrangel. There the little village lay, all in sight, a handful of Indian huts.

We hastily donned mackintosh and rubbers, for the rain, in expectation of which our state-room had been draped with all the paraphernalia of winter, was falling steadily. We were to see Fort Wrangel as she is, not as she might possibly be on a solitary sunshiny day in the year. But the rain was not malevolent. There was no wind, the air was mild even to overdue warmth; our raincoat was oppressive, and we should have doffed it but for the time-honored tradition that rain is wet.

Soon a moist procession was slowly moving forward in gossamer cap-a-pie, making a difficult way through mud and water up to the ankles, forcing entrance

in such numbers into filthy Indian huts that there was frequently danger of a dead-lock. On the wharves and along the roadside, under canvas awnings, sat rows of Indian matrons and maidens, grunting the prices of their wares as they displayed the odd handiwork to our view. Many of these merchant groups were augmented by bright-eyed, bright-cheeked boys and girls, who looked wonderingly but bashfully at the train of tourists. We noticed that here, as elsewhere in Alaska, the half-grown children seem to understand English fairly well,—much better than their elders,—and often act as interpreters. Undoubtedly they have learned this accomplishment at the Presbyterian missions, of which there are several in Alaska.

We first went to Charlie's, the silversmith. As this was our first view of the interior of an Indian home, we were keenly observant of its inmates. Charlie stood at a table near the door, making quick sales of all his curiously wrought silver ware. In a moment the little room was crowded, and the door blocked by visitors. Our two hundred and forty passengers, all let loose at once in the little village of Wrangel, made themselves duly seen and heard.

We pushed to the rear of the room where a baby lay sleeping in a hammock. Clasped tightly to her breast was a tiny rubberdoll. She slept peacefully through our exclamations of half pity and half tenderness. Square face, heavy jaws, black skin, coarse features,—what mattered it? A baby is a baby, after all.

Mrs. Charlie was washing the breakfast dishes when we intruded. She seemed imperturbed by the influx of tourists and continued her task stolidly, proceeding in a most enlightened fashion. She used two pans of very hot water, one frothy with soap, and she dexterously cleansed the dishes with a mop.

But this introduction to the domestic life of the Fort Wrangel Indian was mis-





FACE OF MUIR GLACIER.

leading. We saw a great deal of squalor, dirt, and wretchedness after this. We entered one hut which was warmed in true mediæval style. A square hole in the roof served as chimney, while the wood fire burned free in the center of the room. About the smoking brands crouched three Indian women, old, diseased, hideous in their filth and misery, their arms tightly clasped about them in their chattering efforts to keep warm. Two of the creatures extended bony fingers to ask for alms. So revolting was the sight it was hard to foster pity even in a breast inclined to sympathize with suffering humanity.

Many of the houses were padlocked, deserted for the season, while the owners, in family parties, were fishing. The fish is supplied to the neighboring canneries.

Not an attractive, but a most notable feature of Fort Wrangel, are the dogs. Less beautiful specimens of this generally recognized noble animal we never have seen. Within the huts and with-

out they huddle, starved, piteous in their gaunt length of body and legs. There was surely a dog apiece to every member of the community, and then, perhaps, some to spare. Cats, too, flourished as in an Egyptian temple. But the cats, dishonest like all of their tribe, were kept ignominiously tied by short ropes. They stole the fish, we were told; which fish, by the way, hung like portières all about the cabins.

All the houses we went into were very hot. We could scarcely breathe.

Owing to the power of photography, totem-poles are in this day as familiar as lamp-posts,—even to those who have never been in Alaska. We had heard and read of totem-poles to the extent that we at most felt indifferent whether we saw them or not. But we found ourselves taking in their carved glory with all due reverence, and listening with interest to their history. Ravens, bears, whales, eagles, and alligators, are the commonest crests. Each chief, so says Indian lore, received knowledge of what

his cognizance should be in a vision, the Great Spirit appearing in a different guise to each one, raven, bear, etc.; thus intimating the animal which should thereafter be sacred to his clan.

A live Indian at Fort Wrangel does not seem to be of much consequence in comparison with his dead self. In Charlie's home, occupying more space than the crowded quarters could well afford, were the neatly made railings which were to adorn his grave, when Charlie should have departed. The Indians cremate their dead, and care for the ashes with superstitious reverence. For the sake of his soul's peace, no Indian must be buried beneath the sod. At the back of the totem-poles are hollows, where the ashes were wont to be kept, a board being nailed roughly over the excavation.

We saw Fort Wrangel again on our return home. It was on that one possible sunshiny day of the year; a perfect day, the rare loveliness of which we shall not soon forget. The sea with its many tinted reflections "burned like witches' oil," showing green and pink, and purple and blue, with gleams of silver and gold. The air was motionless, but cool and refreshing as nectar. An artist sat on the deserted lower deck, and sought to imprison on his canvas a hint of the transcendent glory.

And now our steamer's course was directed toward the Taku Glacier.

"How does it compare with the Muir?" we asked.

Captain Carroll answered with his usual rough good nature, and a twinkle in his eye: "It all depends on which one you see first."

Perhaps the Captain was right. We saw the Taku first, and the picture remains with us as by far the most beautiful of all that we saw.

The approach to the Glacier gave many a hint of the glory that lay beyond. The bulletin board of the day before had said: "Tomorrow the first

iceberg will be seen." We were on the tiptoe of expectation, and August 9th had scarcely dawned before we were out on the wet deck in a world of fog and water. Presently we discerned what seemed to be blue foam rising from the water. On floated the Queen, carrying us nearer and nearer the object upon which all our interest was concentrated, and when the delicately tinted, fragile-looking, transparent, pale blue mass burst full upon our sight, we thought we never had seen anything more lovely. As the ship slowly moved up the Taku Inlet the icebergs increased in size, in number, and in depth of color. The pale blue tints of the first iceberg deepened to indigo, and the dazzling white in contrast gleamed like Parian marble. Each berg floated double, and if possible, the reflections in the still water assumed a more ravishing hue than the beautiful icebergs themselves. As we approached the glacier the fog lifted, the sun broke through, and as the masses of cloud lifted, great patches of blue sky promised a clear morning. Suddenly there appeared to the eager watchers a city set in a mountain gorge, and rising from the sea. As its white marble domes and turrets took shape before our wondering eyes, changing to blue directly at the water's edge, we scarcely breathed the words, "How beautiful!"

Nature, we believe, has done her best with that scene. How attempt to reproduce it! Around us rose innumerable peaks covered with snow, three, four, five deep. The ravines were heaped with snow even to the base of the mountains, and suggested huge cataracts frothing down to the sea. Luminous cloud masses hung over the snowy crests; in the distance mountain and cloud alike assumed a purplish hue; trees green as May smiled in the midst of the snow and ice; here and there only, the shingly side of some mountain, scraped bare of verdure, told the story of the ravages of glaciers long ago. The air was full of

white birds, alighting now on ice-bergs and now on the water,—so white they seemed like flying particles of snow.

It is here the Queen "takes on" ice. For a moment the spell of the ice-city is broken, and we glance over the side of the vessel to watch the men in their boats, with grappling hooks and nets, capturing the great pieces of ice.

But our eyes wander back to the glacier. The air grows mild under the benign rays of the sun. The glacier and its clustering offspring gleam in the light.

There are several glaciers in the Taku Inlet. We have spoken of "the glacier," because to our unscientific eye only the glacier directly at the head of the Inlet was of interest. This glacier, like the Muir, is constantly crumbling at the water's edge, sending off huge pieces of ice, which fall into the water with a mighty report. The noise reverberates with awful distinctness.

The Queen's next halt was at Douglass Island, where we visited the great Treadwell mine, and learned the horror of being deaf and dumb. The noise of the two hundred and forty stamps in operation is inconceivable. Although we shouted at the top of our voice, no sound issued from our lips. A gentleman kindly tried to enlighten our ignorance regarding mines. He grew red in the face with his superhuman efforts to be heard, he gesticulated, he placed his mouth close to our ear and shouted. His lips moved, but no sound issued from them.

The Queen's next stop was at Juneau. Juneau as a metropolis is disappointing perhaps; as a center of active trading interests it is a bewildering success. Here Indian women with their limited store of baskets and horn spoons are overshadowed by the pretentious bazaars of enterprising southern merchants, who have stolen a march on their northern brethren, and whose handiwork they sell over the beguiled manufacturers' very heads.

Leaving Juneau the steamer rounded Douglass Island, and passing between that island and Admiralty Island, glided into the Lynn Canal. At the entrance of the Canal two glaciers, the Auk and the Eagle, are seen. But we were fastidious now in the matter of glaciers, and could only look forward with eager expectancy to viewing the beautiful Davidson Glacier. Judge of our distress when we learned that owing to the delay caused by the fog of the morning, it would be in the dark hours of night when the Queen should reach that point. With an appetite whetted for glaciers, we felt this to be a cruel fate, but we valorously smothered our disappointment and remained on deck. It was nearly eleven when a mist showed on the mountain side to the left of the ship. We had seen the Davidson Glacier.

On the morning of the 10th we awoke to find the Queen making her way through Icy Straits and thence to Glacier Bay. The approach to the Muir Glacier failed to enchant us as had the Taku Inlet. The icebergs were more plentiful but were a dirty white in color. The glacier is on so stupendous a scale eye nor brain can take it in; but when it greeted us in voice of thunder as huge icebergs broke from its face and plunged into the sea, we were satisfied. A constant surprise to us was the deep blue of the front of the glacier. Having turned our eyes away but for a moment, we were startled on renewing our gaze at the color which was so much richer than our memory had recorded it.

Soon moraine and glacier were swarming with tourists. For upwards of four hours we climbed over the ice peaks, looking with awe into the azure crevasses, and curiously imagining what a misstep might result in. There was a fascination in the cold, deep blue water at the bottom of these ice ravines, like an "evil eye," which terrifies while it attracts.

As the Queen moved to depart, she

gave one sweep round the head of the bay, carrying us quite near the face of the glacier. And the glacier, as if to show us special honor, was on its prettiest behavior, sending off berg after berg into the sea, accompanied by a noise like the boom of cannon. In the midst of the crash and roar the Queen sailed down Glacier Bay.

Sitka was a disappointment. Not because the Russians had not selected a pretty site for their capital city, for it is beautiful for situation; not because the Indians were not as picturesque as other Alaskan Indians, nor because their baskets were not skillfully made, for the Sitkan Indians seemed to us very progressive; nor indeed because we had looked for a more splendid edifice in the Greek Church, or in the Castle of Count Baranoff; but because during our whole stay of six or eight hours the rain poured down upon us in a relentless stream, making the boggy soil more boggy, and depriving us of the crowning feature of a visit to Sitka, a view of the city set off by her beautiful surroundings,—Mount Edgecomb, at the base of which she rests,—and her beautiful harbor, begemmed with countless tiny green islands, which on a clear, still day give the water most wonderful coloring.

Drenched but undaunted we made the best of it. Dutifully we paid the warder fifty cents for the privilege of viewing the interior of the Greek Church; bravely we walked up one and down another of the two muddy, malodorous streets of the now apparently deserted Indian village; uncomplainingly we climbed to the spider-beleaguered tower of Baranoff Castle, only regretting the beauty that we knew lay hidden behind the mist.

Our visit to the Mission was deeply interesting. We were glad to see chances of a higher plane of life in the future for the little dark-eyed, dark-skinned children that were cared for within the mission walls. We looked at the details of

their home-life with keen satisfaction; the rows of little iron beds arranged by the chubby brown hands; the pigeon-holes where the scant wardrobe, neatly folded, showed how even Indian babies may be taught that order is God's first law.

In the rain we arrived at Sitka, in the rain we took our departure. And now we began to retrace our path of a few days before. This time, however, the beautiful port of Nanaimo was open to us, and here the Queen moored for a day to coal. The day was beautiful. During the first few hours a heavy, warm mist reminded us that we were in a country where it always *may* rain; but in the afternoon every intimation of rain vanished, and we enjoyed the beauty of climate and of scene to the full.

Through the courtesy of some of the ship's officers,—and right here I want to thank the Pacific Coast Steamship Company for their many attentions and courtesies,—we were enabled to see the harbor in its most enchanting aspects; all the afternoon we rowed among the islands, over a sea inconceivably still; a tremulous haze enveloped the landscape, and gave a hint of mystery and enchantment to the naturally lovely scene.

Victoria, too, had opened her gates, and we were permitted a hasty glance at the English city, but the hurriedly received impressions of the short ride we were able to take have almost faded away. Victoria is an attractive city, prettily situated, and undoubtedly worthy of a more protracted visit.

And now the Queen glided into the beautiful Puget Sound. So near home, and yet the wonders of the trip were not over. One last glorious vision was to be vouchsafed our eyes, grown greedy now for beautiful things; Mount Tacoma gleamed in the evening sun, his hoary head crowned with a rose-tinted splendor,—and then we touched land. We had been to Alaska.

*F. De Laguna.*

## THE PERMANENT IN POETRY.

IN THE introduction to a volume of his poems, Holmes wrote :—

O sexton of the alcedo tomb,  
Where souls in leathern cerements lie,  
Tell me each living poet's doom !  
How long before his book shall die ?

This same question must often occur to a person whose attention is directed to the life-work of any poet, and the answer is to be sought in considering what is permanent in poetry.

Carlyle in his "History of Literature" says : "Truth and harmony—or cadence—make the essence of the best poem that can be written." This concise statement of what constitutes poetic excellence, coming from a man of great ability, learning, and originality of thought, outside of the charmed circle of poesy, has an important bearing upon the question. But poets themselves have formulated various definitions upon the same subject, and though they differ in expression, they generally agree substantially with Carlyle as to what constitutes the essence of the best in poetry. A few, however, have claimed that thought will make its own form; and others have in a measure disregarded harmony or cadence in practice. Shelley was a true poet, and while genius gave him the birthright of song, he not only practiced poetry as an art, but studied it as a science. In his "Defense of Poetry" he defines a poem as follows : "A poem is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth."

It is hard to comprehend so great a subject within the limits of a short sentence, and it will be observed that neither of these definitions is as full as it should be to express the conception of a perfect poem, but taken together they do. The ideal poem would be the

very image of life expressed in its eternal truth with polished language, in harmonious numbers. Perhaps the *Iliad* comes nearer to this ideal than any other poem ever composed. Homer believed in his story, and seems to have fully expected his hearers to believe it. And though his characters are fabulous, they are creations of the imagination of genius, and are therefore universal verities. "History," said Napoleon, "is only fable agreed upon." The characters of Homer are gods, but they have the passions, ambitions, frailties, and stature, of men. His allegories and metaphors are of universal application, and his characters are understood by the universal heart, because they reveal human nature as it was, as it is, and as it always will be. Melody or music was a passion with the Greeks. Harmony was the central principle of art and science with them, and this principle was wrought into the *Iliad*. In fact, the poem was intended to be sung, and it is so pervaded by the spirit of harmony that it almost sings itself. And it is the truth, the humanity, and the music, of this poem that give it a place in literature for all time.

To give a true image of life, so far as accomplished facts can do it, is the office of the historian, but he is chained to the real, and must simply record facts which are the result of time, place, and circumstance, or environment. But the poet in drawing his image of life can pass from the real to the ideal, and create characters and actions according to the unchangeable passions, impulses, and forms, of human nature. Aristotle, who gave the poet a higher place than the historian, states the difference between them in this respect to be, that, "the historian relates what has taken place,

the poet how certain things might have taken place."

The poet is both a historian and a prophet, for he not only beholds intensely the present as it is, and discovers those laws according to which present things ought to be ordered, but he sees the future in the present, and therefore what he writes becomes of universal application. And it is the true delineation of human life by the highest poetic art that gives permanence to poetry. The human element reaches up to the heroic action, and down to romantic love and passion, to mirth and melancholy. The truths of poetry may be veiled in allegory, and taught by symbols; in them the ideal may appear above the hard, cold features of the real with surpassing beauty, as the rainbow above the rocks and torrents of the cataract; but it must spring from and rest upon the real, the human. It is this human element in the writings of Shakspeare that gives them such permanence. No other author ever touched human nature at every point of passion, sentiment, and feeling, so completely as he did, and this is the secret of his fame. He was not a student of books, but of men. What would his plays have been, had he written them in the seclusion of his closet at Stratford-on-Avon? Would they have surpassed those of Marlowe, Ben Jonson, and the other dramatists of his age? Perhaps not. Any of them were far above him in scholarship. But he went out into the world, and studied humanity in all its heights and depths. The human heart was an open book to him, from which he learned its heroism, its loves, its hates, its humors, its impulses, and its ambitions. The very necessities of the stage compelled him to make his plays practical acting dramas, and this is why they are read and acted today, while the works of his contemporaries slumber in the dust of "alcoved tombs."

Burns was the poet of every-day life,

of the practical, of the human; and notwithstanding the fact that to the general reader, outside his own country, the dialect in which most of his poems were written is a serious objection, and very much detracts from the pleasure of reading them, he at once took a deep hold upon public favor. And though he has been dead almost a hundred years, time has only proved his merit. His poems reach the heart, and take hold on the affections of mankind, because they deal with the human and avoid the didactic, the mystical, and the metaphysical. Perhaps in the whole field of literature no other poet ever did this so constantly and exclusively as Burns. His songs are true images of the peasant life of his time; but as the general characteristics of human nature are the same with all civilized peoples, the human element in them is of universal application, and wherever they are read the pride of birth and wealth melts away in a feeling of common humanity, and heart is brought closer to heart. His life was lowly, and his relations with his fellow-men were intimate. In the poor, meager drama of their lives he saw comedy and tragedy, he laughed with them, and he wept with them. Through all his verses he wove the tendrils of his human heart, like a thread of gold, and this alone is enough to give them permanency.

On the other hand, how many poets that are now forgotten have lived, spun their ephemeral webs along life's path, and died, since the death of Burns? They would make a long list, but two notable instances in this country may be named,—Willis and Poe. N. P. Willis was born in 1806, ten years after the death of Burns, but who ever reads or hears of him at this time? He was the poet of a day. He lived, worked in a way, and died, but made no impress on his age, nor left anything for the future. Born to a higher station than Burns, he had all the advantages that a classical education, travel, and distinguished

friends, could give, but he lacked sincerity and purpose. He was only a phrase-maker, a retailer of bright *bon-mots*, and the writer of frivolous verses. With the graver and more genuine principles of life he had but little sympathy. He did not deal with the verities of his age, nor even give his languid lays a shade of local color. They were not permanent, because not genuine, not universal. They were the conceits and vagrant fancies of a dilettante in literature, whose lyre was not tuned to the melody of the human heart, and found no echo there.

Edgar Allan Poe was born a few years later than Willis, and passed from the stage of life eighteen years sooner, so that his life period was almost twenty-one years less. But he rose higher, and accomplished much more as an author. To begin with, he was born with immeasurably more genius and a better physique than Willis. Then he had equal advantage in being brought up in a wealthy family, and surrounded by an atmosphere of refinement; and though his education was not systematic and thorough, yet he possessed a mind of such strength, breadth of grasp, and subtlety, that it appropriated learning almost without effort; and his scholarship, if not exact, was broad and adequate for the requirements of his erratic genius. But Poe was a meteor, not a star in the literary sky. He has been greatly admired by professional critics, as a literary artist of the highest order. And he had a kind of fictitious popularity for a few years, because elocutionists and ambitious school-boys delighted to recite "The Raven" and jingle "The Bells," but he was never popular with the masses. And it is a sad commentary on his fame that newspapers of the first class, and magazines such as the *Cosmopolitan*,<sup>1</sup> print his middle name "Allen," although he has been dead but forty-four years. The mind is startled by the originality and brilliancy of his poetry, but

it never touches the heart, and the somber tinge of his morbid nature through it all repels the fancy its artistic construction might attract. Poe was a pessimist and an infidel. Life to him was full of delusions and blasted hopes. Through the clouds that gathered fold on fold about him he saw no light beyond. He felt the flap of evil wings near him, and wished for surcease of sorrows, but was cheered by no whispered promise. There was no balm in Gilead, he only hoped for nepenthe. The effervent effect of this may perhaps show itself in the tone of his work, but we must look for some other cause for its lack of enduring qualities. I know Milton said:—

"He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem—that is, a composition of the best and honorablest things." And in a certain sense the truth of this may be conceded, but when it comes to the question of permanency in poetry, or works of the imagination in prose, that does not necessarily depend upon the moral character of the author. The moral function of representative art lies in the reproduction of the ethical truths embodied in the facts of nature and life. If a writer makes a conscious effort to teach, he will most likely unconsciously distort and suppress facts in the interest of morality, and his work will fail in truthfulness, beauty, and stability. But he cannot write a faithful transcript of what actually existed without giving a moral lesson, which may be seen and read by all that have spiritual insight through all time. Shakspeare's works seem absolutely free from didactic purpose, but the sublime march of the moral laws in the affairs of life has nowhere found more faithful or powerful representation. As the eminent essayist and critic, John Burroughs, very tersely says: "Didacticism is death to poetry." And the same is true in regard to all representative art.

<sup>1</sup> Oct., 1893, p. 763.

Poe did not live up to his opportunities, and his habits were bad. But he did not so openly scoff at the sanctities of life, and violate the proprieties of society, as did Goethe. For if ever a man stood outside the moral law in his own life, Goethe did. He is the representative and very embodiment of intelligent selfishness. The theory and practice of his life were base, but when he described the affairs of life dramatically the truth came out, because he was a great artist. He reached his highest point as an artist and a writer in *Faust*. That is the most graphic, the most powerful, picture of an intellectual man seeking self-gratification only ever written. But the infernal terrors, the darkness, and moral death, in which he involves himself are more fearful than anything painted by Milton or Dante. And thus unconsciously *Faust*, the impious questioner of God, who scoffed at virtue, and cursed man's whole existence as a mockery, is made the teacher of a great and lasting moral lesson. Poe's genius dealt with the weird, the unreal, and the superficial. Most of his verses are rich in the element of harmony or cadence, and two of them, *Annabel Lee* and *The Bells*, are sweetly musical. But in them he failed to draw "images of life expressed in their eternal truth." The throb of a human heart is not there. The human element is not woven into them, and this is why they do not reach the universal heart.

But important as are the elements of truth and humanity in poetry, there is another element which must not be disregarded in an attempt to produce it in its highest excellence, and this is form, or what Carlyle calls harmony or cadence. This in poetry is something more than ornament in architecture. It enters into its very creation, and not only ornaments its intellectual inventions, but is a part of them. Written language is the vehicle of thought, as found in literature, and it should be pleasing to

the eye, and ear, while the thought gives pleasure to the mind. There is a theory advanced that greatness of thought creates its own form, and therefore genius will impress itself upon the world without observing the technical rules of construction and versification in writing. It is true there must be harmony between the thought and the form of expression, but in order to please there must also be an observance of the well established rules of poetic art. No author who disregarded them has ever succeeded to the full measure of his genius. Cowper was not a great poet, but he lost much in public favor because he paid more attention to his thoughts than his verse. It lacks beauty of finish and fails to please the fancy. But a striking example of a grand conception, which did not reach success because of the crude and inartistic style of its author, is found in Pollok's "*Course of Time*." The scheme of this poem is unsurpassed. It is above "*Paradise Lost*" in this respect. Pollok failed, for the reason that his skill as a poet was not equal to the imaginative conception of his mind. It is sad to think of him upon his death bed, feverishly writing with all his waning strength to complete the work he fondly hoped would give him lasting fame, before the few sands of his life were exhausted. No man ever lived whose life was a more beautiful poem than that of Robert Pollok. But he had neither time nor artistic skill to give finish and poetic embodiment to his grand theme and wonderful images.

Browning is another poet who has not succeeded to the full measure of his genius. But his failure to secure popularity is not from lack of years, or inexperience as a writer. It is from a deliberate disregard of the essential rules of poetic art. Browning practiced the theory that thought, without regard to expression or harmony, is sufficient in poetry, and the result is that oblivion is written on



the very title page of his works. He is a man of great genius, and his opportunities were of the best, but he sees fit, in most cases, to create a special form as the vehicle of literary expression. And it is only when he approaches, to some extent, the normal form, that his writings are read and admired. Few persons care to labor through a poem so involved in style and expression that it is necessary to read and re-read many passages in order to catch the author's meaning.

Browning's style seems to have been the result of eccentricity rather than anything else, and there are but few instances in modern literature where so magnificent an opportunity to achieve enduring fame has been lost.

The importance of form and cadence in poetry is finely illustrated affirmatively by reference to Tennyson. His charm is often in the finish and music of his verse, as well as in the beauty of his thought. Tennyson was a professional poet, and loved his profession. His devotion to the poetic art was the most constant and exclusive to be found in the long list of poets. His art was the object of his life-long worship, and he never suffered his genius to stray from his chosen field of work. His vigilance of form and careful attention to poetic methods were never for a moment relaxed, and to this fact the versatility, equality, and popularity, of his poetry may be attributed.

Polished and intellectual readers admire the perfection in poetry that they

demand in music, and their ears are never pained by harsh verse or imperfect rhymes in Tennyson. Even when his thought is commonplace, its exquisite setting and finish of expression give unusual delight, and cause it to linger in the memory. And his finished poems glitter with,—

Jewels five words long,  
That on the stretched forefinger of Time  
Sparkle forever.

He saw nature and had a deep insight into the human heart; he had the advantages of education and position in society; and above all, he had genius of a high order; but he owes quite a measure of his success and popularity to studious observance of form and finish in his writings. His poems are read and admired by every civilized nation of the earth. The breadth of his sympathy, the variety of his acquisitions, the vividness of his imagery, the purity of his thoughts, his mastery of poetic art, and the music of his verse, render him universally intelligible and universally beloved. And it is safe to say, if the well established laws of permanency do not fail in his case, his work will live through future ages.

It seems unnecessary to multiply examples, as no single one can be found to disprove the proposition that permanency and excellence in poetry are attained through the true delineation of life by means of the artistic use of words, and the observance of the established and well known rules of poetic art.

*Warren Truitt.*





## HAWAII.

*"Let the waters divide,"* said the Lord in His power,

*"And the firmament be":*

Then rose a white mist like the lily in flower,

Where Hawaii, set free,

(With His fire in her heart,) stood before Him that hour

And gathered her islands up out of the sea:

*"As the rose they shall blossom,"* said He.

Be at peace, ye proud billows that haste to devour;

His Beloved is she!

The rulers that trample the lilies in flower

And their war-plagues decree,

If they touch but Hawaii's gold borders shall cower;

For out of the whirlwind His answer shall be,

When He spreadeth His light on the sea.

O Hawaii, the sunrise is on thee this hour!

Be it spoken of thee:

"She hallows her beautiful mountains that tower

Where the swift shadows flee;

She is white in His sight as a lily in flower;

As gardens of spices her islands shall be,

Most sweet in the midst of the sea."

*Amanda T. Jones.*

## A STUDY IN OCHRE.



UEY AH DUCK was a Chinaman. The evidence on this point was conclusive. He wore a queue, and his name was Suey Ah Duck. His scalp, when shaven, showed the ugly scars common with

Cantonese coolies. Suey's scalp was shaven in compliance with the imperial edict, which edict was issued previous to Suey's birth; in fact, he had never heard of it. He shaved his scalp because other Chinese did. Besides, the operation was in large degree essential to the proper construction of a queue.

Suey was born and raised on a sampan, as were also his parents and brothers. He had no sisters. One or two very young ones had been aboard the sampan, but not long; they had fallen overboard—accidentally, perhaps,—and been drowned. However, we need not inquire too closely into the matter, as Suey's parents were poor people, and did the best they could by their son. They were religious, too, in a passive sort of way. A rice bowl, half filled with nut oil, over which a wick suspended by a bit of wire burned dimly yet constantly, was placed before a tiny wooden shrine,—once bright with tawdry gilding, tinsel, and scraps of peacock feathers, but now smoke-begrimed and cockroach-infested. The occupant of this shrine was a paper joss, fierce and fly-specked. On special occasions the nut oil lamp was supplemented by smoldering punks, and additional votive offerings of cups of tea and rice. The joss, therefore, having no special inducement to create a disturbance, maintained a dignified reserve.

The sampan was a small craft,—smoky, greasy, flea-ridden, and odorous of bilgewater and decaying fish. But it was home, and Suey Ah Duck was content. Like other sampan boys, he was barefoot, clad in cotton shirt and drawers; his head protected from the sun's rays by a hat of coarse bamboo. His clothes were pocketless. When, occasionally, he was sent ashore for some little necessity,—opium, for instance,—he carried the coin in his ear, as instructed, and returned with half a *li chi* shell containing a dab of the sticky drug; the whole wrapped in a square scrap of paper, the ends of which were brought together and twisted to a tail like a toy torpedo. This tail also served as a handle.

Suey Ah Duck might thus have lived content, had not a former friend of the family, a Californian Chinaman, spending the New Year in his native province, been for an evening a guest on the craft.

He proved a disturbing element, for he advised that Suey be sent to California, and demonstrated clearly how he could be landed at San Francisco upon a second-hand red certificate, easily procurable for a cash consideration in Hong Kong. This gentleman stated that Californians paid fabulous prices for certain labor,—washing clothes, for instance. Some more adventurous spirits, he said, had even penetrated into the mountainous interior, and washed out of the earth real gold, from ground abandoned by white miners.

Here, indeed, was a career for the son. The second-hand certificate scheme was both a revelation and a godsend. So after much discussion and preparation,—the joss having been duly propitiated,—Suey started for Hong Kong, in order to attend, for a few days, a school

conducted by a Chinese, a former resident of California.

This gentleman, besides coaching candidates and otherwise preparing them for the San Francisco examination, carried in stock an assortment of second-hand certificates that had originally been issued to Chinese upon departure from the United States. As many of the holders had no intention of returning, or died before they could, their certificates acquired a value and became a commodity, which fluctuated in value like stocks, quotations being of course governed by laws of supply and demand.

Quong Fat, the family friend, saw that Suey obtained a fairly fitting certificate, — one originally issued to a certain Sam Sing, who was described as but two years older than Suey, had almost similar scars on scalp, and a small mole on neck. This latter mark was soon produced upon Suey by the application of caustic. Suey was also given a small piece, with instructions to apply occasionally during the voyage.

So Suey Ah Duck became Sam Sing ; and thus ticketed he one day, in company with Quong Fat, carried pole and baskets up the Gaelic's gangplank, arrayed in his first complete suit of blue cloth, jauntily topped off by a black cap, surmounted by a red bead ornament similar to the one worn by the merchant at whose store he used to buy opium. The precious and all-important certificate was, by Quong Fat's advice secreted between the top of his black-glazed trunk and its canvas cover.

Suey Ah Duck was at sea ! The steerage, crowded to suffocation with Chinese in all stages of sea-sickness, stretched on canvas bunks three high, and supported between the standees, seemed to him luxurious after the cramped quarters of the sampan, — and then, it was so warm and comfortable ! Its crowded condition was perhaps responsible for this ; but Suey Ah Duck was, as I have said, a Chinaman, and

troubled but little by Western scruples regarding ventilation. When it was pleasant on deck he would lean over the rail, and marvel at the speed and power of the steamer plunging forward, its ponderous screw churning the blue water till it resembled frothy yeast, and each throb of its mighty iron heart bringing him nearer to that wonderful California, peopled by curious Foreign Devils. While he wondered at the vessel itself, he mentally gave to the white race no credit for its invention and development. That the existence of this modern ocean steamship was in itself evidence of their superior mechanical skill, tireless energy, and more progressive ideas, was not a matter of interest to him.

China also had fine vessels ; he had seen them ; and the Emperor or Li Hung Chang, the viceroy, could build more, or have them built, which amounted to the same thing.

The Chinese government would have ordered such steamers built centuries ago, had such course been deemed advisable. At least, that was Suey's view.

Suey felt that he was no longer a boy, but a man, — a Chinaman. His fellow-passengers, between *chow* times, played fan tan, smoked opium or tobacco in little brass-bowled pipes with long bamboo stems, and talked of money to be made in wash-houses, cigar and shoe-making, or in raising garden truck on reclaimed tule land.

Suey listened, his ambition constantly receiving fresh impetus, his ideas expanding ! At night, he lay awake for hours, listening to the tramping of heavy boots on the teak deck overhead, the sonorous breathing of opium-saturated passengers around him, and the ceaseless stroke of the steamer's engines. It was all so curious and strange.

Sometimes, thinking of his parents, he would feel a momentary pang of homesickness ; but he at once banished such thoughts as unworthy, and instead

meditated upon the time when, his fortune made, he would return, allow his finger-nails to grow, have as much soy and roast pork as he wished, and be respected.

After a few days the steamer reached Yokohama, where many packages of silk, tea, and other goods, as well as a number of Japanese passengers, some of them girls, young and comely, were taken aboard.

Suey looked at them, but said nothing. He disliked Japs. He could not have told you why. Perhaps because they were not Chinamen; because the Japs disliked him; or for the same reason dogs dislike cats.

The Gaelic finally steamed into the harbor of San Francisco, and was at once boarded by a number of men in blue clothes and brass buttons. Some of these men remained on deck, while others went immediately below, and walked about, poking thin, sharp-pointed steel rods into various things. This seemed very curious to Suey. He could not understand it at all, so he just watched them and said nothing. He expected to see on shore still more curious things.

After the steamer reached the dock, and the cabin passengers went ashore, he noticed these same men searching the trunks of passengers, while those who had remained on deck now took up various positions around the steamer, and stood, one at each plank, one each at bow and stern, one on deck, and one in a small boat alongside. He now understood: these were the men of whom he had heard the passengers speak,—the officers who prevented Chinese without red papers from going ashore.

Discharge of cargo was at once begun, the great dock was soon piled with chests of tea, bales of silk, mats of rice, and rolls of matting. Truckmen of Herculean stature, cracking long whips, and seated on great platform trucks loaded with chests of tea, urged ponderous Clydesdales and Percherons in danger-

ous proximity to delicate ivory carvings, rolls of pongee, sandalwood boxes, and vases of Cloisonne and Satsuma ware, which inspectors were taking from trunks of passengers and spreading on the dock. All was life and activity.

After the cabin passengers were ashore, and search of their baggage completed, landing of Chinese was at once begun. On deck, close to the gang-plank, several men, seated and standing by a table, conducted the examination of Chinese, quickly measuring them, comparing actual physical marks with those mentioned in certificate, occasionally asking a question, and if satisfied, canceling certificate, and allowing holder to go ashore. His baggage was tossed after him, into a corral, where it was quickly searched by officers and removed.

Among the first passengers to be landed was Quong Fat. Quong had lately paid but little attention to Suey. He seemed to be engrossed in other matters, and Suey also had his own affairs to consider. However, it was agreed that whoever was first landed should remain on the dock and wait for the other, so both might go to Chinatown together. Finally Suey, crowding forward, reached the officers; presented his certificate; removed his shoes and cap, and stepped under the measuring apparatus.

The official in charge, a large man with a blonde mustache and wearing a large black slouch hat, asked Suey his name. The question was repeated in the Chinese language by a musical-voiced young man, clean shaven and pleasant looking, who wore upon his little finger a large diamond ring. The ring appeared to possess a fascination for Suey; he gazed at it, fidgeted uneasily, and made no reply. The young man repeated the question in a pleasant, almost persuasive tone.

Suey muttered some unintelligible reply.

The young man, at the request of his

superior, directed Suey to give his full name.

Suey Ah Duck stood mute.

The men around the table smiled and exchanged significant glances, and the large man motioned Suey back, dropped his certificate into a black tin box, and another trembling candidate took his place. Suey had been denied a landing. Simple though it was, in the august presence of the officials he had forgotten his new name.

The greater part of two days was consumed in examining, landing, and re-examining Chinese. Suey, at re-examination, gave his new name directly, but the astute official with the blonde mustache, remembering his conduct at the first examination, soon discovered the perfidious nature of the mole on his neck; and close questioning eliciting several unsatisfactory replies in regard to streets and localities in Chinatown, he was again, and finally, refused a landing.

About fifty other Chinese were in the same predicament, but the number was daily decreased by friends of those unlanded securing the services of legal gentlemen, who, obtaining writs of *habeas corpus*, had their clients produced in court, where, after a short hearing, their cases were continued, and the Chinese permitted to go their respective ways, after bail—usually of a “straw” nature—had been accepted to insure their appearance in court when case came up for trial. The legal gentlemen did this, of course, for consideration only, and as Suey’s purse contained but a few Mexican and other silver coins, which, from long circulation in the Orient, were in a more or less “chopped” condition, the lawyers’ solicitors who came aboard daily paid no attention to his importunities.

One hope still remained,—that Quong Fat would yet come to his relief. Fat’s conduct was certainly inexplicable. Perhaps he was ill, or had met with an accident. He must not judge him too

harshly; so he waited from day to day, continually coming on deck, and gazing over the rail at the faces coming and going on the crowded wharf.

He wished now to see but one—the face of Quong Fat.

Discharge of cargo was completed, and the Gaelic was reloading for the Orient. Suey fully realized his position, that in a few days he must return to China. He must meet the reproaches and grief of his parents, who had expended their last cash in procuring for him certificate, ticket, and outfit. He would be an object of contempt to former acquaintances, who envied his good fortune at departure. He must again take up his former aimless and degraded life, at the point where he had dropped it,—must face a future without prospect except poverty, semi-starvation, ceaseless and unrequited toil. Thinly clad, he would be exposed to biting wind and chilling rain, and after toiling with calloused hands from morning till night under a semi-tropical sun, fierce and pitiless, in order to earn a few wretched cash, he must at night, his joints sore and stiffened, his clothing saturated with perspiration, rest upon a wretched mat, only to endure the attacks of myriads of mosquitoes, winged demons, stiletto-armed and forever insatiate, until breaking dawn should demand a repetition of the previous day’s program. In short, he must face poverty,—actual poverty,—the poverty of a Cantonese coolie.

He had never fully realized all this until now. A few weeks of contact with Californian Chinese had transformed his ideas, and made him the prey of ambition; and as he lay awake through the long hours of the night in the now vacant steerage, untenanted save by himself and one or two companions in misfortune, there came and marshaled themselves before him the gaunt specters of the future, no longer vaguely pictured, but almost tangible,

as sharply defined as the shadow cast by one standing in the blinding glare of an arc light.

He now realized why his father, steeped in poverty, sent him to buy a few drops of opium in a *li chi* shell. Mentally, he recalled a picture of his father, as he had often seen him, sinewy, yet spare almost to emaciation, his bronzed countenance rendered inexpressive through heredity, hopelessness, semi-starvation.

This figure, semi-nude and dimly visible through smoke, reclined upon a strip of coarse matting, beside a cheap lacquered tray containing a "layout," and upon which burned a small nut oil lamp, inclosed by a conical glass guard open at the top, cracked and grimy from long use. The reclining figure dipped the point of a long steel needle into the drug, and quickly withdrawing it brought the adhering drop over the flame of the lamp; the needle meanwhile was rapidly twisted between the thumb and forefinger of right hand.

As the opium, liquefied by heat, seemed about to drop, the needle was twirled with increasing rapidity, and the opium gradually assumed a globular form, expanding and contracting with the alternate formation and escape of gaseous matter; sputtered, and emitted a not unpleasant odor; finally stiffened and adhered to the needle, just above its point,—cooked.

The calloused hands suddenly withdrew the opium and the needle from the lamp, and the projecting point of needle being inserted into a tiny hole in center of the pipe disc, the cooked opium was crowded against and adhered to the pipe; the sudden withdrawal of needle leaving through the opium a tiny aperture corresponding to that in the pipe.

He then laid the pipe gently on the matting and gazed fixedly at it for a few moments, his countenance expressive of neither emotion nor anticipation, stoicism only.

Inserting the end of the huge discolored bamboo pipestem into his distended mouth, and exposing the opium and disc of the pipe to the flame, he inhaled and forced upon his lungs the smoke of the burning drug. He paused for an instant to regain breath, but without removing the pipe; then a few more tremendous inspirations sufficed to consume the drug and distend to the utmost his nude chest.

With eyes dilated and bulging from their sockets he sank back exhausted, slowly expelling through mouth and nostrils the dense white vapor. The operations of cooking and smoking were thus repeated at intervals of a few minutes, each "pipe" causing increased drowsiness, until finally ensued, not sleep, but the lethargy of opium,—the unextinguished lamp casting but faint light upon a face now weird, motionless, ghastly. Such were Suey's home memories.

Again it was night. Suey could not sleep. He left his bunk, walked to a porthole, and peered out towards the dock.

An inspector paced mechanically backwards and forwards along the edge, close to the stringers, whistling "Annie Rooney." He paused a moment, shifted his revolver from hip to the outside pocket of his overcoat, then lit a cigar. Observing the face at the porthole, he threw the cigar violently at it; then chuckling softly to himself, lit another. Suey dodged the cigar, and crossed to the other side of the steerage. The inspector was evidently both unsympathetic and extravagant. In crossing the steerage Suey followed the line of least resistance,—there was no one on that side of the vessel in position to throw cigars at him. One inspector, in a huge overcoat, his lower limbs and feet incased in blankets, was seated in a Whitehall boat, whose painter was secured to a float and anchor. On the seat beside the inspector lay a loaded

revolver. His duty was to prevent Suey Ah Duck from escaping by swimming.

A shaft of bright moonlight, passing through a porthole, illuminated a pile of Chinese coffins, always in readiness, securely lashed to an iron stanchion, and constructed in conformity to Chinese ideas, of ponderous plank, the joints calked with pitch, and the whole of equal diameter throughout.

Suey gazed intently at these familiar objects, and his thoughts, already melancholy, became morbid. Escape from the steamer was impossible, and the suspense was becoming intolerable. Anything seemed preferable to returning to his former life. Death was, after all, not such a terrible affair. He had seen men die. A year previous he had, on the beach at Kowloon City, witnessed the decapitation of ten Chinese pirates. He remembered the indifference with which they had knelt in a row; hands behind back and heads bowed; chaffing each other pleasantly until the instant the keen sword swung through the air put an end to further pleasantries. Then, besides, the pirates were not placed in comfortable coffins

like these, but were left as they fell to the ravages of the elements, and birds and beasts of prey.

Suey walked to a pile of the ladder-like standees, selected one, and resting one end on deck, placed the other against an iron stanchion. He then removed his brown crepe sash, climbed on the standee, and passed one end over one of the strips used to secure life preservers in position beneath the deck.

Forming a simple loop by knotting the ends of the sash together, he placed his neck in the loop thus formed, stepped from the standee, and remained quiet,—so quiet that his loose Chinese shoes remained undisturbed on his feet.

One of his fellow-passengers, who chanced to be awake, was a witness to these proceedings. He did not consider it his duty to interfere,—in fact, as this affair concerned only Suey and certain josses of more or less malignant dispositions, to do so would probably bring additional bad luck to himself. Besides, he also was a Chinaman.

Suey Ah Duck was landed in the morning,—by a deputy coroner of San Francisco.

*Edwin V. Atkinson.*







# THE PANGLIMA MUDA.

A ROMANCE OF MALAYA.

BY ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN.

## I.

THE prau Besar moved slowly, almost noiselessly, up the stream.

The sharp, greaseless squeak and ever continuing groan of the rattan oar-locks might have been mistaken by the uninitiated as an evidence of animal life in the impenetrable green arch above.

The six Malays hardly bent their backs as they cut the water almost vertically with their spear-shaped oar-blades, only pausing in their task from time to time to dash a handful of tepid water on the locks, whenever the gradually increasing volume of ear-piercing sounds threatened to awake their sleeping passengers.

From under a small half-deck, shaded by a palm leaf *cadjang*, arranged like the detached roof of a barn, with openings fore and aft, projected two pairs of shooting boots. The old Punghulo, or chief, in the stern, directed the boat in silence, casting at intervals swift, searching glances into the dense jungle on either side. The heavy splash of a crocodile among the sinuous roots that bound the stream like a fretwork of lace caused him to drop his head, and grasp the handle of his kris with a seemingly more than necessary apprehension.

A hearty laugh came from under the

*cadjang*: "O, I say, Wahpering, brace up. If you dodge every time a gecko clucks, you will dislocate your dorsal vertebræ before night."

The steersman only shook his head: "Baniak jahat, Tuan!" (Very bad, my lord!)

The river wound and twisted along mile after mile, and finally lost itself in a maze of rich, moist tropical foliage, only to emerge a little later into a series of open lagoons where the great bordering trees, columnar and beautiful, were mirrored in amber black waters. A white eagle glided silently athwart the stream and disappeared in a thin streak of azure, high above. A kingfisher, like a brilliant flash of blue, darted out of a gnarled old trunk, from whose decrepit limbs hung orchids of dazzling colors, in pursuit of its gorgeously-scaled prey. Ever and anon the noisy call of the cicada rivaled the persistent squeak of the oarlocks, and cut short the shrill, defiant crow of the jungle-cock. The green and gold fronds of a half dozen cocoa-nut trees raised their graceful plumes above a bit of sandy shore.

The steersman changed his paddle from one hand to the other, and with a few deft strokes sent the sharp-pointed prau far up on the little beach.

One pair of boots disappeared from under the roof, the other pair moved restlessly. In a moment the owner of the first pair appeared on his hands and knees, and gazed curiously about; the owner of the second pair yawned, and inquired sleepily:

"What's up, Beach? Is it Mr. Orang Kayah?"

"The Lord only knows. More likely *machan-an*. Wait until I ask. I say, Wahpering, what's up?"

"Machan-an (eating), Tuan!"

"They call it dinner, one of their excuses for a sleep,—the lazy brutes! Well, here goes." And with several preparatory groans, a short, thick-set man emerged, of perhaps forty-five or fifty, whose full ruddy face exhibited a wrinkled map of good nature. His hair, which had retreated from the top of his head, resembling in style the tonsure of a monk, was of a dull reddish color. His general appearance was in direct contrast to that of his companion, who was tall, straight, and broad-shouldered, possibly twenty-eight years of age, but with a youthful, almost pink, complexion that made his generous blonde mustache seem out of place. The younger man's eyes were large and blue, and joined the rest of his handsome face in a merry laugh, as his short-winded companion came crawling from his improvised cabin.

"I say, Doctor, it's too bad I did n't bring a camera. How your learned friends of the Smithsonian would prize a photograph of you in such a position. They would never believe it. I can see them now holding a council, trying to decide to what order of mammals it belonged."

The Doctor gained his feet with the help of a boatman, very red in the face, and very much excited over the disappearance of his monocle, which the smiling native caught as it cut a complete circle about his body, and placed it in his hand.

"Hugh! hugh! Ah, thanks, Beach. Beastly place! You have n't a looking glass with you?—but of course you have n't. More to eat, hey! Well, give me your hand and get the guns; we may wing a bird or two while they are boiling their confounded rice."

Wahpering saw the guns, and came forward with a look of genuine alarm on his shriveled-up little face. "Tuan Doctor. No shoot. Orang Kayah hear!"

"O to the pit with your Orang Kayah. I have heard of nothing else for a month. I am sent out here by the Smithsonian Institution to make a collection of the flora and fauna of this peninsula; also, to study its anthropology, ethnology, lithology, and metallurgy, to obtain archaic time-pieces, measuring instruments, games of chance, and musical instruments. Do you understand, sir?"

Wahpering bowed sadly. He had become used to the long speeches of the Orang American.

"Glad you do. Well, I intend to do it in spite of all the Orang Kayahs or orang-outangs between here and Siam."

Wahpering turned aside, and commenced preparing the midday meal; while his men brought their mats from the boat and spread them out on a wiry bed of lallang grass within the shadow of the palms. Before lying down each took from a pouch, which he carried in the ample folds of his sarong, a green lemon leaf smeared with lime, placed in it some broken bits of areca nut, and tucked the entire mixture away in the liberal recess of his syrah-stained mouth. In a few moments a bright red froth oozed from between his lips.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" commented Beach, as he pushed five cartridges, one after another, into the magazine of his express rifle. "That settles it. I am going to take a brace of those fellows back to the Fair with me. They will draw a crowd if they do nothing more than chew betel-nut. Now look at them go to sleep, regardless of our time and money. — the whole beggarly lot!"

"A hundred years ago they were the pirates of the world. The bloodiest set of rascals on the face of the earth."

"Yes, I know, Doctor, but the only thing bloody about them now is their mouths, which resemble, as Bill Nye



"SENT THE SHARP-POINTED PRAU FAR UP ON THE LITTLE BEACH."

graphically puts it, stabs in the dark. Come on for a tramp."

The Doctor dropped a dozen biscuits into his pocket, fixed his glass firmly in his eye, and followed, gun in hand, regardless of the warning looks of the old headman.

## II.

PROFESSOR JONAS POULTNEY, Ph. D., F. R. S., of the Smithsonian Institution, and Mr. John Quincy Adams Beach, Special Commissioner of the World's Columbian Exposition, had arrived in Singapore by the French Mail Steamer Oxus, on important missions for their respective institutions, just at the outbreak of a native war in the states north of that city.

In spite of the protests of their consul and the advice of the colonial government, they determined to pierce the very heart of the rebellious region, and to depend on the harmless nature of their mission and on their own wits and experience for protection. For, as the learned Doctor was fond of repeating, he had been "sent out by the great Smithsonian Institution to make a collection of the fauna and flora of the pe-

ninsula, to study its anthropology, ethnology, lithology, and metallurgy; to procure archaic time-pieces, games of chance, and coins," and he intended to do it in the face of any two-by-four war.

"You don't know Professor Langley? Well, I told him I would, and I will." And the good-humored face would struggle to put on a fierce look, which was invariably ruined by the dropping of his eye-glass and his younger companion's hearty laugh.

"All right, Doctor," laughed the consul. "I'll give you letters to the residents of Pahang and Selangor, and visé your passports, and then look out for the mighty Orang Kayah."

The Doctor snorted.

"Do you think, sir, that I who have served two campaigns under Grant, who have been among the Sioux at their worst, and braved Apaches in their strongholds, who have seen the head of the Nile and the open Polar Sea, am to be frightened off by a pack of rascally Malays, who have n't the nerve, sir,—nerve, I say,—to fight a handful of Sikhs, and who will go to war over a chief who has so demeaned himself as to accept servants' wages from the hands of a colonial governor. Afraid of Malays!

Why, sir, half as many Sioux would have had the scalps of every man, woman, and child, and pariah dog; would have burned every house and town in Pahang, and would have had time left to have a good fight among themselves. Twice as many under Sitting Bull would have been in Singapore, and frightened its 'anything for peace' governor to death. Don't talk to me of fear." And the Doctor's face became as scarlet, his eyes snapped, and he brought down his fist on a pile of consular invoices with energy that could not be doubted.

They were a week getting ready to start for the interior. The Doctor interviewed the curator of Raffle's Museum and the director of the Botanic Gardens, and made copious notes for future digestion; while Beach explored the great cosmopolitan city,—its temples, its mosques, its bazaars, its wharves,—or sat for hours on the veranda of his hotel, and watched the mixed stream of Old World humanity surge by. Omnipresent was the Chinaman in his flowing trousers and spotless shirt, the Kling, whose straight, graceful form and lithe limbs shone like ebony in the fierce Malayan sun, the Malay, the deposed king of the soil, in his ubiquitous sarong, the Parsee merchant in his high rimless hat and beaded sandals, the Jew money-changer in long, silken flowing robes, his rival, the Hindoo chitti or money-lender, dressed in a few yards of white gauze, the negro with thick lips and wooly pate, looked down upon by his brother dark races of the Equator, the Tamil, the Javanese, the Japanese, the Achinese, the Siamese, the Burmese, and a dozen more, equally curious to American eyes.

The great flabby humps on the back of the passing bullocks carried his mind back to his Bible reading, and the naked coolies pulling flying rickshas gave him a touch of delightful Japan. Around and above all was that trade-mark of the obese East,—an odor which when once learned is never forgotten.

But of all the races that defiled before him he saw no representative of the one he was seeking. He wanted a family of Sakies, the aborigines of the Malay peninsula, who dwelt in the almost inaccessible jungles about Mount Ophir.

"I am like the Doctor," he commented to himself, "I said I would, and I will."

The longer they remained in Singapore the worse the reports were that came in from the seat of war. It was said that the dissatisfied chief, the Orang Kayah, or great warrior, had taken possession of the stores of the Raub Gold Mining Company and placed a toll on all boats ascending the Pahang River; then that he had erected a series of stockades throughout the Bentong district, and thereby cut off all communication with the interior. The Doctor stormed, and swore that he would appeal to the Sultan. Then the report came that His Highness was secretly backing his rebellious subjects.

Beach laughed, and said: "Take it easy, Doctor, we'll have more time to study our Malay grammar."

But the Doctor scorned the advice, and engaged passage for Klang by a steamer that was taking up a party of government Sikhs. Beach made no objection, and accompanied him. From Klang they went with the same party to the little residency town of Kwalla Lumpur, then across country to the Pahang, and there engaged Malay boatmen and the old headman, Wahpering, to take them up the Semantan River.

It was a hazardous undertaking, but one that fitted both the temper of the Doctor and the spirit of his younger companion.

### III.

THE cocoa-nut grove opened into a deserted plantation. Scraggly tapioca shrubs at intervals topped an undulating sea of lallang grass. The ruins of an attap bungalow, shaded by a brilliantly

red flamboyant, occupied the center of the neglected spot.

"It is plain," laughed Beach, as he seated himself on the ant-eaten beam of a wooden plow, "why the plantation was deserted,—the house fell down. Too shiftless to rebuild!"

"I am afraid it would take an entire village to hold my collection at the rate at which it is progressing. Hello! What's that?"

A wild pig rushed from out the midst of a half dozen stunted pineapples, and disappeared into the yielding grass.



"WAHPERING BOWED SADLY."

The Doctor was examining the ruins, which were of attap, on piles six feet above the ground, and approached by a rickety ladder. Its interior would just allow a man to stand upright; its floor was of elastic strips of bamboo.

"I have an idea, Beach! Have a Malay bungalow made in Singapore for your Malayan exhibit at the Fair."

"O, you're safe, my black beauty," growled the Doctor, as he savagely screwed at his eye-glass, "we're Mohammedans, and don't eat pork. What an old fool I am getting to be,—might just as well have been a tiger!"

On the opposite side of the plantation they entered the jungle by a narrow, winding path, and picked their way slow-

ly along its uneven course, catching glimpses of great grey iguanas just above their heads, of dazzling green and gold lizards, leaving behind a troop of long-armed wah-wahs that were swinging and chattering in the great trees that fringed the jungle, and finding a little troop of quarreling black monkeys in the dim obscurity of the interior. Trailing rubber vines reached down and caught up their cork helmets, and the hooked claws of the rattan clutched their clothes and impeded their progress.

Suddenly Beach stopped and held up his finger.

A low deep boom, sounding strangely out of place in their desolate surroundings, fell upon their ears. It was a hollow, resonant sound, and came surging through the jungle at regular intervals, like the far-away report of a heavy gun at sea. They looked at each other inquiringly, and then pushed noiselessly on.

The boom became more distinct as they progressed. Its tones grew to a deep mellow bass, as perfectly modulated and as rich and sonorous as the strokes of a bass viol.

"If I were in the North Woods of Maine I would swear it was a partridge drumming on a hollow log," commented the Doctor musingly.

"It strikes me that I have heard the same deep sound several times during our trip up the river, and I should not be surprised if it came from a Malay village."

"That's it," answered the Doctor. "I have heard the thing in Africa. It is an artificially hollow log hung to the limb of a tree, and struck with a club of wood."

"Which means that we are close to a village or a mosque?"

"Yes," went on the Doctor, "or one of the Orang Kayah's forts. Forward, march."

For five minutes they stumbled along the narrow path, until they were almost

precipitated from the semi-twilight of the jungle into the blazing glare of the sun.

The boom of the gong rushed to their ears in great waves of sound, direct from a stockade not a hundred yards in front. They gazed about them in wonderment at the unexpected scene. To their right was the river,—their left, the unbroken face of the jungle.

Overlooking the river and projecting from portholes in the stockade, were the black mouths of three small cannons.

"Well, I'll be shot!" broke from the younger of the two.

The Doctor placed his monocle carefully in his eye and surveyed the structure deliberately.

"Yes, I think you would have been shot had we come up the stream sound asleep under our cadjang. You can't see inside, I suppose?"

"Well, hardly! Here, give me your shoulder." And the younger man sprang lightly into the lower limbs of a blasted tree.

"All right. Now I can see. There are, I should say, from two to three hundred Malays inside, half as many dogs, about a dozen big, open palm-leaf sheds, and two fair-looking bungalows."

"Any sentinels?"

"Not that I can see, and the gate of the affair is wide open on the side toward the jungle."

"If we made a dash into it with sixteen shots each, where would the beggars go?"

"Through a small gate on the river side."

"Good! Come down. It's got to be done. We must get up the river, or go back to Singapore."

"But don't you think, Doctor, it would be better to go peacefully in and present our letters to the Sultan, and ask for safe passports?"

"Not a bit of it, my boy. There is only one way,—stampede them. I have seen it done in Africa. They are in re-



"HIS EYES SNAPPED, AND HE BROUGHT DOWN HIS FIST ON A PILE OF CONSULAR INVOICES."

bellion, and we have the law on our side. Forward, march!"

Beach smiled, and stooped down to throw a cartridge from the magazine into the barrel and to loosen his revolver. The Doctor took two or three steps in advance.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," came in clear, even tones from behind them. "If I may be allowed to advise, I should say that the younger man's plan was much the better, although I am not certain but that you would stampede my poor followers easily enough. It has been done before!"

"What the deuce —!" ejaculated the Doctor.

Beach brought his rifle half way to his shoulder, and lowered it again at the sight of the man before him.

"Allow me to introduce myself," he went on, smiling at Beach's warlike movement. "I am the Panglima Muda, which means in English, rather broadly translated, the general commanding. My chief is His Excellency the Orang Kayah of Semantan. Now, who may I have the honor of meeting?"

The Panglima Muda was a little over five feet in height. His features were clean cut and intelligent, and would

have been pleasant but for a scar over his right eye, which gave them a sinister cast. He was dressed in a silk sarong of variegated colors, that fell like a skirt about his legs, and a dark blue naval officer's jacket, the buttons on which were of gold set with stones. On his head he wore a rimless cap, and on his feet a pair of russet shooting boots. From the folds of his sarong protruded the jeweled handle of a kris.

The Doctor could only gasp and stare in unconcealed astonishment.

The younger man answered, waving his hand toward his companion,—

"Let me introduce to you Mr. Jonas Poultney, Ph. D., of the Smithsonian Institution, United States of America."

The Panglima Muda bowed.

"And your name?" he said politely.

The Doctor had so far recovered himself as to exclaim pompously,—

"Mr. John Quincy Adams Beach, Special Commissioner of the World's Fair, late Lieutenant in the United States Navy, a descendant of two Presidents of the United States."

"Ah, indeed!" and the Malay bowed to the younger man, and smiled at the blushes that the introduction brought to his temples; "then we will call you

the Duke of Massachusetts, Mr. Beach. You see I know something about your great country. Now, will you accompany me to my humble quarters? I shall consider it a great honor to entertain two such distinguished citizens of the greatest republic on earth."

"On one condition," replied the Doctor, acknowledging the tribute to his country with a gratified "Poh! Poh!" "that you guarantee us safe passport out of and past your fort. We are anxious to get into the interior, and take no interest in your two-penny war."

"But you should," replied the Malay pleasantly. "We are fighting, like your immortal Washington, for our independence."

"Independence, fiddlesticks! What you are fighting for is beyond me. You know how silly and useless such an act is. As for your chief, he is fighting for more salary from the governor. But do you grant us the passports?"

"I am sorry I cannot, and we may have to detain you for a few days. A learned man like yourself will find a study of our habits and customs interesting."

"Then, good day! Come on, Beach. We'll have to go back to Klang and get a force and clear this river."

The Doctor turned on his heel haughtily, and strode in the direction of the jungle path.

A file of Malays, with drawn krisses, blocked the way. He raised his gun and motioned them aside.

"Unless you wish your force reduced, I advise you to draw them off," he went on angrily. "Do you think I am to be frightened by a row of half-breed slaves?"

"It is useless to fire," answered the chief, flushing redly. "You might kill one or two, which would not be a serious matter, but you would be krissed in the end, which would be a serious loss to science. I am very sorry that you refuse to become my guests. It is certainly

preferable to becoming my prisoners, and less painful to me."

The Doctor snorted, "Sir, you will have to settle with my country for this outrage. I am sent here by the order of the great Smithsonian Institution, to make a collection of the fauna and flora of this Archipelago, to examine and study its anthropology, ethnology, lithology, and metallurgy, to obtain archaic time-pieces, weapons, and coins. Mr. Beach, sir, is in search of Sakies, the aborigines of this country, who it is said live at the foot of the far-famed Mount Ophir."

"How fortunate! I can be of great service to both you and Mr. Beach. I will guarantee you, Doctor, a complete collection of weapons, coins, and dress. Your time is your own to make your herbarium, and as for the animals, I will see that one of every kind that grows is brought to your door. For Mr. Beach I will secure a half dozen Sakies; and above all, I will take pleasure in showing you both the old gold mines and roads of King Solomon, at the base of Mount Ophir. So that your friends will rest easy, I will send a messenger to your consul in Singapore, and notify him that you have decided to pay me a short visit."

The Doctor, more than half convinced, hesitated. The professional side of his nature had succumbed, the obstinate side still held out.

Beach pulled out a manila and bit off the end. The Chief smiled, and handed him a box of matches.

"But," said the Doctor slowly, lowering the muzzle of his rifle, "I must have my tools, and books, and arsenic. They are all in our boat."

"They were," corrected the Chief. "Now they are in your quarters inside the stockade, and your interpreter, Wah-pering, is awaiting your orders there."

As they entered the stockade, the soldiers looked up carelessly, and a number of the officers gave the national





WAHPERING IS ADMONISHED TO BE CAUTIOUS.

salute of their race, "Tabek, Tuan," (Greeting, my Lords,) without exhibiting either surprise or exultation.

The Panglima led them down the main street of the encampment to one of the two attap bungalows.

The Doctor went in first, laboriously ascending and crowding himself through the small opening. Beach sprang lightly up, followed by their host.

The interior was one large room, divided into compartments by sarongs hung over bamboo poles. The floor, of split bamboo, was elastic to the step. Between the cross-pieces of bamboo were openings like the white spots on a checker-board, through which came up light and air. On the floor were spread mats of woven palms, on which were several sleeping Malays. The Chief went up to one, drew from its sheath his needle-pointed kris, and pricked him until the blood came.

The sleeper sprang to his feet with a cry of pain, a look of terror on his distorted face. The Panglima laughed, and carefully wiped the point of his kris on the fellow's sarong, and pointed towards his guests. Not until then had the wounded man noticed that there were others in the room. He turned quickly, and touched his forehead with the back of his open palm,—it was Wahpering,—and then rushed forward and took their helmets and guns.

"We were expecting you," he mumbled. "His Highness say you pay him visit, and command your servants come by river." Then he whispered as he drew up to Beach's side: "He Panglima Muda, very brave. Live in England long time. He steal Mem (Lady) Mead. Hide her in jungle."

The chief turned his eyes on Wahpering. They were cold and steely, and filled with a sinister gleam. He tapped

the jeweled handle of his kris significantly, and addressing Beach said quietly :—

"It is not always best for a Malay to learn English. They learn to tell lies, which is bad. Wahpering, your interpreter, might be led on to talk too much. Then, when night comes, he lies down on his mat to sleep. In the night some one who has heard his talk comes under the house and runs his kris up through the floor into Wahpering. The next day his body is thrown out to the tiger."

Wahpering hung his head, but the ashy pallor in his face had given place to a crafty look of contrition, which could not disguise the revengeful flash of his eyes. The chief saw it, and turned to one of his men, and spoke a few words in his native tongue. The man laid his hand on Wahpering's shoulder and led him out of the room. In another moment the air quivered with a dozen heart-rending screams, and in another moment Wahpering was pushed through the open door and thrown on a mat, fainting, his back a mass of raw flesh.

The Chief paid no attention to the little tragedy. "You will find all your baggage here, gentlemen. Your servants are below. I will come for you tomorrow at ten o'clock, when you will pay your respects to His Excellency, the Orang Kayah. Good day." And bowing gracefully, he withdrew.

The Doctor sprang to his medicine chest, and mixed a soothing ointment which he applied to the suffering man's lacerated back.

"Leave him unconscious, Beach. He will come to quick enough for all parties concerned. There is someone going to be krissed to pay for this, and in my opinion it won't be Wahpering. What was it he said about a Miss Mead?"

#### IV.

WAHPERING recovered from his swoon only to lapse into a semi-comatose state,

from which he finally awoke in a high fever. The Doctor and Beach sat with him until dark, and then left him in the care of two of their Malay boatmen, while they partook of a well-cooked dinner that was brought in and placed on a linen cloth, spread on the floor. The dishes were all of china, and bore a well known London trademark. They were served with soup, venison, potatoes, yams, and egg-plant, rice curry, and fried bananas, sherry, claret, and whisky and soda.

"Well, I'll be shot," remarked Beach, as he picked out a Havana and carefully unrolled the tin foil that protected it, "this is the first Cuban I've had since I left San Francisco. If it were n't for the poor devil in the corner I would vote this Mr. Panglima a good fellow. Who'd have thought of bringing finger-glasses and napkins out into the jungle?"

"Exactly," remarked the Doctor, "and what stumps me is, what such a well-educated fellow wants to go to war with his betters for, unless,"—and the Doctor placed his eye-glass firmly in his right eye and thought,—"unless it is something to do with that girl Wahpering says he has carried off."

"You have guessed it, Doctor," broke in the quiet, even voice of the Panglima, who had noiselessly entered the room. "And this is a good opportunity to warn you against guessing out loud. You Americans are given to guessing, you know. If you will take the trouble to look through the open places in your floor, you will see two sentinels below, one of whom understands English."

The chief took his seat beside Beach. "I am glad you like the brand. Havanas don't keep in this climate."

"Which means, I suppose," growled the Doctor, ignoring the last remark, "that we can take our choice between guessing to ourselves and being treated to the lash."

"Not at all, my dear Doctor," replied the Chief, puffing at his cigar. "That

would be equivalent to a declaration of war between the United States and Semantan. Come outside and smoke, and I will tell you a story that will sound better coming from me than from your old headman, and possibly save him another correction."

In front of the bungalow they found three rude chairs.

"I had these made since your arrival, knowing your preference for them. Tomorrow, you will have a table. Be seated. I will order the coffee."

The full red moon, just level with the wooded tops of a low range of hills across the river, poured a flood of golden light into the stockade, and against the impenetrable sides of the jungle beyond. The turbid waters of the river became molten, save where the dark outlines of a princely palm set its black signet, or a maze of tangled mangrove roots traced a square of weird hieroglyphics across its face. The lunge of a crocodile cast a shower of phosphorescent sparks about its log-like form, and awakened a score of boatmen who were sleeping outside the fort. From a low shed in front came the soft, monotonous chant of Mohammedans at prayer; first, the low, melodious solo of the priest, then the perfectly attuned responses. Through the open door they could see them bowing, kneeling, laying their foreheads on their praying rugs, standing erect, their bodies swaying gently to the glorious promises of their prophet. A soft tropical breeze came from out the jungle, laden with the sweet, delicate scents of the kamooning tree.

The Panglima was in a dark gray sarong, a soft black silken jacket, and patent leather pumps. Diamonds glistened on his shapely fingers, and in the folds of his silken shirt. He took the kris from his waist and laid it across his knees. The moon lit up the jewels in its golden scabbard. Beach drew a long breath. The Doctor knocked the ashes off the end of his cigar.

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"By George, one could almost be contented here!"

"Almost," repeated the Chief. "Almost, on a moonlight night, but never quite. Not after a taste of civilization, and—love." He paid no attention to the stares of wonderment turned upon him by his listeners, and in his cold, even tones, went on. "I was sent to England to be educated. The curate of the little village took me, at the request of the Resident of Penang, into his family. The worthy man thought, I learned later, that I was an Indian prince,—such was his knowledge of the geography that he was to teach me. For three years I was thrown in daily contact with the curate's only daughter. I think I loved her from the moment I first saw her. The three years passed like a dream. We studied the same lessons, read the same books, botanized, rambled, and built air-castles together,—she, Tom, and myself. Tom, the brother, was a noble, manly fellow, and accepted me as a member of the little family from the first. I think, now that I look back on this happy time, that the old curate would have been glad to have seen me marry Gladys, for when some returned civil servant from Singapore told him that my palace was nothing but a palm-thatched bungalow, and not the marble palace of his dreams, he acted as though I had deceived him, and turned me out of doors; but not before I had proposed to the girl.

"I offered to live in England, and take up a profession. I showed her that I would have a few hundred pounds a year as long as my father, who was the Dato Menti, or prime minister to the Sultan, lived, and after that the English government would give me his pension. It was not a brilliant offer, and it was not accepted. She cared for me only as a friend and schoolmate.

"I did not despair. One of my race never does. *Tuan Allah suka!* (It is as Allah wishes.) I went to London, and

was received at Court. While there the curate died, and left his children penniless. I offered myself again, and was again refused, kindly but firmly. Then I asked the Resident of our state to give the son employment under him. He did so, and we all started for the East together."

The Doctor moved uneasily in his seat, and scratched a match on the sole of his boot.

"I will not weary you with the details of our trip, or of our life afterwards. I could not conceal my passion. She pitied me, the rest laughed at me. The little Residency town, with its dozen gossiping families, became a hell on earth. I could not stay there; I could not keep away. The white officers and civilians crowded about my adored one. The tropical heat of the place seemed to agree with her, and intensified her beauty.

"I left the place and joined my father. I became a favorite of the Sultan. He raised me in dignity in court, and trusted me with his secrets. I became all-powerful in the little kingdom. The Sultan, my father, the old fat Orang Kayah over there, were mere puppets in my hands. The Resident consulted me, the Governor entertained me at Singapore, the natives bribed me, and yet I was not happy. My desire for the white girl became the one aim of my life. I determined to win her by means fair or foul. There was but one way to get her from under the protection of the English guns. I did not hesitate. I trumped up a means of declaring war on the English. The old Orang Kayah, Pahlawan or Governor of Sematan, had a grievance. The Resident had forbidden him to oppress his people, and to collect unjust tribute, in lieu of which a stated pension was to be paid him which he indolently accepted. I knew that the English Government was giving the Orang Kayah of another district a much larger pension. I whispered it in his

ear. He became sulky and revengeful. I visited him secretly, and urged him to go to war. I took the Sultan's chop to him, and offered to see that he was supplied with arms and food. You have read the rest in the Singapore papers.

"That is, all but my part in it. I continued to play the forlorn lover, and at the same time I directed the rebellion. One night, while at a New Year's ball at the Residency, I had a note sent to Miss Mead that her brother had been taken suddenly ill and had gone home. She did not wait to say good night to the hostess, but put on her cloak and hurried across the Residency grounds to her bungalow. Five of my trusted men seized her, and put her in a swift prau. I was careful to have them see her Malay maid and get all her clothes. I was at the ball.

"The next morning the alarm was given. I was the hottest in the search. My grief was terrible to witness. In a week I was called in country by my Sultan. I went straight to where my love was in hiding. It is a beautiful place. I will take you there. She spurned me with horror and aversion. I told her the truth, but she would not listen. I groveled at her feet, but she turned her back on me. I tried to embrace her. She drew a dagger, and threatened to kill herself. May Allah forgive me, but she was beautiful. I laughed in her face. I was half crazed."

The Panglima had forgotten his auditors.

"Ah! but I will bring the proud head to my feet. I will make her bow on her bended knees, and plead of me to take her. There is one place in her heart that I can reach. It must be through that brother. It will take time, but what is time. Bah! the timid white-haired English Governor will give me time. I know how to play my cards, and I hold trumps! It is better to be dead than to love so. Yet I must go on to the end. Allah is just!"

The monotonous, musical chant went rythmically on, the subdued hum of the hundreds of voices about them continued unheeded, the fire in the chief's eyes gave place to a dull, hopeless longing, as though his thoughts belied his words. He put his hand to his head, and then, rising slowly, placed his kris in his sarong, and paced up and down on the sandy strip.

A native stepped out from the shadow of the house and touched his forehead. The Panglima paused in his walk and listened. Turning to the two he said quietly, and without the least show of his former emotion :—

"A messenger from the Orang Kayah. Spies bring word that an expedition is coming up the river to attack the stockade."

He snapped his fingers and laughed bitterly. "An expedition of fifty Sikhs, two hundred Malays, and four white men. I could wipe them out of existence, if I chose. Why should I kill the poor devils! I will have my sharp shooters pick off the Englishmen, and then the rest will stampede. The next time they will send twice as many, we will shoot a few for appearance, and retreat to the jungle, and build another stockade. That will cause two more expeditions. After they have taken a half dozen stockades and lost a half dozen officers, they will have had glory enough, their milk-and-water governor will telegraph to London that the rebellion is crushed,—blind fools! Good night. There may be fighting tomorrow, you will see how we amuse ourselves playing at Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

The two men smoked on in silence, each busy with his own thoughts.

"What bothers me," said the Doctor, throwing the stub of his cigar at a pariah dog that was prowling in the shadow, "is what part he expects us to act in this beautiful outrage."

Beach arose, yawned, and stretched his handsome form. The moonlight fell on his blonde hair, and gave it a richer tinge. He gazed out over the river and up at the sky, and then with an affected air of indifference said in French :—

"You remember we are watched, my dear Monsieur, in two languages, and if we take a part creditable to ourselves we must exhibit no interest whatever. Depend on it, sooner or later he will unburden his mind, and so long as we are prisoners we must shape our sails to the wind. There are three of us. I think we may count on Wahpering, and if we act together we ought to be able to head the outlaw off. Let us forget everything but the coming battle."

The Doctor sprang to his feet and slapped the speaker between his broad shoulders.

"You are the leader. Kick me if I misbehave. Shall we turn in?"

A cloud passed over the moon. A low, thrilling growl, a crash, a thud, and a cry of mortal agony, came from beyond the stockade. A drowsy sentinel cried : "Harimau!"—A tiger!—and sent a ball into the jungle. The moon came from under the cloud, and the hum of conversation rose fitfully from the surrounding sheds.

Beach shuddered, and followed the Doctor up the ladder.

*Rounsevelle Wildman.*

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



## A PROBLEM IN AUTHORSHIP.

## WHO WROTE "THE FEDERALIST"?

IN THE winter of 1891-'92, I was leader of the Willamette Chautauqua Circle in Salem, Oregon. One of the text books for that year was "The Story of the Constitution," by Francis Newton Thorpe. The study of the Constitution led me to add to my library a copy of the *Federalist*, and almost immediately upon its purchase I became interested in the question of its authorship. Although not so famous a question as the identity of "Junius," and in many particulars very different, if recent report be correct, the authorship of the *Federalist* will need to be soon settled, or it will outlast the mystery which has so long enveloped the English essayist.

It is perhaps presumptuous to think that I can throw any light upon a question which has been practically abandoned as beyond solution, and I confess that I am not over-confident as to the value of my conclusions. In any case, the study has made me familiar with a work worthy of the most careful reading, and has given me a better understanding and a larger measure of esteem for our political institutions. It has been carried on in the odds and ends of time which I have been able to snatch from my professional labors, and has been at least a very pleasant diversion, whether or not the results commend themselves to the judgment of the reader.

A good statement of the question will be found in the introduction to the *Federalist*, as edited by Henry Cabot Lodge. A very brief statement will be sufficient here. The *Federalist* consists of eighty-five essays, the first of which was published in the *Independent Gazetteer* for October 27th, 1787. Of these eighty-five essays it is reasonably certain that Alex-

ander Hamilton wrote fifty-one; James Madison, fourteen; and John Jay, five. Three were written by Hamilton and Madison jointly. The remaining twelve are in dispute, and are claimed by both Hamilton and Madison. The biographers of Madison give them to him without qualification, while the biographers of Hamilton are not a whit less confident, as witness the brief biography by John Lord, in "Beacon Lights of History."

A study of the testimony affords an impressive lesson in the fallibility of witnesses, even where their recital admits of no thought of dishonesty. There are fourteen lists of authorship, six by Hamilton, four by Madison, two by Jefferson; and besides these, one made and preserved by Chancellor Kent, and one found among the papers of Washington. Jay left no record except as to the five papers which he himself wrote. In all his six lists Hamilton claims the twelve essays in dispute. Chancellor Kent's list and the Washington list give them to Hamilton. Jefferson gives them to Hamilton in one list, and to Madison in the other. Madison claims them for himself in all his lists.

The lists of Hamilton are more correct than those of Madison as regards the other essays. Hamilton makes but one known mistake,—he gives Jay fifty-four instead of sixty-four, except in one instance, when he gives fifty-four to Madison and leaves Jay but four numbers. Madison makes many mistakes, and his lists agree poorly. In his first and second he claims eighteen, nineteen, and twenty, for himself, but later admits that they were written jointly. In another list he claims but two of them,—eight-

een and nineteen; but takes to himself seventeen and twenty-one, both of which were Hamilton's, and gives Hamilton twenty, which was partly his own. In his first list he claims also sixty-four, which belonged to Jay. One of the Jefferson lists agrees with the Benson list, written by Hamilton on the day before the fatal duel, and left in the office of his friend, Egbert Benson. The other agrees with the most faulty list of Madison, the *Washington Gazette* list. Chancellor Kent's list differs from Hamilton only in giving Jay sixty-four instead of fifty-four, which is correct, and in giving Madison forty-nine and fifty-three, two of the disputed numbers. Washington's list gives Jay number one, which is Hamilton's, and gives Hamilton forty-eight, which is Madison's. Otherwise it agrees with Hamilton's claims.

Hamilton's most authoritative list was written, as recorded above, at a time when he was preparing for death. It has been suggested that this might explain his mistake. The essays in dispute are from forty-nine to fifty-eight inclusive, and numbers sixty-two and sixty-three. Madison wrote from thirty-seven to forty-eight inclusive. Perhaps, it is suggested, Hamilton wrote thirty-seven to forty-eight instead of thirty-seven to fifty-eight. But this is more plausible than probable, and leaves two of the twelve unexplained. Madison's claims were not made public till 1817, thirty years after the essays appeared, and were evidently based upon recollection and not upon record. His claim was made deliberately, and he himself implied that to doubt it was to impeach his veracity, which was not the case if Hamilton's hasty record was called in question. But it is far from proven that Hamilton did not claim these essays long before his death; indeed, there is much reason to think he did. And it does not add to the weight of Madison's testimony that he waited many years after Hamilton's claims were made pub-

lic before he tried to correct them. Whoever knows the workings of men's minds will readily admit that honesty is consistent with a treacherous memory, and that contradiction often tends to strengthen a false position.

Madison himself appealed to internal evidence to prove his claims, but the appeal only proves his weakness. On the other hand, J. C. Hamilton has made an elaborate comparison of the disputed essays with the manuscript notes of his father, showing many interesting parallels, but as Hamilton and Madison used the same notes the argument has no great weight. Yet if the question is ever determined it will probably be from a consideration of the internal evidences.

It occurred to me that the individuality of each writer must betray itself in the style. I could readily understand that the indications of individuality might be very obscure. The essays were written at about the same time, to the same audience, on the same general subject, from the same notes, and over the same name. Every effort was made to give the impression of a single author. Any recognized eccentricities would either be carefully pruned away, or so repeated that their absence could not betray a dual authorship. Hamilton evidently did recognize some pet word or phrase in Madison's contributions, as Lodge records with what scrupulousness he attended to the publication of the work, causing a considerable part to be reprinted because a favorite expression of Madison had been changed. What was that favorite expression, or did Hamilton duplicate it? I have read the entire book again and again. Parts of it I may honestly say, I have read twenty or thirty times. The results of this somewhat microscopic investigation may seem meager, for the difficulties are many, but possibly they will serve to indicate a solution of the problem. If I had any prejudice in the matter when entering upon the investigation it was in favor of

Madison, but the result was really a matter of indifference to me, and I cared only to know the truth.

A careful reading of the acknowledged essays of Hamilton shows that there are some forms of expression peculiar to him. Phrases occur with sufficient frequency to be called habitual, which do not occur at all in the essays which are certainly Madison's. The most notable of these expressions which I have marked is found where he anticipates objection by the use of, "It will perhaps be asked," or some closely analogous expression. In the fifty-one essays this expression occurs fourteen times. Referring to Lodge's edition of the *Federalist* they are:—

It may perhaps be asked,	Page 42.
It may perhaps be asked,	" 83.
It may perhaps be asked,	" 448.
Perhaps it may be asked,	" 377.
It may perhaps be thought,	" 7.
May perhaps be thought,	" 187.
Perhaps may be thought,	" 503.
It may perhaps be urged,	" 146.
May perhaps be urged,	" 97.
It may perhaps be said,	" 459.
It may perhaps be replied,	" 66.
It may perhaps be objected,	" 95.
It may perhaps be imagined,	" 179.
It may perhaps be contended,	" 413.

This expression occurs quite frequently in Hamilton's other writings. It does not occur in any of the essays of Madison which are found in the *Federalist*, nor have I found it elsewhere in his works. I have not, however, had opportunity to examine carefully all his writings. Madison, of course, uses the word "perhaps," but never in just these combinations. The nearest approach I have found is on page 276, essay No. 43, where he says, "Perhaps, also, an answer may be found." In a letter to Gideon, dated August 20th, 1818, and quoted by Lodge, he says, "It may, however, be proper, perhaps to observe," etc. These expressions are quite unlike Hamilton's, though it would not seem strange if by unconscious imitation he had occasionally been led into closer resemblance.

On the other hand, these expressions are exactly duplicated in the doubtful essays, as follows:—

It may be contended perhaps,	Page 318.
It may perhaps be thought,	" 319.
It will perhaps be said,	" 340.
It may be replied perhaps,	" 341.
It may perhaps be alleged,	" 363.
And shall perhaps be reminded,	" 333.

Another Hamiltonian expression is, "To have recourse to." This occurs thirteen times in the fifty-one essays, does not occur at all in the essays of Madison, and is found, though only once, in the doubtful essays. It will be found in Hamilton's essays on the following pages: 41, 93, 164, 165, 179, 202, 211,—twice, 214, 452, 506, 510, and 538. It occurs on page 351, number 56 of the doubtful essays. Hamilton uses the word quite freely in his other writings. That it only occurs once in twelve essays seems less strange, when we note that it only occurs once in the sixteen essays from sixty-five to eighty inclusive, which are unquestionably Hamilton's.

Hamilton is fond of the figure, *a road*. On page 6 he says, "History will teach us that the former has been found *a much more certain road* to the introduction of despotism," etc. On page 83, "If *the road* over which you will still have to pass." Again on page 212, "The *most certain road* to the accomplishment," etc., and on page 551, "The most direct *road* to their own object." The writer of the doubtful essays says on page 314, "It must be allowed to prove that *a constitutional road* to the decision of the people ought to be marked out and kept open," etc.

Another figure is *door*. On page 207, "The *door* ought to be equally open to all." Page 210, "A circumstance which effectually shuts *the door*." On page 507, "Leaving *the door* of appeal as wide as possible." In the doubtful essays, page 328, "The *door* of this part of the Federal government is open to merit," etc. Hamilton likes to appeal to experience, and occasionally eulogizes it as



follows: "Let *experience*, the least fallible *guide* of human opinions, be appealed to." [29] "When we shall have received further lessons from that best oracle of wisdom, *experience*." [89] "That *experience* is the parent of wisdom is an adage." [453] The writer of No. 52, in the doubtful essays, remarks, "Let us consult *experience*, the *guide* that ought always to be followed." See page 329. On page 135 Hamilton remarks, "The fabric of American Empire ought to rest on the solid basis of the consent of *the people*. The streams of national power ought to flow immediately from that *pure, original fountain of all legitimate authority*." The writer of No. 49, the first of the doubtful essays, says, "As *the people* are the only *legitimate fountain* of power." [314] So also the writer of No. 51, "The same *fountain* of authority, *the people*." [322]

Hamilton uses quite frequently the verb to *scruple*. "*I scruple not to affirm*." [376] "Nor have *I scrupled* to allow." [423] "*I scruple not to declare*." [465] and a somewhat similar expression is found on page 213, "I, without *scruple*, confess." The unknown writer of essay 62 says, "*I scruple not to assert*." [389] So the writer of No. 63, "*I shall not scruple to add*." [393] Hamilton says on page 26, "They deserve a *more particular* investigation." On page 33, "The question admits of a *more particular* answer." So the writer of No. 52 says, "I pass on to a *more particular* examination," [327] and in No. 63 it is written, "But a *more particular* reply may be given." [397] Again, Hamilton writes, "The demon of faction will extend *his sceptre*, etc." [412] The unknown, "Passion never fails to wrest *his sceptre* from reason," [347] and "As if a *sceptre* had been placed in his single hand." [367]

I shall mention but one more parallel. This is so slight that it may seem puerile to some, but its very insignificance is significant. Both Hamilton and Madison

use the word "happen" often, in various forms. But Hamilton alone uses "*happens*." It occurs eight times in his fifty-one essays, on pages 43, 65, 69, 89, 147, 201, 486, 488. It occurs in the doubtful essays on pages 338 and 363. Other such slight comparisons might be made. Some of his most characteristic expressions do not occur in the doubtful essays, as for example his use of the word *refinements*, for which see pages 51, 130, 152, 170, 382, 455. Also the word *prostitute*, as on pages 417, 423, 479, 523; and the expression, "*Be to be*," 193, 375, 441. These omissions are not singular, and only show how unconscious was his use of these pet words and phrases.

To discover the words and phrases which are peculiar to Madison is much more of a task than to trace the individualisms of Hamilton. When I found one of Hamilton's reiterations, I had but to read fourteen essays of Madison to prove that it was peculiar to Hamilton. To prove any expression peculiar to Madison I must pass in review the fifty-one essays of Hamilton. Madison uses one expression quite frequently, "Within the compass," which is used but two or three times in all Hamilton's essays. It occurs six times in the fourteen essays of Madison, and three times in the doubtful essays. An expression which occurs twice in the doubtful essays is, "Some portion of this knowledge may, no doubt, be acquired *in a man's closet*" [337]; and "A skillful individual *in his closet*." [352] Compare this with Madison, page 221, "A constitution planned *in his closet*." The expression, I think, does not occur in Hamilton. But the most notable resemblance as between the writings of Madison and the twelve disputed essays is in the use of the adverb, *while*. This adverb occurs ten times in the fourteen essays of Madison, and always in the old English form, *whilst*. It occurs twenty-eight times in the fifty-one essays of Hamilton, and with a solitary excep-

tion is always *while*. I know not how to account for this exception, which is found on page 506, essay No. 81. I have not found it elsewhere in all my reading of Hamilton. The adverb occurs five times in the ten disputed essays, on pages 316, 327, 336, 353, 392, and always in the form which Madison uses, *whilst*. Hamilton uses brackets with great freedom—some thirty-two times in the fifty-one essays; Madison uses them but once, page 246, "Made by a single State [Virginia]." They are not used at all in the doubtful essays, though they occur in the three essays of Hamilton between fifty-eight and sixty-two.

I have contented myself thus far with giving the evidence, which doubtless seems to some as mutually destructive. There remains a little more which will serve to introduce the little I have to offer in the way of opinion. Essays 18, 19, and 20 were written by both Hamilton and Madison. They betray the individualities of each. The marks of Hamilton's handiwork are found in the expression, "It may be asked perhaps," [113] "They once more had *recourse* to," [108] "As often *happens*," [107] "If the nation *happens*," [111] and "Experience is the *oracle* of truth." [119] Madison's part is also manifest, "*Whilst*" occurs twice, pages 106 and 113, but *while* does not occur at all. There are no brackets. In his fourteen essays Madison three times refers to the Deity, pages 220, 222, 276; and in No. 20 occurs the truly Madisonian expression, "Let our gratitude mingle an ejaculation to Heaven."

I am inclined to think that the twelve essays in dispute were written by both Hamilton and Madison, as were Nos. 18, 19, and 20. They contain expressions which are nowhere else found in conjunction. If in three out of his four lists Madison claimed all or part of 18, 19, and 20, and only remembered Hamilton's participation when the matter was called to his attention repeatedly, is it

not possible that he might claim these twelve? And it is also possible that Hamilton, remembering his part, might have forgotten Madison's share. The explanation is not devoid of difficulties, but are not the difficulties less than from any other point of view?

If we insist that Hamilton wrote the twelve essays in question, it is hard to understand Madison's claims, and hard to understand the exclusive use of a form of the adverb which Madison always uses in the *Federalist*, and Hamilton only once. It is strange, too, that while he uses brackets elsewhere so freely, in all these twelve essays they do not once occur, while they occur in the three which intervene. Strange, too, that other slight Madisonian expressions should occur here, and nowhere else in Hamilton's writings.

If, on the other hand, we insist that Madison wrote them exclusively, the difficulties are more. How does it happen that in the fourteen we know to be his, he never uses such expressions as "It may perhaps be said," "Recourse must then be had to," "It so happens," "A door ought to be open," etc., etc., etc., while in the twelve which are least doubtful, the peculiarly Hamiltonian words and phrases are often found? Some of Hamilton's characteristics are absent from these twelve essays, as are also some of Madison's,—in particular, his reference to Deity. But the principal individualisms of each are found in these essays, and elsewhere only in the three which we know were written jointly. However difficult it may be to understand how both could forget such association, it is not more difficult than it is to understand how either could claim so persistently a group of essays with which he had nothing to do. We know that Madison did forget in one case, and that his testimony was very unreliable concerning several others. And Hamilton gave Jay fifty-four instead of sixty-four; and in Chancellor

Kent's list, which it was said he revised, gave two of these twelve, forty-nine and fifty-three, to Madison. Is there not at least a reasonable probability that the

twelve essays whose authorship has been so long uncertain were written by both the claimants? Is it easier to believe in the exclusive claim of either?

*Robert Whitaker.*

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### A RIVER OF GOLD.

IN THE far-away West there's a region of rest  
Where never a mortal hath trod,  
And those who have failed in the feverish quest  
Are slumbering under the sod.

For a legend they tell of this rarest of lands  
That rings like the stories of old,—  
That its shadowy shores and its shimmering sands  
Are washed by a river of gold.

And the treasures of earth they are stowed away there,  
Afar from inquisitive eye,  
'Neath its glistening strand, and its waters so fair,  
And the mountains that lift to the sky.

Ah, how oft have I dreamed of that mystical vale  
With its marvelous river of gold,  
How I fondle and cherish that fabulous tale  
That rings like the stories of old.

It is *not* for the gold, but I crave as a boon  
That a bark may be fashioned for me,  
To launch on its tide some sweet morning in June  
And drift with it down to the sea.

And I long to reach there at the fading of day,  
When the fevers of noontide are done,  
And the mountains that shelter that beautiful bay  
Are washed by the westering sun.

There to drink in the balm of that aureate calm,  
And to let it steal into my breast,—  
To feel the sun silently singing a psalm,  
As its glory goes out in the west.

To seek out a spot that no other hath found  
By a path that no other hath trod,  
To lie through the dark with my face to the ground  
At the footstool of Nature, and God.

*Albert Bigelow Paine.*

## PABLO'S FIESTA.

THE FIRST FOURTH OF JULY IN CALIFORNIA.—A STORY FOR BOYS.

ONE eventful day in 1840 there came in a ship from New England a young man, whom the people in the little Spanish town of Los Angeles called "Don Carlos Moreno," though back in his home in Massachusetts he was simply Charley Brown. Don Carlos was a good looking young man, with fair skin, rosy cheeks, and light, waving hair. As he had been sent by his uncle to the care of Pablo's father, Don Fernando, that gentleman, with the generous hospitality of those times, took the young man to his own home, which Pablo soon thought was a fortunate thing for himself.

Perhaps Don Carlos was homesick, or maybe he missed the bright colors of the stars and stripes; at all events he found pleasure in telling the eager boy of the glories of the Fourth: of the brilliant fire-works, unlimited racket, gay processions, and all the jolly good times of that eventful day. What wonder that the excitement-loving youth felt down-hearted that these were not for him. It is true Pablo had his own pleasures; at Christmas and Easter there were religious processions, in which he was proud to take the part of angel or imp, and Mexican Independence day was well celebrated,—only Pablo's father was a Spaniard, and did not enjoy that day any more than some English do our Fourth of July.

One bright May day there came to Pablo's father news that a ship was in port. This was a rare event, and early next morning Pablo and Don Carlos were galloping across the plains to San Pedro, with a message from Don Fernando to the captain of the ship. Before them the fog rolled slowly away toward

the sea, leaving every blade and twig of the bright green alfileria — pin grass — glittering with moisture. Herds of cattle, sometimes a thousand in a bunch, were busily cropping the juicy feed. Many of the sturdy little animals bore the then famous Z brand of Pablo's father; and the brightly dressed vaqueros, as they darted hither and thither, driving in their wandering charges, shouted gay greetings to the son of their master.

Nothing pleased Pablo better than to be with the wonderful Don Carlos, and the young man seemed to return the boy's devotion, as well he might, for Pablo was a bright boy, fun-loving, but always respectful. Now, the night before there had been a ball, where pretty Lolita, Pablo's sister, had danced more gracefully than any of the girls, while her black eyes were brighter, her lips redder,—or, at least, that was what Don Carlos thought,—and in the morning, as they were riding away, Lolita had come out into the courtyard, and after petting Pablo's little horse, had pulled her brother down to her and kissed his curly hair, straightened his neckerchief, and called him the "darling of her heart."

Pablo did n't stop to think what brought him his good fortune, but when Don Carlos, after telling a particularly interesting Fourth of July story, said, "Pablo, I wonder if the captain won't have fire-works aboard; if he has, I would buy some, if I thought the boys would get up a bear fight and fiesta, and we might have a Fourth of July celebration," the boy clapped his hands until his fiery little horse almost jumped from under him.

"Good! Good! Don Carlos, I hope he has. We will have the fight and fiesta, if only you can get the fire-works."

"How can you answer for the young men doing their part, Pablo?" asked his companion.

"That will be easy, you shall see," answered Pablo confidently.

"Then it's a bargain, if the captain has the fire-works," said the young man kindly.

Pablo's heart beat high with hope, and he would have hurried the horses on had Don Carlos permitted; however, their steady pace brought them before long in sight of the Pacific Ocean, and the ship, with bare poles, gently rising and falling on the blue waters where it rode at anchor a little distance from shore. They went out to it in a small boat, and when on board the boy wished heartily that he understood English, as Don Carlos and the captain, who seemed to be old friends, chattered away to each other; but presently they turned to him, and his friend said with a smile:—

"All right, Pablo, good fortune attends us; the captain has the fire-works."

Then Pablo was happy, and immediately began to think how to accomplish the rest of the celebration. He had a pretty cousin living up the coast near Santa Barbara, who was a great favorite with the young people of Los Angeles, and a visit from her was always the cause of much gayety, such as parties, rides, and all the amusements known to those days. She and Pablo were the best of friends, though he was but a boy and she a gay young lady, and as she had not been south for a long time, he felt he could depend upon her to help out his plans.

The next day, as he was sitting in his father's parlor reading a Spanish story, he saw two of the leading young men of town lounging down the street.

Down went his book, and catching up his hat he ran after them.

"Que hay"! (oh there!) he called after them.

"Cañado," (Brother-in-law,) they returned, giving the answer most common from a young Californian to a boy who had sisters.

"Don Vicente, Don Manuel, is it true," he asked, "that you are to give a bear fight and fiesta on the Fourth of July?"

"Truly no," answered one.

"Who said it?" questioned the other.

"Oh, dear!" said the boy mournfully.

"Then my cousin, Elena Ortega, and the Señorita Sanchez will not come down, after all." And the sly boy looked almost ready for tears.

"Is it so?" said Don Vicente eagerly. "Would your cousin come if there were to be a fiesta and fight?"

"Yes," said Pablo boldly.

"Which Sanchez girl?" asked Don Manuel doubtfully.

"She with the sweet voice, who dances so gracefully," was the quick reply.

"Pablo," said Don Vicente solemnly, "if thou canst bring us sure word that thy cousin Elena Ortega and Isadora Sanchez will come down, we will have a bear fight and fiesta; is it not so, Manuel?"

"Yes, truly," answered that young man decidedly. "Thou understandest?"

Pablo nodded.

"It is good-farewell, sir." They took off their high-peaked hats in mock courtesy, and swung away.

Pablo hurried home, sat down to his father's desk, and wrote the following letter:—

TO DOÑA ELENA ORTEGA,

My Most Esteemed and Honored Cousin:—

It has been long since your smile has shone upon us, and we grow weary for your presence. Don Vicente plays the guitar often for the Señorita Anita, which keeps me awake, as her window is in the end of the house next ours, and she is not half so pretty as you. Don Vicente and Don Manuel want to give a bear fight and fiesta and have you

come down to it, and if you come, bring the Sanchez girl,—not the thin one with the eagle nose, but she who dances so well. It is to be on the Fourth of July, which is the Independence Day of the Americans, and Elena, dear, Don Carlos, the handsome American, has bought from the ship some fire-works which are fine things for a celebration; this he did, hoping there would be a fiesta and bear fight, which he most desires to see; but Don Vicente, Don Manuel, and the others, will not get it up unless you will come,—so please, dear Elena, come down. There was a ship in yesterday, and I went down to San Pedro, to tell the captain father would take the girls today; so I saw all the fine things they had brought from other countries, and I took home for you a pair of silk stockings,—more beautiful than you can think, all red with white work,—and a white silk reboso with blue flowers in it. Father says I may keep them for you; and the girls are not to know about them. There was a blue ring, too, like your eyes, which I shall wear on a cord round my neck till you come, which I pray may be soon, in full time for the Fourth. Let me have an answer by old Tomas, if it please you. Adios.

Yours most respectfully, my honored cousin,  
PABLO ZAMORANO.

The next morning old Tomas, a servant of Pablo's father, went northward to Santa Barbara on business for his master. Among other things he carried Pablo's letter; and the boy settled himself to wait as patiently as possible for his answer, though he felt it would be a weary time before he could look for the old man's return.

"Pablo," said Don Carlos, a week later, "how are things coming round for our Fourth of July? Remember, I have the fire-works."

"It is good," replied Pablo confidently, "all will be well."

"Still, he had some uncomfortable thoughts. What if his cousin could not come? What then? He had given his word, the word of a Zamorano, both to Don Carlos and Don Vicente. He did not like to think about it, and he grew more and more anxious as time went on and the messenger did not return. One afternoon, nearly two weeks later than had been expected, old Tomas, weary and covered with dust, rode into the courtyard. Pablo, who had his mocking bird, Pepe, perched on his finger

while he tried to teach it to whistle a tune, gave a cry of delight that frightened Pepe into his cage, where he clung to the wires, chirping and scolding at a great rate.

"O Tomas, thou art back at last," said the boy, "but thou art weary and thirsty, without doubt: here, drink." And he brought the old man, who was stiffly dismounting, a silver mug of water from the olla that was kept strictly for the use of the family.

Tomas felt the honor done him. "Don Pablo, you are a good boy and kindly; here, for your pains, is a letter written by pretty white fingers." And he put his hand in his waistcoat pocket. "Ah, no, it is not there! It must be then in the sash; but no! Have I lost it? Woe is me! The Doña Elena will not forgive me!"

The blood mounted to Pablo's forehead, his eyes flashed angrily; he felt almost like shaking the old man, but he controlled himself, and said nothing, though he clinched his hands as they hung at his sides, until his nails made deep blue dents in the flesh. His forbearance was at last rewarded, as Tomas with joy drew the precious letter from inside his waistcoat, where he had placed it for safe keeping.

"My dear Pablo," wrote his cousin, "thy letter reached me safely. Didst thou ever read the fable of the monkey, who used the cat's paw to rake out the chestnuts from the fire? I fear me that thou art the monkey and I the cat, who will bring out thy chestnuts. However, I will play puss for thee this time. Keep the pretty things thou hast for me safe from the girls, and I will wear them at thy fiesta. Tell thy father thou art beginning early to win a maiden to thy way of thinking. Thou canst say to Don Vicente and Don Manuel, but not as a message from me, that I and Isadora Sanchez will be down for the fiesta on the Fourth of July. The guitar shall play under another window when I come, my cousin. With love, I am thy own,

ELENA ORTEGA.

By the way,

The Doña Maria Sanchez is not so thin, and thou shouldst not speak so of a lady's nose.

Adios, Son.

ELENA."

Pablo chuckled over the letter, grinned

at the postscript, and went out to find the young gentlemen who were to give the entertainment. After some trouble he came upon them over the river, arranging for a little race, to try the speed of their horses.

"Look! Don Vicente! Don Manuel!" he exclaimed, as he rode up to them. "I have here," and he drew the edge of the letter from his sash, "a letter from my cousin, Elena Ortega. She bids me tell you that she and the Señorita Isadora Sanchez will be pleased to attend your Fourth of July fiesta,—and they would have the bear a savage one," he added, uttering his own wishes.

"Did she send me this word?" cried Don Vicente, springing from his horse, and going to Pablo's side. "Give me the letter, boy."

"No, señor," said the lad, drawing back his horse. "It was written for no eyes but my own, and I would not break faith with a lady."

"Thou art but a baby!" cried Don Vicente angrily, "and I have half a mind to drag thee from thy horse,—thou hast no word from her."

"I have, in truth," answered the boy earnestly; "here," and he partly opened the letter, "are her own words."

The young man was not quick in reading writing, but he saw his own name and the signature of the lady, and was satisfied. "It is well," he said cheerfully, "there shall be the fiesta and fight."

"May I go with you to find the bear?" asked Pablo anxiously.

"Yes, if thy father wishes to give his son as bait for bears," was the teasing answer.

Bear hunting was a sport in which boys were not generally allowed to take part, being too dangerous, but Pablo to his great joy and some surprise got his father's consent to his being one of the party which on the first of July rode out of Los Angeles toward the foot-hills. Their object was of course to capture a bear alive, which feat they accomplished

in a peculiar fashion. The lasso of South America is called among the Spanish-speaking Californians a riata, and consists of a rope of braided rawhide forty feet in length, capable of standing a great strain. This leather is kept pliable and slippery by frequent greasings with tallow. Its principal use in those days was to catch cattle or horses which ranged over the plains in bands or herds, and so grew very wild; but the younger men found it helpful in the way of sport. If they wanted a bear for a fight, several of them would ride out toward the mountains where bears were accustomed to feed, and when one was discovered, the riders, as soon as they got near enough would, one after another, whirl and fling their riatas, the looped end settling around Bruin's neck or leg, making him a prisoner. If the men were not active and accurate in aim, this sport was often a dangerous one.

The party this July morning consisted of Don Vicente, Don Manuel, and two others, all experienced horsemen and throwers of the riata.

Pablo rode his roan, a shapely little mustang, and had his riata tied to his saddle.

"Ah, but look at Pablo!" cried Don Manuel, as the boy rode up to the plaza where they were cinching up ready for the start.

"The Captain!" said Don Vicente, taking off his hat and bowing low. "Thou wilt have the first cast at the bear, I am thinking; and it is to be a savage one, you understand, my friends?" looking at his companions, "this fiery youth will have naught but the most savage of grizzlies. Ah, it makes me tremble—his bravery!"

Pablo grinned, too happy at being allowed to go, to mind the teasing. The morning was foggy, and the party pressed forward to reach the bears' feeding ground before the hot sun coming out should drive Bruin to his lair. The horses, though small, were beautiful ani-

mals, gay both in spirits and attire. The saddle and bridle of a California gentleman were generally handsome affairs. Not only was the leather cut or carved in beautiful designs of flowers, leaves, and fruits, but much, sometimes all, the saddle was covered with silver or gold in thin plates, delicately engraved, while the headstalls and reins were of chains of the precious metals. The dress of the riders was of soft tanned leather, embroidered in silk or silver thread. The jackets were short, with deep fringe on the collar and outside seams of the sleeves. The breeches reached only to the knee; beyond that the leg was protected by fringed leather leggings. The hat, of a material something like felt, was drab in color, high and pointed in shape, with wide brim. Altogether, a California horse and rider made a gallant appearance.

Upon reaching the foothills, the hunters spread out to cover more ground; both the plain and hills were covered with grass, with here and there a live oak or a clump of bushes, any one of which might hide a bear: indeed, it was not long before Don Vicente called out, "Come, here is one! Quick, he is making for the mountains!" and spurring his horse he rode forward at a run, whirling his riata over his head.

The bear, a large grizzly, aware of his danger, was shuffling off as fast as possible toward the brush. All urged their horses forward, but the game made good time, and it seemed likely he might escape.

"At him! At him, Vicente!" shouted his companions to that young man, who was foremost in the chase.

As if in response, with a quick jerk he flung his riata, and the bear plunged forward, a noose about his neck, but in a moment he regained his footing, and with a loud roar wheeled upon his capturer.

"Quick, friends, he is too strong for me!" exclaimed Don Vicente as he

pressed his horse backward in order to keep the rope stretched.

Don Manuel, who was nearest, saw his friend's danger, and as soon as his eye told him he was near enough for the cast, flung his riata, — but at that moment his horse's fore feet sank in a hidden squirrel hole, causing the loop to miss the bear, which with the noose no longer tight but lying loosely about his neck, was charging Don Vicente.

Don Manuel uttered an exclamation of dismay, and was hurriedly preparing for another trial, when there was the rapid thud of hoofs, and a little roan horse dashed past him, its rider hurling a riata as he rode down upon the angry game. There was a whirl in the air of swift-flying leather, and the bear was checked in his rush by another noose round his neck.

"Good for Pablo!" "The Captain is brave!" they cried, as the boy proudly drew up his snorting, quivering little horse, thus keeping taut the riata which he had so successfully thrown.

"Thanks, brother-in-law," said Don Vicente, flashing an approving smile at the lad.

Snarling and growling, clicking his white teeth viciously, the bear ran backward and forward tearing up the grass in bunches, but it was all to no purpose; soon a third noose encircled his hind leg; this, with the two riatas round his neck, making his capture complete.

The next thing was to take him over the six miles of road between them and Los Angeles. This was by no means an easy thing to do. Pablo and Don Vicente, riding ahead, pulled him along, and when he tried to make a savage dash at one or the other of their horses, he was reminded by a jerk on his hind leg that his days of liberty were over. Two of the party rode behind, and when necessary prodded him along with sticks or an occasional sharp stroke from the heavy leather ends of their bridle reins. But the road was rough, leading



up hill and down, through dry river beds where the heat of the sun was intensified by the glaring white sand. Pablo did his part bravely, and when one of the men would have relieved him, would not give up his post of honor, though the road seemed the longest six miles he had ever traveled. By the time their journey was ended, the prisoner, horses, and riders, were all weary, hot, and thirsty.

Although no very uncommon sight, still the arrival of a live grizzly was something of an event, and Pablo was crimson with joy, pride, and exertion, as an admiring crowd gathered about them, and the story of the boy's ready bravery was told by his companions. This was perhaps the happiest part of Pablo's Fourth, when he, for the first time, helped capture and bring in a grizzly. He hung around the adobe-walled corral where the bear was imprisoned, and was very dignified with the less fortunate boys, who did not fail to bring down his pride to a reasonable level before many days had passed.

Hunger, and anxiety about his Santa Barbara cousin, finally drove him home, where his fame had preceded him. Dinner was long over, but Maria, the cook, who was very proud of the bravery of the young *patron*, had saved enough dinner to lunch a dozen boys. Of Doña Elena Ortega nothing had yet been heard.

During the past weeks Pablo had exerted himself to spread the news of the holiday, telling every man, woman, and child, that came in from the ranches how fine it was to be, until there bade fair to be a large gathering. That it was to celebrate American independence few knew,—perhaps none outside of Pablo's home. There was to be a fight and fiesta, and these promised pleasure enough.

The next day Pablo went to the Plaza, where Indian servants were building the brush-covered dancing-hall, while others

watered and tramped the earthen floor until it seemed nearly as hard as rock. Later, the sides of the hall would be hung with beautiful shawls and gay curtains.

The next day, the third, Pablo was up early, and though he visited the bear, who snarled at him with especial fierceness, and saw the bulls, rough, shaggy-haired animals, that were to be the other parties in the morrow's fight, he spent most of his time about the gateway of his father's courtyard, watching for the arrival of his cousin. He was anxious and unhappy; there seemed a lump in his throat every time he thought about her. Don Carlos had kept his part of the bargain. Were not the fireworks resting quietly in the American's own room? The dancing-hall was finished; the bulls and bear were all as cross as one could wish; and was he, Pablo, who had promised so certainly to have the young ladies from Santa Barbara to grace the occasion, was he alone to fail of his word? In vain Pepe, the mocking-bird, whistled his sweetest songs, even giving a few notes of the tune Pablo had tried to teach him,—a success that would have delighted his young master at any other time. Now he paid no attention, and Pepe, disgusted, cocked his head on one side, and chattered and scolded in a voice as hoarse as a crow.

At dinner the boy ate so little his mother called him: "Come to me, my son; thou art not well," she said, laying her hand on his shoulder. "I fear me thou art injured by thy exertion in catching the bear. Ay de mi! What a brave lad thou art. Hast thou a pain?"

"No, mamma," said Pablo, hanging his head, ashamed to tell his trouble.

"Art certain, my son?" she asked once more.

"Of a truth, yes, mamma; but think you Elena will come?" he asked anxiously.

"Quien sabe?" replied his mother

shrugging her plump shoulders. "Never believe what girls tell thee, my son; they are as uncertain as rain before a north wind."

This was poor comfort, and did not make his anxiety less. The afternoon seemed very long. At three came Don Vicente and Don Manuel in gay attire, to ask if the young ladies had arrived. Pablo felt a strong desire to run and hide, leaving his mother and sisters to meet the young men; but in a moment he conquered this cowardice, and went bravely out to tell the uncomfortable truth, that the girls had not yet come.

"Pablo," said Don Vicente, drawing his straight black brows into a heavy frown, "hast thou been fooling us?"

"Indeed, no," answered the boy earnestly, looking his questioner straight in the eyes. "They promised to come, and in time, too."

"I believe thee," said the young man, with a smile in his eyes and a gleam of white teeth. "Be the failure on their heads, not on thine. There is time yet, — come, Manuel," and they galloped away.

Between four and five in the afternoon there was a noise outside the court of the trampling of horses' feet, and shrill cries of welcome from the parlor. Pablo, who was getting a drink, let fall the silver mug, and ran to the gate, then gave a cry of joy, and his face brightened wonderfully; — for there they were — the girls, with the father of Doña Isadora Sanchez on horseback; in an ox cart two serving maids, and some luggage.

Doña Elena's fair face was burned by the sun, and she looked weary. "Pablo," she cried, as she caught sight of him, "a pretty journey hast thou and thy Americans led me! What a people of fools they must be to have their celebration in such heat as this. Look at my face, it is ruined forever! There will be no fiesta for me. I owe thee one, young man."

Pablo thought, but was too wise and polite to say, that the Mexican celebration in September, which Doña Elena always enjoyed, had often hotter weather than July. Instead he hurried to help her off the horse.

"Poor Elena! You are weary, but as for your face it is ever the sweetest under the sun; and," here he whispered in her ear, "Marie will prepare for you tonight a cream of camphor and melted tallow, and I know not what, that will make your face as soft and white as milk on the morrow. Did it not heal me, when I was burned like red beef from bathing in the laguna? Now you will go and rest," he added, as he led her into the house, "and in a little time you will eat of a *sandilla* I have grown and picked just for you. Never saw you its like. But wait not here; Don Vicente and Don Manuel ride often past the gate, eager for your arrival."

The faces of the young ladies became more cheerful, as with little shrieks at the idea of being caught by their admirers in all the dust of their traveling dresses, they disappeared in the depths of the cool adobe rooms. Presently to their door came Pablo, carrying a huge wooden platter heaped high with cool, ripe watermelon.

"Ah, Pablo, I love but thee," cried Isadora Sanchez, as she caught sight of the boy and his burden.

"No, Pablo is my own sweetheart," said Elena, laying her white hand on his dark hair. "We are the best of friends, are we not, Pablo, though I am thy puss?"

"Yes, cousin," said the boy, smiling brightly up into her gentle blue eyes. "I owe you so many thanks, Elena," he added earnestly.

"Tonight thou shalt tell them to me, and," she bent her lips to his ear, "show me the things thou hast for me."

Pablo was awakened next morning by a strange noise. Still half asleep he jumped out of bed. Pop-pop-pop, a



CAPTURING THE BEAR.

bunch of fire-crackers was exploding on the floor of his room. He looked about him a little dazed, and saw Don Carlos' merry face at the open window.

"Come, Pablo, we will have our crackers now."

The boy dressed himself in such a hurry that he had rather a tousled appearance; at breakfast his father reproved him for coming to the table with such a rumpled neckerchief, while his mother called him to her and retied his sash. Then, two of his fingers were burned; but what did all these things matter to a boy who had spent two delightful hours setting off the first fire-crackers of his life?

"Thou wouldst have a more beautiful expression, Pablo, were it not for the black spot on the end of thy nose," said his cousin Elena, whose face looked as fresh and pretty as ever.

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"See, I wear thy ring, sweetheart," and she tapped the dark, powder-stained hand with her slim white fingers, on one of which was the little turquoise ring, Pablo's gift.

While it was yet early the people began to come in from the neighboring ranches, the men, boys, and some young girls, riding spirited horses; while the older or more timid travelers came at a slower but safer pace in loudly creaking ox-carts, the only carriages of those times. It was a pretty sight,—those groups of gayly dressed horsemen, no hunting costumes this time, but breeches and jackets of velvet, braided with silver or gold; the soft gay sashes wrapped broadly about the waist and tied at the side; the snowy shirt puffing from under the short jacket; and crowning all, the wide-brimmed peaked hat, heavy with gold or silver trimming.

About two o'clock the people gathered to see the fight. Seats were provided for the ladies; among them was Pablo's sister, pretty Lolita, Isadora Sanchez, and many another beside, but none so pretty as Doña Elena, who wore the lovely blue and white scarf given her by her young cousin. Pablo sat beside Don Vicente, and when the music played as the two animals were turned into the

grizzly bear, with his great strength, thick skin, and shaggy hair, proving generally too strong a foe. Pablo's bear was unusually savage and had conquered the second bull before the people had enough of the sport, and Bruin, loudly cheered by the crowd, was led away victorious though a prisoner.

After the fight there was sport on the street of various kinds. Among the



THE ARRIVAL OF THE GUESTS.

high-walled enclosure, and the people shouted and clapped their hands, the boy felt life had no greater joy to offer.

The two enemies gazed about them snorting and growling; then excited by the cries and music rushed at each other furiously.

Of that fight I have little to say. Combats between bulls and bears are cruel things that in our country are now done away with. The bull was the sufferer, as indeed he was apt to be; the

crowd, those who were from the country were feasted by the townspeople, either in dining room or kitchen, according to the rank of the visitor. The boys tried each other's horses, or riding down to the sandy river bottom, played at lassoing one another, getting some heavy falls on the soft sand,—but all in sport.

Coming back, Pablo got some fire-crackers from Don Carlos, wickedly exploding them on the street, frightening some, astonishing others.

"Pablo, thou imp!" cried an old woman, aiming a box on the ear at the laughing boy. "Thou hast frightened me out of six years of my life with thy guns of the Evil one, and methinks there is a hole burned in my best petticoat!"

"No, Tia Juana, there is no burn on thy clothes, and for the years of thy life, come with me to our kitchen, and Maria shall give thee some soup and sweets that will add twenty years to thy most useful life." And he politely led the old woman away.

Dancing began at sundown, but it was not until it was quite dark that Pablo, his heart bounding at the pleasure in store for him, helped Don Carlos carry the fireworks up the hill, where all the assembly could see the display to the best advantage. For a few minutes they two were alone there, though below they could see men and boys coming up.

"Now, Pablo," said Don Carlos, drawing something from beneath his sash, and shaking it out in the light of the torch he carried. "This is an American flag. It won't do to show it to those people down there, they care for no flag but their own; but I want you to say with me, 'Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, and the Fourth of July,' and then I will set off this rocket. Say it first after me."

And Pablo promptly made his first attempt at speaking English. He did

very well, though he said "tree" for three, and "wite" for white, but after repeating it a couple of times his voice rang out clearly with Don Carlos's, who waved the flag, kissed it, and then there was a hiss and a rush of what seemed a fiery serpent, high up into the air, where it exploded and rained down a shower of golden stars.

For a moment Pablo felt a lump in his throat,—it was so strange and beautiful,—then he hurrahed loudly in response to cheers from below.

Roman candles, wheels, rockets, followed each other in delightful succession, while fire-crackers in boxes and tins made a reasonable amount of noise. The display was really a fine one, and lasted nearly an hour, though to the happy boy it seemed a good portion of his life. When the last piece, the biggest rocket of all, tore its way upward, and there, far above them, shed its shower of fiery snakes, Pablo heaved a deep sigh, and watched with upturned face until the last spark descended and went out.

"Well, Pablo," said Don Carlos, "what thinkest thou of the Fourth of July?"

"It is all you have ever told me, Don Carlos. I thank you a thousand times. I never was so happy," and here he whispered the words in the ear of the young man, "I am afraid I wish I was an American."

*Helen Elliott Bandini.*





## AN INDIAN RUNNER.

COLORADO DESERT.



PURPLE sheet of cloudless sky  
 That bends with downward slant to meet  
 Gray, shifting sands, that silent lie  
 Becalmed beneath the awful heat.  
 No green blade springs in that sad land,  
 No bird-wing beats the heavy air;  
 The marvel of a blighting hand,  
 Vast, silent desert everywhere.

Twilight, and then a glow that dies  
 With sudden shadows from on high,  
 Save one long dull red line that lies  
 Far down against the western sky.



Across the deep, half-sullen glare,  
A dark form passes, swift and free,  
As though a spirit walked the air  
Above a molten, fiery sea.

A late moon glows, a sullen light  
Low set among the saffron skies,  
And swift beneath it, in his might,  
The swarth Apache runner flies.  
With rumors of impending strife  
Along the frontiers of the land  
He speeds, with ever-quickenning life,  
O'er dead, gray centuries of sand.

*Bergen Weeks Applegate.*



TO MY DOG.

Thy speechless tongue, my dog, I envy thee;  
Whatever be thy faults in sight of heaven,  
The stab of venom'd words thou hast not given,  
And so thy dumbness seemeth good to me.

*Carrie Blake Morgan.*



## OUTWARD AND VISIBLE SIGNS.

### III. OUTSIDE THE ZENANA.

"Keep me ever from forgetting,  
 Though the sad-eyed poet sings  
 That the coronal of sorrows  
 Is remembering happier things  
 E'en when present grief is sharpest  
 Who would all the past destroy,  
 Let me still recall what has been,  
 Memory of joy is joy." —

Then he threw his hand sharply to the back of his head, sucking in his breath quickly between his teeth, with a little whistling gasp of pain. He used to do this very often, because he was not right in his mind, and could not remember many things. Inside of his head there was coiled a clock-spring, and during a great many days this would wind itself tighter and tighter, until it paused at its point of greatest tension. This would continue until he heard some sharp and

sudden noise, like the banging of a door or a vigorous and prolonged hammering, and then the clock-spring would be suddenly loosed, and would uncoil almost in an instant, buzzing and whirling fiercely, and he would burst into his song again, invariably breaking off at the same place, to gasp and clap his hand upon the back of his head.

Among the many things he could not remember was the air of the refrain of his song. This afflicted him poignantly. It was always eluding him, never within his reach, but just beyond it. One could observe him fighting for it through the murk of his insanity,—in fact, he scarcely did anything else,—rolling his head from side to side, his eyes closed, trying to beat out the time with his



hand. But he never succeeded. The air of the verse up to a certain point he knew, beyond that it was a meaningless and intangible confusion of sounds. What made it worse was that he was a born musician, and the song was one that he had composed himself.

Burr-Underwood was his name, and a certain vague connection with the Foreign Office had been his station in life, until he had written his opera, "Guy Mannerling" and had acquired greatness. Then he had gone to travel in the far East, to collect material for his next opera, "The Talisman," with Sintram, his librettist, and Sherrick Ovington, the artist.

It would have been better for Burr-Underwood if, as soon as he and Sintram had all their data well in hand, he had returned at once to civilization, and had settled down to write his opera. But instead of that he had gone poking about all over India, seeing all sorts of things with all sorts of people, and had finally fetched up at Delhi, where they all three had friends. It was there Burr Underwood's affliction came upon him. It happened in this wise:—

He borrowed a little, racking, soap-colored horse from a missionary acquaintance and left early one morning for an all day's ride to the tombs outside of the city. He returned about the middle of the afternoon, feet foremost, borne on a litter by a couple of natives. The natives explained that they had found the sahib at the bottom of a dry ravine down which his horse had blundered. He was quite unconscious because of a dreadful bruise on the back of his skull, received either from the rocks he had fallen upon or from the hoofs of his horse. They did not know what had become of the horse. They had brought the sahib back to the city, and a native police at the gate had looked at the letters in his pockets, and had told them where he lived. They were poor men, God knew, and they had left their olive

presses idle for a whole day to bring him hither. The native police at the gate, who was several different kinds of an unclean dog without a name, had levied upon them an exorbitant toll as they passed through, and a donkey-litter by the day cost so much; but they, the other sahibs, were protectors of the poor, and were also their fathers and mothers and a good many other of their relations for several generations back, and they knew that rupees would be forthcoming in true proportion to their loss of time and money.

Sintram and Ovington called in an army surgeon from an English regiment and patched up Burr-Underwood as best they could. But on the inside he would not come right. He was perplexed and confused, and talked foolishness and laughed to himself. The bruise on the base of the skull combined with an overlong exposure to the noon sun had set him off upon a tangent of mild insanity, and nothing seemed able to bring him back to the normal circumference.

From his soft-voiced chatterings they guessed that he had gone out to the tombs to put to music a little song that Sintram had written for him the day before, (he always liked to compose in the open air,) and that having written the score, he was returning home, humming it to himself, when his mount went over into the throat of the gully, and he fell, striking the back of his head. But besides this, in his wandering talk he spoke continually of a girl, a big girl, a European, with eyes like dark blue stars, whose face he said he had seen bending over him while he lay on the shore-line between the ocean of the Void and the land of the Tangible; seeing but not knowing. The natives who had brought him in had made no mention of any such girl, so Sintram and his friend attached no great importance to what he said. The girl's face was doubtless only one of many visions which chased one an-

other across his brain. But he insisted upon connecting the loss of his song with this girl, often muttering that she had stolen it out of his head, and had put the clock-spring in its place. He persisted so steadily in this story, that Sintram at length concluded that possibly there might have been a girl in the affair. At all events, the written score of his song, which he maintained he was reading at the time of his fall, was gone.

But very soon, however, even these half coherent babblings ceased, and for the better part of a year Burr-Underwood mumbled and muttered in the throes of brain fever, which kept the three of them in Delhi until the following spring. They had hoped, when the fever left him, as it finally did, that he would be himself again; but this was not to be, and as soon as his convalescence set in they could see that he was as troubled as ever.

One evening, after an unusually hot day, when Sintram was sitting on the veranda of their bungalow with his feet on the railing, vaguely listening to the soft chirping of the bats in the rafters overhead, and wondering how soon he would be able to return home, Ovington came down the stairs of the house, three at a time, and bursting out upon the veranda, cried, "Where's Jack?"

Ovington jumped up. "Don't tell me he's not in his room," he shouted. "I left him there not half an hour ago singing to himself, and beating time upon the arm of his chair."

"Well, he's not there," cried Sintram. "He's taken a slope somewhere, and there'll be hell to pay if he goes off the handle again. It would kill him now, sure. Good Lord, to think of the poor devil—in his condition, too—losing himself in this town at—Man alive, Sherry, don't stand there doing nothing. Get on your coat. We've got to find him."

The clock-spring had wound itself

very tight indeed during the last few burning days, and he was afraid that the pressure against the inside curve of his brain-pan would crack his skull to little fragments unless he was very careful. Never before had it been quite so bad as this. He must get out into the open air, and see if he could not collect the odds and ends of chords and bars that were jumping through his brain into that refrain that he had once known so well, but had now forgotten. The gamut in his head seemed to be made up of little living black notes that jerked and twitched and twittered from one line of the staff to another, like a flock of swallows chirping and hopping amongst the telegraph lines along a railway.

He turned into the deserted *Chandni Chauk*, and went on bare-headed and aimless underneath the long rows of *pipal* trees. The hands upon the huge clock opposite the museum closed slowly together like the blades of a great pair of shears, and clipped the night into equal halves; while the jangling notes in his head were echoed by clanging bells all over the city striking for twelve o'clock. He started sharply off to the south, and passing under the shadow of the great mosque of the *Jāmā Masjid*, plunged into the tangled skein of streets in the Mahometan quarter. How long he went on in this way no one, surely not himself, can say, but at last he found himself skirting a high mud wall, that ran along behind the huge irregular pile of some more important building or collection of buildings, unmistakably the house of one of the native nobles. The street was very filthy, and a dog or two slept in the drain which ran along its middle. Then he came to a low gate in the wall, with a porter sleeping upon a block of wood under its shadow. He entered, went down a badly paved incline, and paused.

He was now in a sort of gut, closed at the farther end by a high whitewashed

wall. A one-eyed wall it was, for far, far above his head a little window blinked faintly on its surface. On both sides the gut was narrowly flanked by the rear abutments of other buildings, joined by wings and galleries to the one in front of him. He felt grass and weeds under his feet, and the air was pungent with the smell of the camel-stables. From both sides of him came the sound of breathing, and the friction of great bodies one against the other. Most of the camels were asleep, chewing their cud even as they dozed, the breed-brand, shorn into their necks, moving slowly up and down in unison with the motion of their jaws.

The elephants were tethered upon the other side of the gut. Burr-Underwood could see the silhouettes of their huge, blue-gray bulks swaying against the brightness of the white-washed walls beyond. They slowly fanned themselves with their leathery ears, and cast hay and dust upon their backs with their restless painted trunks. Occasionally the collar of bells around some of their necks would be jarred into a brief discord. Otherwise it was very still.

He sat down upon the edge of a cistern in the center of the gut, and drew his hand wearily across his forehead. The night was old, and the Southern Cross was wheeling towards the western horizon, while beyond the city walls the mists that rise before the dawn steamed up from the Jumna River into the star-sheen of the sky, as though the worshipping earth was burning incense at the altar of the night.

Burr-Underwood wetted his forehead from the cistern, for the strain between his temples was near to bursting. He tried very hard to think, but he could not, and the effort made the blood pump and throb against his ears.

A camel colt squealed and lashed out fretfully against its tether mate. The other grunted, threshed back, and blundered against a stack of saddle-boxes at

its withers, knocking the pile to the ground with a great clattering noise. The tension snapped. The coiled clock-spring sprang loose, buzzing round and round like bees when they swarm, and Burr-Underwood jumped to his feet and sang loudly :—

“Keep me ever from forgetting,

Though the sad-eyed poet sings  
That the coronal of sorrows

Is remembering happier things.

E'en when present grief is sharpest,

Who would all the past destroy ?

Let me still recall what has been :

Memory of joy is joy ” —

He stopped suddenly, clapping his hand against the back of his head with the same unvarying intake of breath.

The drowsing beasts on either hand started at the sound of his voice, drawing sharply together with a confused shuffling of heavy feet ; a big water-lizard slid from the rim of the basin into the water with a tinkling splash, and a frog barked hoarsely from among the weeds. But louder than any of these sounds came the echo of his song, thrown back upon him from the great wall in front. It was a beautiful echo, clear as a silver trumpet. It was cadenced and low. It lingered softly over each word as though loth to let it die to silence. It was long. It was—stop ! it was *not* an echo. Far up the wall from the one glowing casement a sweet English voice was flinging down an answer to him. It was the continuation of the song he had composed a year before, the refrain that had so long baffled and eluded him. And while he stood there, rigid as a drawn bowstring, too tense to quiver, and while his mind with the swiftness of light was throwing bridge after bridge across the great gulf that so long had separated him from his real self, the voice sang :—

—memory of joy is joy.

“Keep me th-n from e'er forgetting,

Though remembrance woundeth yet

Better to be sad, rememb'ring,

Than be happy and forget.

"Keep me ever from forgetting ;  
Now, as once, still let me know,  
All the partings and bereavements,  
All the griefs of long ago.

"Though the past be full of mourning,  
Still, who would that past destroy ?  
Dear to me in every sorrow,  
Memory of grief is joy.  
Keep me then from e'er forgetting,  
Though remembrance woundleth yet  
Better to be sad, rememb'ring,  
Than be happy and forget."

Then the voice suddenly ceased. The one eye of the great wall winked once and went out, and the dawn broke on the higher minarets of the *Jámá Masjid*.

An hour later Sherry Ovington and Sintram met a wild-eyed, disheveled man, with a voice hoarse from shouting without deaf walls, and with broken nails, and knuckles raw from battering on closed gates, reeling around corners and stumbling over street crossings.

"Don't ask questions now," he panted, in tones that they had not known for many a long month. "I believe that I've been a bit wrong lately, but I — I think I'm all right now. Something very strange has happened. For God's sake, let's get home. I've something to tell you."

"And so my theory is this," he said, as he sat bolstered up in his bed later during the day. "No one besides myself *could* have known my song except that girl, the European girl, you know, with the eyes, that found me after my tumble. She must have learned it from the score that I lost at the time. I know, I know what you think. I don't ask nor

I don't expect you to believe me, only to help me."

But Burr-Underwood never again found the low gate and the elephant stables in the gut behind the *Jámá Masjid*, though for day after day, from dawn to dark, he and his friends haunted the alleys, lanes, and *cul de sacs*, of the Mahometan quarter.

When the chief of police heard his story and his theory, he smiled politely. "My friend," he said, "American newspapers and romantic poets sometimes tell of affairs like these, and we know that our Rajahs love not wisely but too many; but I assure you such a thing as you state is quite impossible today."

"But," pleaded Burr-Underwood to Sintram, "I am all straight now, how did *that* happen, how do you account for *that*?"

"Well," answered Sintram reflectively, "the long walk,—the cool night air,—the water on your head,—I don't know,—a coincidence of certain favorable conditions. I don't understand these things, but the doctor could tell you about them."

"But I heard her voice," insisted Burr-Underwood with Galilean doggedness.

"Yes, but how can you be sure of that? Could you take oath that you came to yourself before you heard it, or after?"

"No," admitted Burr-Underwood, hesitating, "I could not. But," he added to himself in an undertone, "I should like to know what mystery lies back of the whole affair."

And so there the matter rests.

Frank Norris.



## BUILDING A STATE IN APACHE LAND.

## I. HOW THE TERRITORY WAS ACQUIRED.



**I**N SAN FRANCISCO in the early fifties, there was a house on the northeast corner of Stockton and Washington streets, of considerable architectural pretensions for the period, which was called the "Government Boarding-House."

The cause of this appellation was that the California senators and their families, a member of Congress and his wife, the United States marshal, and several lesser dignitaries of the Federal Government, resided there. In those early days private mansions were few; so the boarding-house formed the only home of the Argonauts.

After the ladies retired at night, the gentlemen usually assembled in the spacious parlor, opened a bottle of Sazerac, and discussed politics.

It was known to the senators that the American minister in Mexico had been instructed to negotiate a new treaty with Mexico for the acquisition of additional territory; not that there was a pressing necessity for more land, but for reasons which will be briefly stated:

1st. By the treaty of 1848,<sup>1</sup> usually called Guadalupe Hidalgo, the government of the United States had undertaken to protect the Mexicans from the incursions of Indians within the United States boundary, and as this proved to be an impracticable undertaking, the

damages on account of failure began to assume alarming proportions, and the government of the United States was naturally anxious to be released from the obligation.

2nd. The Democratic party was in the plenitude of power, and the Southern States were dominant in the Administration. It had been the dream of this element for many years to construct a railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, and the additional territory was required for a "pass." It was not known at that early day that railroads could be constructed across the Rocky Mountains at a higher latitude, and it was feared that snow and ice might interfere with traffic in the extremes of winter.

The State of Texas had already given encouragement to the construction of such a railroad, by a liberal grant of land reaching as far west as the Rio Grande, and it devolved upon the United States to provide the means of getting on to the Pacific Ocean. The intervening country belonged at that time to Mexico, and for the purpose of acquiring this land the treaty was authorized.

The condition of affairs in Mexico was favorable to a negotiation. Santa Ana had usurped the powers of the government, and was absolute dictator under the name of President. There was no Mexican Congress, and none had been convened since they were herded together at the conclusion of the Mexican War under protection of American troops.

The condition of affairs in the United States was also extremely favorable. The treasury was overflowing with California gold, under the tariff of 1846 business was prosperous, the public debt

<sup>1</sup>It has been a mystery, which I have been asked to explain a thousand times, *why* the Gadsden Treaty was made with such a boundary line. The true inwardness of the treaty is attempted to be explained. The boundary line at Yuma, on the Colorado, at the junction of the Gila, is now submitted to the U. S. Supreme Court. See Attorney General Hart.—C. D. P.

small, and the future unclouded. The American Minister to Mexico (General Gadsden of South Carolina) was authorized to make several propositions:—

1st. Fifty millions for a boundary line from the mouth of the Rio Grande west to the Pacific Ocean.

2nd. Twenty millions for a boundary line due east from the mouth of the Yaqui River in the Gulf of California to the Rio Grande. This was to include the peninsula of Lower California.

3d. Ten millions for a boundary line to include the "railroad pass."

A treaty was finally concluded for the smaller boundary, including the "railroad pass," comprising the land between the Rio Grande and the Colorado rivers south of the Gila River, with the boundary line between the United States and Mexico about the shape of a dog's hind leg. The price paid for the new territory, which was temporarily called the "Gadsden Purchase," was ten million dollars.

A check for seven million was given by Mr. Guthrie, Secretary of the Treasury, on the sub-treasury in New York, to the agent of Santa Ana; but not a dollar of it ever reached the Mexican treasury, as Santa Ana fled with the spoil. The remaining three millions were retained to pay the "lobby" and confirm the treaty. The treaty was signed in Mexico on the 23d day of December, 1853.

Pending the negotiation of the treaty between the high contracting parties, in the City of Mexico, the discussion of the subject grew interesting at the Government Boarding-House in San Francisco, and a new California was hoped for on the southern boundary. Old Spanish history was ransacked for information, from the voyages of Cortez in the Gulf of California to the latest dates, and maps of the country were in great demand.

In the mean time an agent of the Iturbide family had arrived in San Francisco with a "Mexican Grant." After the execution of the Emperor Iturbide,

the Congress of the Mexican Republic voted an indemnity to the family of one million dollars; but on account of successive revolutions this sum was never at the disposition of the Mexican treasury, and in liquidation the Mexican government made the family a grant of land in California, north of the Bay of San Francisco, but before the land could be located, the Americans had "acquired" the country, and it was lost. The heirs then made application to the Mexican government for another grant of land in lieu of the California concession, and were granted seven hundred leagues of land, to be located in Sonora, Sinaloa, and Lower California, in such parcels as they might select.

Seven hundred leagues, or 3,000,800 acres, is a large tract of land in a single body, and the attorney of the heirs considered it more convenient to locate the land in small tracts of a league or two at a place. The government of Mexico conceded whatever was required, and the grant was made in all due form of Mexican law.

In the discussions at the Government Boarding-House in San Francisco it was urged: That the Gulf of California was the Mediterranean of the Pacific, and its waters full of pearls. That the Peninsula of Lower California was copper-bound, interspersed with gold and minerals, illustrated with old Spanish Missions, and fanned by the gentlest breezes from the South Pacific. That the State of Sonora was one of the richest of Mexico in silver, copper, gold, coal, and other minerals, with highly productive agricultural valleys in the temperate zone. That the country north of Sonora, called in the Spanish history "Arizunea," (rocky country) was full of minerals, with fertile valleys washed by numerous rivers, and covered by forests primeval. That the climate was all that could be desired, from the level of the Gulf of California on the south, to an altitude of 15,000

feet in the mountains of the north. That the Southern Pacific Railroad would soon be built through the new country, and that a new State would be made as a connecting link between Texas and California, with the usual quota of governors, senators, and public officials.

It was urged that the Iturbide Grant could be located so as to secure the best sites for towns and cities in the new State, and the rest distributed to settlers as an inducement for rapid colonization. The enthusiasm increased with the glamour of Spanish history and the generous flow of Sazerac.

It must be admitted that an alluring prospect was opened for a young man idling away his life over a custom house desk at three hundred dollars a month; and in the enthusiasm of youth I undertook to make an exploration of the new territory and to locate the Iturbide Grant. Who could have foreseen that the attempted location of the Iturbide Grant would upset the Mexican Republic, and set up an empire in Mexico under French protection?

The first thing was to organize a "syndicate" in San Francisco, to furnish funds for expenses and for the location of the Iturbide Grant. This was easily accomplished through some enthusiastic French bankers.

The ex-member of Congress was dispatched to the City of Mexico to secure the approbation of the Mexican government, and I embarked at San Francisco for Guaymas with a rather tough cargo of humanity. They were not so bad as reckless; not ungovernable, but independent.

The records of the United States consulate in Guaymas, if they are preserved, show our registration as American citizens, fourteenth day of January, 1854. The Mexican officials were polite, but not cordial. They said Santa Ana had no right to sell the territory, as he was an usurper and possessed no authority

from the Mexican people. As international tribunals had not then been established to determine these nice points of international ethics, we did not stop to argue the question, but pushed on to the newly acquired territory.

We were very much disappointed at its meagerness, and especially that the boundary did not include a port in the Gulf of California. A larger territory could have been secured as easily, but the American Minister had only one idea, and that was to secure a "pass" for a Southern Pacific Railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean. The pass desired was the Guadalupe Cañon, used as a wagon road by General Cook in his march from New Mexico to California in 1846, and strange to say, not subsequently occupied as a railroad pass.

The country south of the new boundary line is not of much consequence to us: it belongs to Mexico.

The country north of the Mexican boundary line is the most marvelous in the United States. After many years of arduous investigation and comparison with all the other countries of the world, it is still nearly as great an enigma as when first explored in 1854. The valleys are as fair as the sun ever shone upon, with soil as productive as the valley of the Nile. The rigors of winter never disturb agricultural pursuits in the open. In fact, in the southern portion of the territory there is no winter.

The valleys of Arizona are not surpassed for fertility and beauty by any that I have seen, and that includes the whole world; but still they are not occupied. Spanish and Mexican grants have hung over the country like a cloud, and settlers could not be certain of a clear title. Moreover, the Apaches have been a continual source of dread and danger. This state of affairs is, however, now passing away.

There were evidences of a recent Mexican occupation, with the ruins of towns

missions, presidios, haciendas, and ranches. There were evidences of former Spanish civilization, with extensive workings in mines. There were evidences of a still more remote and mysterious civilization by an aboriginal race, of which we know nothing, and can learn but little by the vestiges they have left upon earth.

They constructed houses, lived in communities, congregated in cities, built fortresses, and cultivated the soil by irrigation. No evidence has been found that they used any domestic animals, no relic of wheeled vehicles, neither iron, steel, nor copper implements; and yet they built houses more than five stories high, and cut joists with stone axes.

How they transported timbers for houses is not known. The engineering for their irrigating canals was as perfect as that practiced on the Euphrates, the Ganges, or the Nile. The ruins of the great houses (*casas grandes*) are precisely with the cardinal points.

Near Florence, on the Gila, is beyond all doubt the oldest and most unique edifice in the United States. Just when and how it was built baffles human curiosity. Whether it was erected for a temple, a palace, or a town hall, cannot be ascertained. The settlement or city surrounding the ruin must have occupied a radius of quite ten miles, judging from the ruins and pieces of broken pottery within that space. An irrigating canal formerly ran from the Gila River to the city or settlement, for domestic uses and for irrigation.

The Pima Indians have lived in their villages on the Gila River time immemorial, at least they have no tradition of the time of their coming. Their tribal organization has many features worthy imitation by more civilized people. The government rests with a hereditary chief and a council of sages. The rights of property are protected, as far as they have any individual property, which is small, as they are in fact communists.

The water from the Gila River to irrigate their lands is obtained by canals constructed by the common labor of the tribe.

In my intercourse with these Indians for many years they frequently asked questions which would puzzle the most profound philosopher to answer. For instance, they inquired, "Who made the world and everything therein?"

I replied, "God."

"Where does he live?"

"In the sky."

"What does he sit on?"

In their domestic relations they have a system thousands of years older than the Edmunds Act, which works to suit them, and fills the requirements of satisfied nationalities. The old men said the marriage system had given them more trouble than anything else, and they finally abandoned all laws to the laws of nature. The young people were allowed to mate by natural selection, and if they were not satisfied they could "swap."

In after years, when I was Superintendent of Indian Affairs, I selected a stalwart Pima named Luis, who was proud of his acquirements in the English language, and gave him a uniform, sword, and epaulettes about the size of a saucer, to stand guard in front of the quarters.

One day I came out and found Luis walking with an ununiformed Pima, with their arms around each other's waists, according to their custom. I inquired, "Luis, who is that?"

"That is my brother-in-law."

"Did you marry his sister?"

"No."

"Did he marry your sister?"

"No."

"Then how is he your brother-in-law?"

"We swapped wives."

Among the Pimas there is no incentive to avarice, and the accumulation of large personal fortunes. When a Pima



dies, most of his personal property, that is, house and household belongings, which he had used during life, is committed to the flames as a sanitary measure, and whatever he may have left of personal property is divided among the tribe.

The dead are buried in the ground in silence, and you can never get the Pimas to pronounce the name of a dead man. The Pimas have many customs resembling the Jews, especially the periodical seclusion of women.

The Apaches have robbed them time immemorial, and they in turn make frequent campaigns against the Apaches. When they return from such a campaign, if they have shed blood they paint their faces black, and seclude themselves from the women till the next new moon. If they have not shed blood they paint their faces white, and enter into the joys of matrimony.

The Pima handiwork in earthenware, horsehair, bridle reins, ropes, and domestic utensils, is remarkably ingenious. They formerly cultivated cotton, and manufactured cotton cloth of a very strong quality. The men understood spinning and weaving, and passed the winter in this industrial pursuit.

Their subsistence is wheat, corn, melons, pumpkins, vegetables, and the wild fruits. They have herds of cattle, plenty of horses, and great quantities of poultry.

The Americans are indebted to the Pima Indians for provisions furnished the California emigration, and for supplies for the early overland stages, besides their faithful and unwavering friendship.

The habitations of these prehistoric people form the most unique of all the anomalous dwellings of Arizona, and a more minute investigation than has hitherto been made will show the earliest habitations of man. There are similar edifices in Egypt and India, but they are mostly temples. These Arizona

cliff dwellings are the only edifices of the kind that are known to have been inhabited by mankind. They exist mostly in the mountains in the northern portion of Arizona. A more ancient race, still, lived in excavations on the sides of mountains, prepared, no doubt, as a refuge against enemies.

At the time of our first exploration (1854) there was virtually no civilized population in the recently acquired territory. The old pueblo of Tucson contained probably three hundred Mexicans, Indians, and half breeds. The Pima Indians on the Gila River numbered from seven to ten thousand, and were the only producing population. We could not explore the country north of the Gila River, because of the Apaches, who then numbered fully twenty thousand. For three hundred years they have killed Spaniards, Mexicans, and Americans, which makes about the longest continuous war on record.

It was impossible to remain with a considerable number of men in a country destitute of sustenance; so we followed the Gila River down to its junction with the Colorado, and camped on the bank opposite Fort Yuma, glad to be again in sight of the American flag. The commanding officer, Major — afterwards General — Heintzelman, issued the regulation allowance of emigrant rations, which were very grateful to men who had been living for some time without what are usually called the necessities of life. Fort Yuma was established in 1851, to suppress the Indians on the Colorado, and to protect emigrants at the crossing.

It was apparent that the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers must be the seaport of the new territory.

The Colorado was supposed to be navigable nearly seven hundred miles, and steamboats were already at Yuma transporting supplies for the post. By the treaty with Mexico of 1848 the boundary line was established from the mouth of

the Rio Grande northwardly, to the head waters of the Gila River, thence along the channel of the Gila River to its confluence with the Colorado. The treaty then says: "From a point at the confluence of the Gila and Colorado rivers, westerly to a point on the Pacific Ocean six miles south of the southernmost point of the Bay of San Diego."

As the geography of the country was not well understood at the time, it was not presumably known to the makers of the treaty that the boundary line would include both banks of the Colorado River in the American boundary, but it does. By a curious turn in the Colorado River, after passing through the gorge between Fort Yuma and the opposite bank, the boundary line of the United States includes both banks of the river to the crossing at Pilot Knob, nearly nine miles. When the State of California was organized, in 1850, the constitution adopted the boundary line of Mexico as the boundary line of the State, and consequently assumed jurisdiction over the slip of land on the bank of the Colorado River opposite Fort Yuma. When Fort Yuma was established, the commanding officer established a military reservation, including both banks of the Colorado River at its junction with the Gila.

The boundary line between Mexico and the United States, under the treaty of 1848, was run in 1850, and monuments erected on the southern bank of the Colorado, to indicate the possession of the United States.

While we were encamped on the banks of the Colorado River, in the hot month of July, 1854, we concluded to locate a town-site on the slip of land opposite Fort Yuma, and as we were well provided with treaties, maps, surveying instruments, and stationery, there was not much difficulty in making the location. The actual survey showed 936 acres within the slip, and this was quite large enough for a "town-site." A town-site

is generally the first evidence of American civilization.

After locating the town-site at Yuma, there was nothing to do but to cross the desert from the Colorado River to San Diego. We made the journey on mules, with extraordinary discomfort. At San Diego we were as much rejoiced as the followers of Xenophon to see the sea.

The town-site was duly registered in San Diego, which could not have been done if both banks of the Colorado River just below its junction with the Gila had not been recognized as being within the jurisdiction of the State of California. The county of San Diego collected taxes there for many years. After the organization of the Territory of Arizona, in 1863, Arizona assumed jurisdiction over the slip, and built a prison there. Congress subsequently made a grant of land included in the slip to the "Village of Yuma," so that it is a mere question of jurisdiction, not involving the validity of any titles. The question of jurisdiction still remains unsettled, as it requires both an Act of Congress and an Act of the State Legislature to change the boundary line of a sovereign State.

The town-site of Yuma has grown slowly, but there will be a town there as long as the two rivers flow. The Southern Pacific Railroad was completed years ago, and forms the great artery of commerce. Immigration enterprises of great magnitude have been undertaken with the waters of the Colorado River. The river washes fully three hundred thousand square miles, and furnishes a water power in the cataracts of the Grand Cañon only second to Niagara.

"At Yuma, on the Colorado River, the only attempt at irrigation so far made is by pumping works, which raise the water from the river and convey it in pipes to the lands to be watered. While thus far only a limited area is watered by this method, the results are satisfactory, and the expense no greater than in many of the pipe systems of California.

"But for the magnitude, scope, and the boldness of its purpose, the project to irrigate the great Colorado Desert is without a parallel in the arid West, if in the world.

"This undertaking contemplates the construction of gravity canals from a point in the Colorado River, several miles above Yuma, and the conducting of the waters of this river over an arid waste, that, while forbidding in appearance, is known to be capable of the greatest fertility. One interesting feature of this plan to reclaim the desert is found in the character of the water to be utilized. Analysis shows that the water of the Colorado River carries a larger percentage of sedimentary deposit than any other river in the world, not excepting the Nile. The same is true, in a relative degree, of all other rivers in Arizona. By constant use of these waters the soil not only receives the reviving benefits of irrigation, but at the same time a very considerable amount of fertilizing material.

"The beneficial results thus made possible have already been practically demonstrated, and what may be achieved by the proposed reclamation of a vast area, with peculiar advantages of climate and environment, is one of the most significant suggestions conceivable in connection with the new era of irrigation.

"The storage of water by reservoirs

for irrigation purposes has thus far been one of the untried problems in Arizona. But the possibilities in this section are equal to any section of the arid West, and because of the stability and certainty of this method, it is only a question of time when it will be carried into practical force."<sup>1</sup>

In the progress of civilization, Fort Yuma has given way to an Indian school, where the dusky denizens of the Colorado are progressing in learning.

After concluding our business in San Diego, we took the steamer for San Francisco, and laid the result of the reconnaissance (which was not much) before the "Syndicate." We had an audience with the commanding officer of the Pacific, and procured a recommendation to the Secretary of War for an exploration of the Colorado River. This was subsequently accomplished, with beneficial results,—at least for information. In San Francisco it was decided by the Syndicate that I should proceed to Washington, for the purpose of soliciting the assistance of the Federal Government in opening the new Territory for settlement, and the voyage was made *via* Panama.

Charles D. Poston,  
*President Arizona Historical Society.*

<sup>1</sup>Quoted from a recent article of mine in a local paper. Such quotations will occur in this series without further credit. C. D. P.

[CONTINUED IN THE NEXT NUMBER.]



## FIVE DANCES AND A SUPPER.

COMEDY OR TRAGEDY.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

DAISY GRAY.

ARTHUR HALL, who had been engaged to Daisy five years before.

EDITH BRAYTON, a debutante, in love with Carroll.

TOM CARROLL, a flirt.

FIRST SCENE.—Hall in Bessie Brayton's house. Doors opening left and right. At one side of hall a small recess behind some palms. In recess, two chairs, and small table with bowl of Papa Gontier roses, and lamp with pink shade. Music can be heard, with sounds of talking and dancing in room on left.

*Daisy*, (standing in doorway of room on right and fastening her glove).—I wish to heaven that I had not come tonight. I am tired to death of this sort of thing. (Sighing.) I might as well be here as anywhere, though; it is all deadly.

*Arthur*, (advancing from room on the left).—I am very fortunate to be the first one to meet you, Miss Gray. I hope that your dances are not all taken tonight. I want very much to have one.

*Daisy*.—I must speak to Bessie, but you may have the next dance, if you like. I never engage dances before supper, you know. (They enter room on left for a moment and then return to hall.)

*Arthur*.—I want to talk to you for a few moments, if you do not mind. Can we not find some place where we shall not be disturbed?

*Daisy*.—We can go in here behind these palms. Bessie certainly has a talent for arranging places in which people can hide from the world. (Going behind the palms she takes a rose from the bowl, and seats herself in the larger of the chairs.)

*Arthur*, (in a slow, methodical way).—May I have the next dance also? This

is nearly over and I have several things to say.

*Daisy*, (sighing a little impatiently).—Certainly, I like to sit here.

*Arthur*, (holding out a ring).—I want you to take this back. Of course I am not asking you to renew the engagement, only to take back the ring. It is yours, and I intended to give it back five years ago, but I have waited.

*Daisy*, (takes the ring and drawing off her glove, she slips it on and says aside).—I wish to heaven that I had never taken it off! (To *Arthur*.) For what have you waited?

*Arthur*.—Until I could see you and speak to you quite calmly, with never a tinge of the old feeling and the old longing. I danced with you once, you remember, and I found that the right time had not come. That was two years ago, and I have been waiting ever since. I knew, of course, that you would be here tonight, so I decided to bring the ring and give it to you.

*Daisy*.—And you have lost all of the old feeling, all of the old love?

*Arthur*, (after a moment's hesitation).—No, I have not lost it; but I know now that I never shall; I cannot change like your opals. I know, too, that I am quite willing to have you know how dearly I love you.

*Daisy*, (raising the ring to her lips and looking at *Arthur*).—I wish that I had never taken it off.

*Arthur*.—Daisy, do you mean it? Will you think of me again in that way?

*Daisy*, (holding out her hand).—Oh *Arthur*!

*Tom Carroll*, (entering from room on left).—Well, I have found you at last, and I want to dance with you; so come.

*Daisy*, (rising and giving her hand to *Carroll*).—Have you been looking for me long?

*Arthur*.—You will go to supper with me, Miss Gray?

*Daisy*, (giving rose to *Arthur*).—Yes, gladly.

(*Arthur* goes into room on left.)

*Carroll*.—I would rather sit here with you; it is beastly warm in there.

(They go behind the palms and *Carroll* sits down in the large chair while *Daisy* takes the smaller one.)

*Carroll*.—Why were you so late, *Daisy*, and why did you hide as soon as you did come? I only came tonight to see you, and the evening is nearly over now.

*Daisy*.—I came late because these affairs bore me so. I am tired of dancing, and I did not suppose that you would care whether I came or not.

*Carroll*, (laughing).—That sounds well. You know I only go to the places where I will see you, and that you are the only girl in town that I ever want to see.

*Daisy*, (smiling).—If that is so I am glad that you found me.

*Carroll*, (after a few moments' silence and leaning forward and kissing her hair).—*Daisy*, I wish that you would get married. It would be such a relief to me if you would, and until you do you will be a continual source of temptation to me. You know perfectly well that I do not want to marry.

*Daisy*, (burying her face in her hands).—How can you? How dare you? You know very well that it is you who keep me from marrying. You know very well that when you speak to me and touch me you make it impossible for me to care for any one else. You know that I have loved you for five years, and now you have only this to say,—why do I not marry some one else?

*Carroll*.—My dear girl, I do not understand; you know that I do not want to marry. You have always known that, but if I am keeping you from marrying

I am desperately sorry. I would be immensely glad to see you married and happy. I will not interfere. Come. (Stands up, and taking *Daisy's* hands raises her from the chair and kisses both hands several times.) The last time, dear, and you do not know how very much I love you.

*Arthur Hall*, (entering from room on left).—They are going to supper, will you come? (Takes *Daisy's* hand and draws it through his arm. They go out through door on left. *Carroll* follows them, and in a moment returns with *Edith Brayton*.)

*Carroll*.—You are too beautiful for words tonight, little girl. Why have you not given me a single dance?

*Edith*.—You know I cannot dance with my friends in my own house; I have to look out for all these people.

*Carroll*.—Why not let your sister do that? The whole evening has been simply wretched for me. I have not had a moment's pleasure and have done nothing but wait for this moment. I will only stay for the supper dance with you, because I only care for you, and do not want to see or speak to any one else after dancing with you.

(They go out on right.)

SECOND SCENE.—A small reception room in the same house. *Carroll* and *Edith*.

*Carroll*.—This half hour has been very dear to me, Miss *Edith*. You are so sweet, and I can assure you that I would not have come tonight, if you had not promised to go to supper with me. (Hearing *Hall* and *Daisy* coming in.) Shall we dance now?

*Edith*.—Excuse me for a moment, I think *Bessie* is looking for me. (She goes out for a moment.)

*Carroll*.—Miss *Gray*, I suppose that the supper dance belongs to our supper partners, but may I have the one after that?

*Daisy.*—The rest of my dances are all engaged. (She takes out some small tablets and opens them to read the names of her partners.)

*Carroll*, (taking them from her).—The one I have asked for belongs to Grattan. He has gone home; he had to take the eleven o'clock boat to the Island. I will put my name in his place. (Writes it.)

*Edith*, (at the door).—Shall we dance now?

*Carroll*, (going out).—I will find you here, Miss Daisy?

*Daisy*, (turning to Hall).—Will you take me home after this dance?

*Arthur.*—Come now, if you like.

*Daisy.*—No, I do not like to go immediately after supper. Shall we sit here until the dance is over? (She sits down rather wearily.)

*Arthur*, (standing in front of her).—Daisy, I cannot understand now, I cannot collect my ideas with all these people and all this clatter about. If you love me, if you will be my wife, I shall be the happiest man in the world, but I am afraid to ask you now. You know what you are to me and what you have always been,—the one ideal woman and the dearest girl in the world. (After a little pause.) I never knew why you broke our engagement. I could not quite believe that you did not care for me, as you said, when you sent the ring back. And now if you will be my wife,

—after all this time — I cannot tell — I do not know what to think!

*Carroll*, (coming quickly into the room).—This is my dance, Miss Daisy; there are to be no real intermissions.

(Daisy rises and goes with him through the door at the left and Hall goes out through door at right. In a moment Carroll and Daisy come back.)

*Carroll.*—I do not want to dance with you, dear. I only want to tell you that I love you, love you dearly. I think you are the dearest and sweetest woman in the world; but seriously, you must marry some one. Why not Hall? He seems to be a decent sort of a fellow. Well, I suppose that you cannot answer that last question. Goodnight, sweetheart; I am going home now, because I want to take with me only the memory of you. I do not want to touch any other woman's hand or hear any other voice than yours tonight. But if you have any compassion or pity for me, marry some one soon. (Exit.)

*Daisy*, (to Hall who is crossing in front of the door).—Will you take me home now?

*Arthur.*—You look horribly tired, Daisy. Dearest, may I come for my answer tomorrow afternoon?

*Daisy*, (holding out her hand to him).—You may have it now. I will gladly be your wife, and my only regret is that I have thrown away the last five years.

*Kathryn Cady.*



## IN THE LAVA BEDS.

## THE SCENE OF THE CANBY MASSACRE REVISITED.

A GENERATION has grown to maturity since the murder of General Canby, by the Modocs, in the lava beds of Northern California. Yet, however great the progress of the State has been since that sanguinary event in its annals, and however vast the tides of immigration which have poured over its borders, the lava beds, as though cursed by God and shunned by man, remain today the same wild, savage region as when Captain Jack and his warriors left their camp on Lost River, and fled to the protection of its ragged, denuded fastnesses twenty-one years ago. It is not my purpose to go over the history of the Modoc War, for that is more or less familiar, but to give an account of a recent trip to that little-visited region, and a description of it as it appears today.

The scenery of Northern California, though wild and rugged, is picturesque and beautiful. Particularly so is the lake region of Siskiyou and Modoc counties. It is not strange that the Great Spirit who formed the mirror-like lakes and crystal rivers, who reared the Sierras and crowned them with the mighty Shasta, should have implanted in the breast of the Indian a love of the locality, which made him cling tenaciously to his home, and resist even to death any and every effort to remove him.

How long the Modocs lived around the head of Tule Lake is not definitely known, but stone arrow-heads and household utensils are often found buried so deep in the earth over the entire district that one can easily believe that when Cæsar was fighting our ancestors in Britain, the Modocs were hunting

with bow and arrow along its shores, fishing in the clear, cold waters of Lost River, and listening to the spirit voices in the wind, as it rocked the huge pines or sighed through the dusty sage.

But the time came when the white man coveted the land, and the "Great Father" at Washington removed the Modocs to a place some miles distant. The greater portion of the tribe, under Captain Jack, a young chief, refused to abide by the order of government, and took refuge in the country south of the lake, now better known as the lava beds.

As though clinging to the home of their fathers, a few Modocs still live among the tules which fringe the north end of the lake. I secured one of these for a guide, and one morning, just at sunrise, left the Indian village, and rode down to the western shore of the lake.

The first half dozen miles were quickly made, but after that the rocky bluffs drew close in to the water, and the fragment of stones which had toppled down from their sides made our progress slow and difficult. Toward noon, after a laborious ride, we reached the south end of the lake, and unsaddled our jaded horses on the spot where the government troops camped during the siege,—a level, grassy basin, a few rods in diameter, on the edge of the lava. Here I found a brass button, a rusty horseshoe, and most significant of all, on a little plat of rising ground I picked up the ankle bone of a human foot. Many soldiers were buried there, but the greater number were afterwards removed, and taken to the cemetery at Fort Klamath.

A ride of half an hour over the lava brought us to a sort of natural amphitheater, a depression in the lava some

few rods in extent, which was the scene of the meeting of Captain Jack and his lieutenants with the government Peace Commission.

A plain white cross marks the spot where General Canby fell ; on it are the words :

**GENERAL CANBY, U. S. A.**  
**WAS MURDERED HERE BY THE MODOCOS,**  
**APRIL 11TH, 1873.**

The rocks behind which the Indians were concealed who brought the guns to Jack and his party are in easy rifle range, and the Peace Commission could have been shot down, even if Jack and his confederates had not been armed with revolvers. The spot is lonely and desolate in the extreme ; a ridge of broken lava shuts off the lake from view, except as to one small arm of it ; out toward the south stretches the scarred lava field, broken here and there by the upheaval of dark, irregular masses of stone ; to the east and west rise rough, barren hills, dotted with scattering junipers ; and all around are the hoary rocks, the gray sage, and the unbroken desert silence.

As we proceeded, the stronghold which lies some three or four miles farther into the lava field, the way became more and more difficult. The only avenue of approach is a narrow, winding trail, worn no doubt by the hoofs of countless generations of Indian ponies. Outside of this trail it is almost impossible to urge a horse over the lava, sharp points project upwards and cut the hoofs cruelly ; besides yawning fissures open at frequent intervals, barring farther progress ; it is therefore necessary to follow the trail. It would seem that when this vast bed of lava cooled, it contracted, and that great gulfs opened in it, and also that the circular depressions that are everywhere seen were once bubbles in the molten sea, and bursting, left the rock in its present form.

The Indians well understood the strength of the stronghold, and the difficulty of approach to it, and during the siege they filled the trail with stones, rendering the cavalry almost useless. All along the trail and line of approach to the place are still to be seen heaps of lava rock, from behind which the savages shot down the soldiers ; beside some of these were little piles of empty cartridge shells, showing how stubbornly the ground was contested.

Presently the trail entered a fissure in the rock, and following this, we soon emerged into the stronghold itself. It is a hollow in the lava some fifteen feet deep, and lies somewhat in the form of a figure 8, with a level surface in the bottom of perhaps an acre in extent.

Deep caves lead far back under the lava walls ; no one knows how far they go, but hunters tell of having been lost in them, and there is a story current among the settlers of the lake region that an adventurous miner once went far back through one of the caves under the lava, and wandered about for some days, and finally found a great room full of gold and silver vessels of strange make ; also heaps of jewels of a kind he had never seen before ; but on coming out for assistance to secure the treasure he could never again find the passage that led to the room. Some believe this story ; others say that it is only a yarn of a crazy miner who used to wander about the lava-field, and who was afterwards found at the mouth of one of the caves with his throat cut.

As for the strength of the place, it is seen at a glance that a small body of determined men, well supplied with ammunition, food, and water, could hold out against a host for an indefinite time. The really weak point is the lack of water, which must be obtained from the lake near by ; and it was by so posting the troops as to prevent the Indians from getting this that the commanders drove the savages out. A clever ruse



was resorted to by Captain Jack to get water; he dressed several of the most active braves in women's clothes, and sent them over the rocks to the lake for water; the soldiers, of course, would not fire on the women although in easy rifle range, and all the water needed was obtained until the trick was discovered, when orders were given to fire upon any Indian that appeared, regardless of petticoats, which had the desired effect of compelling the savages to evacuate. They retreated in a masterly manner, leaving a few behind to keep up an appearance of defense, till the main body was well out into the hills, when they quietly and swiftly followed. During the siege the savages drove cattle into the stronghold and slaughtered them; the whitened bones were lying about, and the ashes of the long-extinguished fires are still to be seen.

Standing alone in that savage gulch as the light was fading out in the west, it was not difficult to people the place with the fierce faces on which the fire-light shone twenty-one years ago, and it was easy to imagine how little a white man's life would have been worth then in that den of death. I glanced involuntarily at my Modoc guide; he was sitting on a block of lava looking down into the pit, and repeating over and over to himself, "Cap'n Jack's stron'hold"; "Cap'n Jack's stron'hold." Whether the jingle of the words had caught his ear, or whether he was meditating on the annihilation of his tribe, I do not know; at any rate his face gave out no hostile signs, and when I desired him to get water from the lake and make camp, he did so without a murmur.

The savages after a short chase were captured by the troops, and four of the leaders, Captain Jack, Boston Charley, Sconchin, and Black-Jim, paid the death penalty, after a court martial trial at Fort Klamath. Two others, Watch-in-at and Slolux, were imprisoned on Alcatraz Island, and fretted out their

lives in that gloomy bastille, longing no doubt for the open plains and wild mountains of the north. The main body of the tribe was removed to reservations in the far Southeast, some to the Indian Territory, some to Florida, and of the once powerful Modoc tribe only a fragment remains.

One of Captain Jack's wives still lives by the lake; she is a short, common-looking squaw, but is respected by her people as the widow of the once popular chief. There are also several of Jack's descendants living on the Klamath reservation. Frank Riddle, the husband of the Indian woman Toby, who was General Canby's interpreter, also lives on the reservation with his wife; he is old and gray now, but at the time of the murder of General Canby he was a young and very active man, particularly swift of foot, and it was this last accomplishment that saved his scalp at that time.

I met Riddle and his family at a stage station a few days after visiting the lava beds, and persuaded him to go over the story of that bloody morning when General Canby and Rev. Mr. Thomas met their deaths. Riddle is a tall, spare man, with shaggy eyebrows and short, grizzled beard; his eyes are deep-set, and gleam from their sockets like glow-worms. He seemed to me from long association with the Indians to have fallen into many of their ways, and he talked in a low, guttural voice, frequently turning to his wife for corroboration of his account. Toby, his wife, sat quietly near the fire-place, now and then putting in a word in the Modoc tongue, for although she understands English well she did not speak except in her own language. She is a middle-aged woman, and has an honest, open face, and is universally beloved by both whites and Indians, where she is known. It is said in her favor that she warned General Canby that the chiefs meant to murder him, and begged him not to go to the

place selected for the meeting of the Peace Commission, but he would not believe her.

Riddle also understood the plan, and said he fully expected never to return to the soldiers' camp; but he went, for he knew if he did not he would be branded as a coward. He leaped to his feet when Captain Jack shot General Canby, and ran for his life, several Indians shooting at him, and one or two pursuing him.

Captain Oliver C. Applegate still lives on his Swan Lake Ranch, nine miles from Klamath Falls, in Oregon. He was a prominent figure in the Modoc War, and is probably the best authority living today upon the history of it.

Though the Modocs were but savages, and of course in the nature of things must soon have given way before the relentless march of the white race, yet

it seems sad that the race should have been annihilated. Their crimes, beyond the killing of General Canby, were not so great. It is true, they killed some settlers; but then, some of their own people were killed first.

But they loved their wild home and their wild life, and did not want to plow and sow,—and after all they were but children, and with but children's ideas of the numbers and power of the white strangers that swarmed over the mountain wall, from the teeming hives of the East.

There is a superstition current among the remnant of the Modocs, that the eternal snows of Mount Shasta are haunted by powerful spirits, and that one day these will descend, and will sweep the white man from the earth, and restore to the Indian his hunting grounds and home.

*John H. Hamilton.*



## DAVID DEED.

"A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."

TO APPLY a principle of evolution, he was a frog while other people were tadpoles, a butterfly while those around him were still in the chrysalis shell. The spirit of progression was strong within him, but his lot had been cast where progress was unknown. The elements of actual greatness were in him. He had been born to lead men out of wildernesses, but his fate was that of Moses of old—circumstances interfered with the plan of his creation, and left him alone amid the wreck of his dreams and theories. With the intellectuality and the soul that should have placed him among the great ones of the earth he was poor and obscure, a struggling, unappreciated editor of a country newspaper.

Strangely abused by circumstances was David Deed. The town in which he lived was one of his own creation. He had begotten it, had faithfully sustained its younger days, and had fondly believed that he was nurturing a giant. When the scene on which the town now stood had first attracted his attention in the early days of California, he had been impressed with the grandeur of the situation. On that richly-producing soil through which a mighty river sung its joyous way to the sea, he had pictured great scenes of commerce. The surrounding country should be a veritable Garden of Eden in the luxuriance of its orchards; the river should render easy traffic, and tempt manufacturers; and the town that he had on paper in his pocket should be a grand exporting center. These were his dreams, and there was no reason why they should not have been realized. The material was all there, but the country

simply grew the other way, and David Deed and his little town were left just without the march of Empire.

Still he had never given up hoping! For nearly forty years he had devoted the best efforts of his life to the good of his community. He had been persistently unselfish and untiringly zealous, and had he received the slightest assistance from others, great good might have resulted. But somehow the people who had settled in his vicinity were vexatiously stagnant. Progression in their eyes was not only unnecessary, but a sort of a sin—a sacrilege against good old methods that had been entirely satisfactory in days when people knew no better.

But the greatest disappointment which David Deed had yet endured since the life of his town had begun, was when the great railroad penetrated that part of the State, and swept by just far enough away to blight the future of the village. He saw then the doom of his dream-city, and for a time his disappointment bordered on despair. To move away and seek a larger and better field never occurred to him, any more than he thought of deserting his only child. The town was a responsibility which he unconsciously felt would have been something like a criminal offense to abandon. So he swallowed his disappointment, and the weekly *Pioneer* continued its good work of booming the country, till one day all Mayfield was talking about the latest of David Deed's "wild and woolly" schemes. "A railroad for Mayfield," was the project which the *Pioneer* had advanced in its leading editorial. The scheme was well worked out, and had cost the editor many hours of

study,—it defined the possibility of Mayfield's still becoming a railroad terminus, and explained how the grand end could be accomplished with a very little tax on those whom it would benefit.

Of course the proposition gave rise to rebellion. It was opposed by those who had reasons, and more generally by those who had not ; but to David Deed it was a new hope, and the opposition did not disconcert him. Something convinced him that in the end his project would triumph, and the prospective greatness of Mayfield was for the time being sufficient compensation for the abuse which he endured. The railroad became his hobby. For months he persevered in expounding his pet scheme, till at last a minority of the population became educated to his standard, and in spite of the opposition the survey was made.

He was sitting one afternoon in his dusty little sanctum, digging his way through a pile of mail and exchanges. Lucy, his daughter, was there, her golden head bent low over a subscription book. She was his bookkeeper, and the only comfort of his monotonous life. Occasionally he glanced at her through his black-rimmed spectacles, and wondered where in all the world could be found a fairer picture. How like a lily she was, so pure and white and beautiful ! He smiled as he watched her carefully jotting down her figures. What a clever little thing she was, and how deft and systematic ! Altogether, he felt happy and satisfied this afternoon. Surely, Fate could have treated him worse after all. 'T was true that she had not been as lavish as she might have been in dispensing this world's goods, but then she had given him Lucy to work and live for, and how could a man help but be happy with such a radiant little picture constantly before his eyes !

The mail that came to the *Pioneer* office was usually extensive ; for David

Deed was authority on many private subjects, in spite of the disregard which was affected for his public opinions. He was a sort of an encyclopædia, expected to impart any desired information on local dates and statistics. To describe everyone's land, to tell just where the levee was most likely to break, or to determine whether a pear or a peach orchard would prove more profitable in a certain location, were parts of his daily mission. On that account he was always prepared for a heavy mail. The first one read as follows :

DAVID DEED, esquire

*Mister Editor :*

I send you a correct list of Maria's weddin preasants which you will please print in full. it seems to me that a rale live newspaper would manage to git such items of news without always a bein told and Maria was rale disappointed because they wasnt in last week. send me twenty copies of the paper and after that you can stop my subscription. I dont want no railroad a runnin through my land and I am durned tired of bein told how to manage my own property by a poor devil sech as you. I will send you one dozen pumpkins and a box of winter apples which I believe will square my account up to date.

Yours respectfully

DAN'L SIMMONS.

"Lucy, stop Dan Simmons's subscription," he said as he jabbed the letter on a hook and tore open another envelope.

The import of the next letter was about the same, "Stop my subscription" and so was that of the next, till the editor began to suspect that something was in the wind.

His guesses were interrupted by the appearance of Jim Hardy, one of the business men of Mayfield.

"Howdy do, Dave, how are you?" he said, with overdone cheerfulness, as he stalked into the sanctum and made himself comfortable in the sole remaining chair. "Howdy, Miss Lucy. It 'pears to me that you 're a lookin' smarter than yer used to,—got more roses in yer cheeks. Now, if I was only a single feller, I think I'd be a doin' some sparkin' around this here place." Here he

indulged in a loud haw-haw. He was evidently suffering uneasiness about something, but determined to be cheerful in spite of it.

"Fine weather we're havin' now, ain't it, Dave," he continued, without taking a breath. "Do you reckon it'll rain before Thanksgivin'?"

"Hard to tell," answered David, "it ought to for the good of the country."

"The good o' the country! Yes, that's your great trouble, David Deed, and it's a goin' to be your ruination," Hardy exclaimed with animation, as though a sudden inspiration had come to him. "If you'd 'a' let the 'good o' the country' alone, this here boycott would 'a' never been started, and I would n't be here today with sech an unpleasant duty to perform."

"What boycott are you talking about?" David said, as he ran his fingers back and forth through his hair.

"What, ain't you heard of Irwin McIntosh's boycott yet?"

"No."

"Well, I'm sorry to be the first to tell you about it, Dave, but a boycott has been started again' the *Pioneer*. Irwin McIntosh and a gang o' fellers has give the word to every business man in town to take their ads out and to stop subscribin' or else to suffer the consequences. Now, I've stood by you this many a year, Dave, and I hate to go back on you now, but you know business is business, so I've come to say you need n't to run my ad no more."

This was more of a blow than David had expected. Jim Hardy's "ad." was a two-column affair, and the largest that the *Pioneer* contained.

"Business is business," Hardy repeated nervously, before David had a chance to speak. "I hope you won't have no hard feelin's towards me, Dave, — you know I never would 'a' done it of my own accord, as I have always thought a railroad would be a tolerable good thing."

"Yes, I know you have," David answered quietly.

"And you surely won't have no grudge again' me?"

"No."

"Well, I must be goin' then," Hardy said, as he rose to depart. "We business fellers don't have much time to talk. Miss Lucy, you must come around and see the new goods. I've got some stripes and plaids just in that'll bring the beaux around thick as bees. Be sure and come and see 'em."

"Thank you," said Lucy stiffly, and then the door closed behind him.

For two or three minutes David Deed sat staring out of the window, with its drapery of cobwebs. This, then, was the meaning of the unusual number of letters. Well, he had never received any better treatment from people for whom he had made many sacrifices; he had been taught to expect nothing else; so why should this affair strike home so deeply and hurt him as it did? He gulped down something in his throat, — then the natural buoyancy of his spirits predominated; he did not believe much in the power of boycotts; they were usually short-lived affairs after all. And then what mattered it! His health was good, and in spite of his sixty years his arm was strong. Surely he could manage to make the bread and butter for himself and Lucy. He did not need much of anything for himself, and a poor right arm it would have to be that could not save his tender little Lucy from pain and want.

"God bless her," he said to himself, "whatever may be my pain she shall never suffer."

There was something like a smile on his face when he turned and looked at her. With her face as pale as death, and her hands clasped behind her head in a tragic attitude, Lucy was staring into vacancy. There was a hard, stony look around her mouth that her father had never seen there before. It fright-

ened him, and he said quickly, "Lucy, what is the matter with you?"

Then the stoniness of her face gave way, and she burst into a flood of passionate, half hysterical tears. "Father, you don't believe it is true—you don't believe he would do such a thing! No, it can't be true, it can't be true!" she sobbed, as she rushed to him and clung shivering to his neck.

"Child, what do you mean?" he said, as he smoothed back the golden hair that was so much like her dead mother's.

"You don't think Irwin McIntosh would do it," she exclaimed in jerks between her tears, "when I love him so much—O, father, so much, so much!"

"You love Irwin McIntosh!" David exclaimed, startled beyond expression by her confession. Then in a tone of greater tenderness he added, "Ah, Lucy, he is unworthy of you! Surely, my little dove deserves to be loved by a better man than he!"

"Don't, father, don't say a word against him," she cried frantically, as she put her hand before his mouth. Then, sinking on her knees beside him, she buried her face in her hands, and exclaimed bitterly, "He is everything to me—he is my husband!"

If the light had suddenly turned to darkness, or the skies fallen to earth, David Deed could not have been more surprised and startled. What though the whole world should abuse and misunderstand him, should malign and persecute him, he should always have found happiness in Lucy's love and perfect confidence. She was the one little star that had shone through all the darkness of his many disappointments,—the one comfort of his dreary life. She had been to him a living revelation of virtue and of truth, and had brought him to a conviction of Heaven and the possible purity of souls! And now, even she had deceived him! For a moment a revulsion from the clinging little thing at his

feet possessed him. He felt that his beautiful flower had developed a hideous snake, and the thought sickened his soul and begat something within him that was akin to hate. Great God! How he had loved to hear her laugh,—she who had been his type of innocence and fidelity; but now her tears were wetting his hand, and they did not scald him as they would have done the day before. But after all, she was Lucy,—she was the child of her whom he had loved with all the intensity of his nature; she was his own little girl whom he had nursed through all of her childish ailments; it was she who was crying at his feet. With his old tenderness he raised her in his arms and kissed her,—then he left her there alone and went out to walk in the open air.

Lucy Deed's love for Irwin McIntosh was one of those strange freaks of emotion that so frequently develop in the hearts of women, and for which there is no accounting. He was coarse and uncouth,—a man who was all animal, while she was frail and ethereal, with nothing of earth about her. She who was so weak and dependent was fascinated with the great brute strength, the physical magnetism, of a man who could ride any horse in the world, and whose muscular achievements were noted far and wide; while he was attracted to her simply because she was different from any of the girls with whom he had ever associated. His influence over her may have been hypnotic,—at all events, she was like wax in his hands, and thus it was that he had succeeded in marrying the dutiful daughter without the consent of her father. His reasons for not consulting David Deed about his matrimonial intentions were various.

In the first place, he was afraid that the consent would not be given, and he was doubtful about his influence with Lucy when weighed openly against her father's wishes; then his plans for de-

stroying the *Pioneer* were well and deeply laid, and he thought that his work would not be so effective were it generally known that he was the son-in-law of the editor.

To destroy David Deed's influence with the community he was determined. Being the proprietor of a line of stages that ran to and from Mayfield, he saw in the proposed railroad financial ruin, and he did not like the way in which David Deed's plan had gained footing. He readily found enough men with imaginary grudges against the editor to start the boycott, and the little merchants and business men of Mayfield were not hard to scare into submission. Thus was the *Pioneer* expelled from many homes where it had not been missed for thirty years.

A year passed. Lucy had gone to make a home for Irwin McIntosh, and David Deed was struggling along with the *Pioneer* alone. The boycott had affected the circulation of the paper very seriously; so seriously in fact that it was no longer paying expenses, and each issue plunged the editor further into debt. He was blinding himself to the fact that the *Pioneer* was in its last days; that the time was not far distant when it would necessarily collapse. To give up the old paper would be like yielding a piece of his heart. It was all that saved him utter, utter loneliness, and he preferred not to look into that dreary future when he would have to live without it. His railroad was now an assured success. Other men were taking all the glory of the Mayfield railroad; but still it was now a reality, not a dream, and David Deed in his great unselfishness cared not where the glory went.

One day there came to him a new sorrow. Irwin McIntosh deserted Lucy, and left her with a new-born child fighting for the life that was denied it. It died in a few days, and then, bitterest

of all sorrows to that great, lonesome heart, the young mother followed.

"Lucy, Lucy," David Deed murmured, as he gazed long and passionately on the beautiful, dead face, "how like her whom I loved, and oh, rarer yet, who loved me!"

When the first tumult of grief was over, David Deed was seized with a frenzy to write. Pen and ink were his only intoxicants,—they helped him to forget, to drown the bitter memories that possessed him. Never before had the *Pioneer* contained such brilliant editorials. To the few who still continued to read the little paper, the words which flowed from the pen of David Deed now seemed like inspiration. Even the ignorant, those who had no intelligent conception of his meaning, found something in his editorials that fascinated them. The papers were passed from one to another, new subscriptions came in, and the *Pioneer* was fast becoming what it used to be—a paper of first-class circulation. But during all those dreary months when the boycott was in progress it had gotten too far in debt to recover itself in time to be saved.

It was the evening before the railroad celebration. On the next day the train would leave Mayfield for the first time, and the little town was in a furor. It had become educated to the idea of a railroad, and now that it was an assured thing the people were clamoring for it with the same determination that they had rebelled against it. David Deed had not been asked to participate in the celebration as were all the other citizens who were supposed to be public-spirited, but he was happy, nevertheless. Now was the fulfillment of his dreams, of his prophecies! Again he saw the great city that had risen at his command forty years before. He saw the steeples of grand cathedrals, and heard the rich melodious tones of organs mingled with the clatter and roar of mighty multi-

tudes ; he saw great loads of grains and fruits, the rich productions of the country which he had discovered, finding their way to other lands ; and then the *Pioneer*, the dear, dear old *Pioneer* that had been his companion and comforter when all else forsook him, he saw a huge influential daily, having its rank and place among the great papers of the world.

"Mr. Deed, excuse me," he heard a voice saying behind him, and turning he beheld the sheriff. "I have a very unpleasant duty to perform," that gentleman was saying. "I find myself compelled to attach the *Pioneer* for debt."

The next day the sun shone gloriously. It was a happy day for Mayfield, and the town was up bright and early to begin its rejoicing. The brand-new engine, gayly bedecked in garlands of flowers and streamers of red, white, and blue, was puffing and blowing on the track. The orator of the day had come up from San Francisco. He was a lawyer and a man of broad intelligence, who had been interested in learning the history of the little town. That afternoon, while delivering his speech, a sudden inspiration seemed to come to him, and he said : "Ladies and gentlemen, in looking over the history of Mayfield I find traces of a hero whom I suspect has been living unrecognized in your midst. This great railroad that today opens communication and gives you an even chance with the cities of the world, I am convinced, is owing entirely to the great efforts of one man ; and shame, shame on you people of Mayfield, yesterday you permitted the newspaper that has

been the life and soul of your community to be turned over to the sheriff. Why can you not realize, that instead of pining in poverty and disgrace, that man should today be riding triumphant on the shoulders of Mayfield's citizens. Now, to prove my earnest admiration of the hero of whom I speak, I will contribute one hundred dollars towards buying the *Pioneer* and presenting it to David Deed."

The spark that he ignited quickly kindled to a blaze. One of those sudden revolutions that are not uncommon in human nature occurred, and soon a hundred voices were clamoring wildly for David Deed. That they owed him a debt of gratitude seemed to be a revelation ; but now it was all clear to them, and a frenzy of excitement ensued.

"I'll give two hundred dollars towards buying the *Pioneer* !" shrieked one bystander.

"And I three hundred !" yelled another. And so they continued till enough was subscribed to buy the paper twice over.

"Bring him out !" they cried ; "let's carry him through the streets."

Men, women, and children, began calling for David Deed, till the whole town was echoing with his name ; but still there was no response. Then they began seeking for him, and it was not long before he was found.

He was sitting in the old chair in his sanctum, where the sheriff had left him the night before. A half-finished editorial was on the desk beside him, but the pen had dropped from his fingers to the floor. David Deed was dead,—his life had gone out with that of the *Pioneer*.

*Genevieve Green.*





THE Fourth of July closes the Midwinter Fair,—it will be Independence Day, San Francisco Day, and Closing Day, all in one. Patriotism, sectionalism, and city pride, will form a trinity of motives that will make the day one that will be long remembered

in State annals. Fire-works, brass bands, and enthusiastic huzzas, will not drive out the feeling of sadness that will find a place among the mixed sentiments that will control the day. The beauty and benefit of the Fair will not be fully appreciated until the Sunset City is a thing of the past. It is not human nature to award the full meed of praise to the projectors of any great enterprise, until time has dimmed some of the momentary rivalries and petty jealousies, obliterated the memory of daily differences, and cast over them all the kindly mantle of forgetfulness. It was so at the greater Fair at Chicago. Many a public man withheld his knife at fancied snubbings and seeming insults, with the threat,—“Wait until after the Fair,”—but when the Exposition had really closed its gates in a blaze of glory, amid the plaudits of the entire world, injuries were forgotten, and the loudest booster became the loudest admirer. The individual grievances might have been real, and were in many cases, but why dim the luster of the Exposition as a whole for the sake of slinging mud at one of its makers?

For the day many have contended, with some show of reason, that the Midwinter Fair has been a detriment to the city during the hard times, but no one can contend with any show of reason that it will not be a vast benefit to California for years to come. It has directed the eyes of the world toward California in a way that they have not been since the days of '49. It has startled the world into a realization of the fact that the land of the sluice-box and the rocker

has become the land of the plow and the pruning-hook. The Midwinter Fair has been a success in spite of its overshadowing model, and in spite of its meager gate receipts. It was a beautiful creation, and is worthy of a glorious ending.

The OVERLAND for the last time joins in the shout,—*Ave, atque vale!*

The OVERLAND has been in receipt of letters from time to time, which have been supplemented by numerous verbal inquiries, as to the success of the magazine under the new management, and as to its prospects for the future. The July number is the fourth magazine under the new management, and ends the record of three hard months' work in very hard times. We feel a just pride in telling frankly all interested friends of the improvement in our subscription department.

At the recent biennial Convention of the County Superintendents of Education, held in Sacramento, in May, a resolution recommending the OVERLAND MONTHLY for use in all school libraries throughout the State of California was unanimously adopted. It and the subsequent coöperation of County Superintendents and School Trustees throughout the State, has added a large number of subscribers to our lists, and is bringing others every day.

We trust that by another month we shall be able to announce that many of the school libraries of the States of Oregon and Idaho have also been added.

The unsolicited subscriptions that have come in with every mail from all parts of the United States have been most gratifying, and the increased sales of the news companies go far toward making us feel that with the coming of better times the OVERLAND will be in a healthy position to take advantage of whatever good there may be in store.

A most pleasing testimonial to the magazine's excellent work in the past came in the form of a letter from John Boyd Thacher,—Chairman of the Executive Committee of Awards at the World's Columbian Exposition,—notifying us that we had been awarded a diploma and bronze medal for originality of illustration, strength of action, and distinctness of engraving, in our magazine.

Such are a few of the pleasant things that we have to boast of and share with our friends — known and unknown.

TODAY — once again — we are in a position to claim as of yore that the OVERLAND is the *only* literary magazine published on the Pacific Slope.

In November, 1891, we welcomed a competitor into the magazine field of the Coast — a field to which the OVERLAND made claim by right of long possession, as follows : —

"We are this month joined in the effort to represent this region — or at least the Californian part of it — by another magazine, whose first number gives evidence of good standards, both in illustration and letter press. The managers are embarking on a task that will not prove easy, — probably not so easy as they now expect it to be ; but with good capital and good management, there is no reason why they should not attain success."

We have nothing to add to the above, only the one item, which may be news to some outside the limits of the city press, that we no longer have a competitor.

With, we trust, a proper showing of humility, we once more shoulder the entire burden of representing the magazine literature of the Pacific Slope. If we fall short of our duty at times, we shall look toward our many friendly critics to point wherein we have strayed from the straight and narrow way.

### To You Bet.

THERE is an interest attached to a stage-robber, a sort of Robin Hood halo, which no other outlaw possesses. At least, it always seemed so to me, and Jennie Rogers agreed with me, as we naturally fell to talking the matter over, on our eventful trip to You Bet. However, as Jennie Rogers and I agreed on most things, I have no desire to try and make any one accept our private opinions as general ones. I had been teaching school in California for several months, — had gradually shaken the Eastern starchiness out of my ways and feelings, and been, I think, quite generally adopted by the community as an old resident. Jennie Rogers was principal of the school in which I taught, and we worked and roomed together.

One day, Jennie received an invitation, that included one to me, to spend the following Saturday and Sunday at a friend's in You Bet, a little town about ten miles distant. We spent Saturday forenoon searching for a buggy, a scarce article there in those days, which we finally found, and an old roan horse, and after lunch we started.

It was a wild country — chaparral hills and deep gulches between. The road was as rugged as the country, and if old Roany had n't been of a meditative mind we should more than likely have had difficulty in keeping right side up.

We were always happy on a holiday, but this day,

owing to the prospect of something new, we were in very high spirits, talking and laughing as we plodded along. I finally merged into striking and detailed accounts of all the stage-robberies of which I had ever heard. Then we both settled upon the plans we would pursue in case we should be attacked by robbers. I pictured myself rising calmly, and setting forth the helplessness of our situation, to appeal to the tenderer feelings of the bandits, while Jennie was to secretly probe old Roany with the whip-stock to such unheard-of promptness of action, that we should immediately be rods away, vanishing with a waving of hats around a turn in the road, amidst showers of bullets.

So interesting was our theme that the time slipped by unnoticed. We had gone about six miles when the shadows began to lengthen perceptibly. A mile farther on there was just a parting tip of richest red on the hills across the cañon, and then the more distant ranges grew dim and cold, and vanished in shadow, and the rocks and little pools in the creek near which the road ran lost their identity.

My bravado, which was a sort of sunshine courage, began to fade with the daylight. I talked less and thought more, and took a lively interest in the bushes by the roadside. It seemed to me that we "ought to be getting somewhere pretty soon," and also that a house with lights and open doors would be a cheering sight. Jennie said very little, but tried to urge old Roany on to greater speed, — which I might mention was useless.

By-and-by the cañon widened out, and the slopes of the chaparral ridges grew more gradual. It was almost dark when, as we rounded a spur of one of the ridges, we saw the outline of a fence and gate a few rods in front. Old Roany slowed up a little, and just then we caught sight of a man's figure, large and black, crowned by a slouch hat, moving slowly along by the fence toward the gate.

Jennie brought Roany to a sudden halt, and looked at me, asking in a frightened whisper, "What *shall* we do?"

My bravery, alas, had gone completely. My poor knees felt very weak, and my heart thumped audibly, but I thought that I must do something. So I leaned over to Jennie and gasped, "Give me your money."

She handed it to me, — a couple of silver dollars. I took what I had in my own pocket, and with trembling fingers slipped it all into the top of my shoe.

"Now drive on," I muttered, "and if he asks, *you* have n't got any."

The man had reached the gate. Jennie's hands trembled on the lines as she brought them with a slap on Roany's back. At the gate she handed the lines to me, preparatory to getting out to open it. But the man, without moving from his position, said in a voice suggestive to me of calm, premeditated villainy, "Hold on, I'll open the gate."

Jennie sat down and took the lines. The man

however, did not move. He seemed to be scanning our outfit from end to end, measuring our probable resources.

I pictured myself in a mangled condition, buried behind a clump of blue-brush down in the hollow, and grew weaker every minute. I was sure that I should have to scream before long.

After what seemed hours to me, but was probably only seconds, he slowly raised his hand and moving his hat back from his forehead, said,—

"It's a little late for you ladies to be driving alone, is n't it?"

I groaned to myself, "What *is* coming next?" but neither of us answered. So he paused a minute, then stepped nearer the buggy.

"Have you got any money?"

What little remaining senses I had rejoiced that Jennie was to answer, for I knew that I could n't. I looked at her. My timid, quiet friend was the calm one now, though her hands still trembled a little. She said in quite a steady voice, "No."

There was another pause. I began to look for the appearance of a revolver.

The man came a step nearer and leaned on the wheel. "You have n't?"

I was growing cold all over. He straightened up and said, "Well, this is the regular *toll-house*, ladies."

I sank into a limp mass, then started bolt upright and fairly shrieked, "What?"

Jennie told him that we were going to visit friends and return next day, and could probably get the money and pay going back.

With a very pleasant "O, it does n't matter, I don't think ladies plucky enough to travel alone ought to pay toll, anyway," he opened the gate, and,—lifting his hat as we drove through,—wished us "Good night."

I did n't say a word the rest of the way, because I could n't quite decide whether to laugh or cry, and it was n't till I started to undress that evening that I discovered what made my shoe so uncomfortable.

*Gertrude Hutchings.*

### The Rivals.

*Translated from the French of Maurice Beaubourg.*

I HAD two aged grandmothers,

Scant sympathy existed between them.

One was eighty-two, the other, eighty-three.

One wore violet, the other, poppy-color.

One, like all our grandmothers in '45,—the time when our grandfathers met them at La Courtville,—was called Giroflée, the other, Petunia.

Every quarter of an hour they said disagreeable things to each other, and although they could not live in peace, they dwelt under the same roof.

Ha! Ha! Those excellent grandmothers!

One gave me cracknels, the other, chocolate.

The cause of their strife was of long standing. It was no fault of temper.

They had none, those dear ancients in gewgaws and multi-colored ribbons! No, they were the most prepossessing, the most courteous, most reasonable old ladies that I have ever met. It was no breach of temper: it was a thought, a fearful and inveterate thought, anchored in the depths of their minds, which was torturing them.

Grandmother Giroflée kept thinking to herself, in the innermost closet of her secret perversions, that Grandmother Petunia would, perhaps, survive her; and Grandmother Petunia was dying of envy, in her fear lest Grandmother Giroflée should live longer than she.

The one was terrified at going first, a profoundly intolerable thing for a lonely old lady, goaded with the idea that she would never again play bezique with the other.

The other was torturing herself with the possibility that the one might remain to finish her crochet, her neckerchiefs, her caps; she herself, without crochet, caps, or neckerchiefs, joining on the banks of the Styx the grandmothers who were already beckoning her.

The one flew into a pitiful, trembling, cruel rage when she saw the blossoming pimple—that witness in the very aged of vigor not quite departed—brightening the cheeks of the other, while refusing to bloom upon her own.

The other, consumed with quivering wrath, would claw and slap her eider-down, whenever she remarked in the other certain alertness of gestures and movements significant of incredible activity of nerves, which could never agitate her own.

Ah! Kind, sweet, tedious, insufferable grandmothers!

I adored them!

One day, Mammy Giroflée fell ill, and then Granny Petunia, feeling herself to be victorious in this death-struggle, gave a deep sigh of relief.

The sick one lay upon a high bed surmounted by a velvet canopy, her eyes closed, and her poor old wrinkled face, shriveled as a pippin, encircled by a cap all ruffles and lace, reposed upon the pillow. Near at hand my other grandmother trotted about the room, carrying cups, tisanes, mixtures, and bottles, setting her wits to work to say the things the least consoling, in a manner at once very lively and very significant.

"And how do you feel, my dear? And how do feel?"

"Badly," came the answer, in an almost imperceptible breath.

"You will be better!—you will be better tomorrow! Take a spoonful of this syrup!" Then without pausing she added in a mysterious, hollow, sepulchral tone: "Besides, one can die but once," at the same time directing her beaming satisfaction to the mirror.

The doctor arrived,—a gentleman very grave, in redingote and white cravat. He held his watch in

one hand, the wrist of Mammy Giroflée in the other, feigning to reflect.

"Pulse very weak—ver-y weak," pronounced he, drawing from a small gold box a violet lozenge, which he dogmatically sucked.

Then he turned to the mantel-piece, where he wrote a long prescription; while, prowling and hovering about him, Grandmother Petunia inquired with quavering voice:—

"How much longer, doctor? She grows worse and worse, does she not, in your opinion? All will soon be over?"

The doctor wagged his head with an afflicted air.

"Do you think she will last the week?"

He did not commit himself.

"Longer than tomorrow, eh?"

He was silent.

"Ah! mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" choked his questioner in a whisper, lifting her cambric handkerchief to wipe away the tears that would not come; and, the man of science having departed, she returned to her post at the bedside of grandmother Giroflée, sitting motionless in feigned despair.

Now, I remember it very clearly, I was in the center of the room, constructing card-castles on the carpet, and the two women maintained silence some minutes after that,—a cold, wicked silence,—when suddenly the lips of the poor sick woman opened, and wandering, in a state of ineffable ecstasy, she murmured these words:—

"Paul, dear Paul, I shall soon be with you! How happy I am!"

Grandmother Petunia started violently.

"Paul!" repeated she, the tears coming into her eyes as a sudden memory thrilled her heart. "Paul! Why, I, I too, had a Paul!" And suddenly seized with an inexplicable tenderness, with an unlooked-for gratitude towards the one who had thus awakened her own memory, "Oh, Mammy Giroflée," she pleaded, "come back to life, and tell me about your Paul; I want to talk to you of mine!"

"Paul!" repeated the invalid, sitting bolt upright in bed, quite revived by this unlooked-for demand. "Paul was a terrible hussar, whom I first saw in a band of musicians in that part of the park at Versailles called the 'Nook of the Flirting Nymphs.' He had a fierce moustache that pierced my very heart with its point, and I fainted dead away in his arms when he murmured certain words in my ear with his warm, sunny voice."

"Paul," caught up the other, in a tone of exalted enthusiasm, "Paul had lips pulsating with passionate tenderness. He was a wonderful dragoon, whom I met every evening in the Mendon Wood, along the Turtle-doves' Walk. His eyes were clear and glowing like a tiger's, and the moon flashed her silvery rays upon his horse-tail helmet, while his long saber trailed on the ground!"

"Twenty years old was my brave soldier; he had been in four campaigns and had ten wounds. Half

killed by a shell at Lutzen, his feet nearly frozen on the way through Beresina, he looked so weak and frail that I held him in my arms, begging him to die on my breast, as a fond mother might her child!"

"Mine was barely nineteen years of age, and had only just enlisted the year before. But during the Hundred Days' war, at Ligny, Fleurus, Waterloo, the blood of his comrades had spouted upon his face, baptizing him with courage and valor! With arms entwined, we sang *ritornelles* through the copse-wood, and in all purity I put my lips to his, as a child might have kissed a kind grandfather that guided her steps!"

"But, best of all, Petunia, was his love! To prove it, he would have let himself be hacked to pieces, as fine,—as fine, indeed, as mince-meat!"

"My darling would have died for my sake, Giroflée! for me, in fact, he did take a sword thrust in his breast, and hung between life and death a whole month!"

The two women were silent, totally lost in their sweet, heart-rending reminiscences.

"There is nothing like the red pantaloons, my dear!" concluded the first, renewing decidedly her interest in life and desire to live.

And as the second acquiesced, they fell into a long embrace, hopeful of living to recount their tales of yesterday, forgetful of their ancient quarrels, in the communion of a trembling kiss.

Thereupon, deeply moved at this reconciliation, I threw myself into their arms, hugging them violently, like the good little grandson that I was; swearing that I, too, would be a soldier when I grew up. And reverently I thank them, the lovely grandmothers, the old darlings in lace and gewgaws, and multi-colored ribbons, for rearing me, as they did, amid the noblest, the proudest, the most endearing and the most touching souvenirs of the Grand Army!

*Alma Blakeman Jones.*

### Acrostic.

TO THE DISCOVERER OF JUPITER'S FIFTH MOON.

By the earliest telescope's magic aid,  
A sight of four bright moons was made,  
Round Jupiter moving fast.  
Numberless years have since rolled by,  
Astronomers all have searched the sky,  
Revealing naught, till Barnard's eye  
Discovered the fifth at last.

*Frank H. Duke-Smith.*

### Charles D. Poston.

THE following sketch of the author of the Apache Land articles that begin in this number has been in print, but may add interest to the articles.

Colonel Charles D. Poston was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, April 20, 1825. At twelve years of age he was placed in the County Clerk's office, and served an apprenticeship of seven years, learning

the rudiments of law. He then passed three years in the office of the Supreme Court of Tennessee at Nashville; studied law and was licensed to practice.

Upon the acquisition of California he joined the Argonauts, and was honored with a first-class appointment in the Custom House at San Francisco. Upon the conclusion of the treaty with Mexico for the purchase of Arizona, he embarked with a company of about thirty men for exploration of the new territory, arriving at Guaymas in January, 1854. After examining the territory and taking specimens of its mineral wealth he returned to California, and thence by Panama to Washington, where he spent the year 1855.

In 1856 he returned to Arizona with a company and funds for opening the silver mines, and continued this arduous and dangerous occupation until relieved by Gen. Heintzelman, (the president of the company,) in 1858, when he entered the office of the company in New York. Upon the commencement of the Civil War he was in charge of the company's business in Arizona, with a plant which had cost nearly a million dollars. When the country was abandoned by the United States troops, and after sad havoc by Mexicans, Indians, and Americans, he left the country in ruins, with only one companion, (Professor Pumpelly,)—*vide* "Across America and Asia." Repairing to Washington he served awhile as Volunteer Aid to his old friend General Heintzelman.

In 1863 he was appointed by President Lincoln Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Arizona. Upon the organization of civil government in Arizona he

was elected first delegate to Congress. At the conclusion of his term he made the tour of Europe; visited the Paris Exposition of 1867, and wrote a little book called "Europe in the Summer Time." Returning to Washington he resumed the practice of law in partnership with Judge Botts of California, but the delays of Washington jurisprudence were irksome to an impetuous nature. When the news of the Burlingame Chinese Embassy came over the wires it fired an old ambition to see "the splendor and havoc of Asia," and he obtained an honorary commission from Mr. Seward to visit Asia in the ostensible interest of "Immigration and Irrigation," and was also commissioned as bearer of despatches from the Chinese Embassy to the Emperor of China. He was accompanied on the voyage by his old friend and traveling companion, Hon. J. Ross Browne, United States Minister to China.

Before the inauguration of President Hayes he was appointed by President Grant Register of the Land Office in Arizona. He also served as United States Consular Agent at Nogales, Mexico, and Military Agent at El Paso. For the past five years in Washington he has been engaged in promoting the interest of irrigation by the government on the arid lands of the West,—a measure destined to produce more good results than any enterprise since the construction of the Pacific Railways. Since October, 1890, Agent of Department of Agriculture, Phoenix, Arizona, President of the "Arizona Historical Society," Member of the Society of the "Sons of American Revolution," Councilor of "The American Institute of Civics," etc.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

### Hancock's Chile.<sup>1</sup>

IN ACCORD with the promise made when Markham's "History of Peru" was published, that there should follow a series of works on the Latin American Republics, comes Hancock's *History of Chile*. Markham's Peru was a notable piece of good historical work, on a subject but little known (in spite of Prescott) to the general American reader. The publishers announce that the Peruvian congress voted the author a gold medal, and authorized a Spanish edition, and that it has been generally adopted in the Peruvian institutions of higher learning. That surely is endorsement enough, and if Markham gained it for his *History*, Hancock ought to have no less from the Chileans. It is not probable that he will attain it, however; for the Chilean nation is far less likely to place so signal a crown on a foreign

head than the Peruvians. But Mr. Hancock may be content to have deserved success where he may not receive its rewards, and will no doubt gain sufficient credit in English-speaking countries.

The first thing the man of "average ignorance" must do in taking up a South American history, is to turn to the map and make a patient study of the country of which he is to read. This, and the careful reading of the chapters on the physical geography of the region, is necessary, if he is not often to find himself reading words, words, words.

The story of Chile is not less filled with romantic interest than that of Peru. In place of reading of horrors wrought on unresisting natives, easily enslaved, there is the long and stirring story of the wars with the Araucanian Indians, a tribe so warlike, so indomitable, that all these centuries it has been a square stand-up fight between them and the men of Spanish blood. Now one party and now another had the advantage, and admiration for unflinching

<sup>1</sup> A History of Chile. By Anson Uriel Hancock. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co.: 1893.

courage is roused, rather than any sense of pity. Failing to conquer these warlike foes, the Spanish in Chile did better, they assimilated them. It is the Araucanian blood, quite as much as the effect of the more bracing climate, that has enabled little Chile to dictate terms to her less robust but vastly larger neighbors.

Coming down to more recent times, Mr. Hancock's judicious work stands out in clear relief. The Ballinacada campaign, the Baltimore incident, and all that pertains to the story of those troublous days, have been so befogged and confused by the ink thrown out by human cuttlefishes that it is a delight to read the narrative in the calm, clear statement that the historian makes. True, it makes the story seem cold and incomplete to us who have heard every detail wrangled over with partisan fury, and yet we know that this ignoring of petty matters is the only way to get the real proportions of the recent events, as compared with those that have gone before. It is possible, no doubt, to pick flaws in Mr. Hancock's work; as, for instance (p. 386), when he puts arithmetic behind him, and says that Chile is 2660 miles long, and varies from forty to one hundred miles in breadth, and has an area of 294,000 square miles. But picking flaws does not alter the fact that, as a whole, the work is done in a careful and scholarly manner.

The story of Chile is full of hope. The whole narrative is one of progress,—of late years very rapid progress,—and the outlook it leaves before us is of a coming day of great prosperity. It is worth while to make friends with the nation occupying this narrow strip of coastline on the South Pacific, for sure it is that any problem that touches South American affairs at all cannot be settled without reckoning with Chile.

### The Book of the Fair.<sup>1</sup>

PARTS Eleven and Twelve of Bancroft's great *Book of the Fair* finish what remained unsaid about the Electricity Building and its exhibits in Part Ten, treat of the Horticultural and Forestry buildings, and invade the Mines and Mining Building. In the two Parts under review there are seventy-nine imperial folio pages (twelve by sixteen inches), and one hundred and eighty-five half-tone cuts, varying in size from quarter to whole pages,—of the latter there are eleven. Five years ago such a mammoth undertaking would have been impossible from the point of illustrating alone. The full beauty of these illustrations can only be appreciated by seeing them. They show the possibilities of the improved processes when no expense is spared to make them perfect. The full

<sup>1</sup>The Book of the Fair. Parts XI-XII. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. The History Company. San Francisco and Chicago: 1894.

page illustration of the Franklin Statue, of the North Front of the Electricity Building, of the famous Edison Electric Tower, and the East Entrance of the Horticultural Building, are samples of the engraver's art of which Americans may well be proud.

The text of the book is worthy of the illustrations, and shows a thorough and sympathetic appreciation of the greatness of the Exposition.

Mr. Bancroft assures the public that the "Popular Edition," when complete, will consist of twenty-five parts, of forty pages each, and will contain over 2,000 illustrations printed on finest enameled paper. The Parts, it is worth noting, are only \$1 each, which is one of its many surprises; but to counterbalance this excess of cheapness our attention is called to an Author's Edition that sells for \$1000. Then there are a \$500, a \$250, and a \$150 Edition, which cause one to wonder at Mr. Bancroft's superb faith, while admiring him for his success.

### Briefer Notice.

COLONEL ALBERT A. POPE has compiled a most interesting little work on "*The Bicycle in Relation to Health*."<sup>1</sup> It is simply a symposium of the leading physicians in the United States on the much discussed question. In his preface he says:—

"Few persons, however, realize the great work of the bicycle in relation to health, in its being the instrument by means of which the promotion of the betterment of the highways is obtained, and no one can deny the physical benefit arising from good roads. The physician sees the good arising from easy means of communication, which enables riding to be a pleasure, and thus keeps people in the open air; and no one knows better than the physician the necessity of easy communication between the doctor and patient, as oftentimes the delays caused by bad roads have caused fatal results."

<sup>1</sup>The Bicycle in Relation to Health. By Albert A. Pope. Pope Manufacturing Co.: Boston: 1894.

### Books Received.

Exporters' Handbook of Mexico. By Phillip G. Roeder. Cleveland, Ohio: Published by the Author: 1894.

Suggestive Essays on Various Subjects. By "Ormond." Chicago: Blakely Pub. Co.: 1894.

Report of Commissioner of Education, 1890-1891. Government Printing Office: 1894.

The Dawn of a New Era in America. By Bushrod W. James, A. M., M. D. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates: 1894.

Koradine Letters. By Alice B. Stockham. Chicago: Alice B. Stockham Co.: 1893.

Newton Booth. By Lauren E. Crane. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1894.

# Overland Monthly

Vol. XXIV. (Second Series).—August, 1894.—No. 140

## AS TALKED IN THE SANCTUM.

BY THE EDITOR.



PROMPTLY the last dissenting voice — the Poet's — was hushed when the Business Manager rose up and reported that, owing to the non-receipt of the New York advertising for the present number of the OVERLAND, it would probably be necessary to pay the monthly wages of the Sanctum with I. O. U's.

We had been discussing the Strike.

I think on June 28 we were all more or less secretly in sympathy with the American Railway Union, in its efforts to compel a millionaire to pay his employees their former wages, but by July 13th, (Collection Day,) we were openly ashamed of that sympathy. Each had been quietly figuring up how much the Strike had cost him individually. There was no buncombe or mistake for effect in our figures; they were cold, hard facts; the advertising patronage of our magazine had fallen off nearly \$500, and the subscriptions had for the time almost entirely ceased; possibly from want of ready money on the part of would-be subscribers, but obviously from the want of mail facilities. In the light of these facts, we felt that as a body of American citizens we had contributed more than our quota toward the defiance of law and order, and had as good a right as any one to snarl.

This is what the Poet had been saying just before the Business Manager made his report.

The Poet. "When a body of 3,000 skilled craftsmen find that they cannot live on the wages they are receiving from their employer, and find that reason or facts count for nothing with him, then I say they are fully justified in "striking," in using every means within their power to compel the said employer to increase their wages to a living figure. They cannot hope to leave quietly and find employment elsewhere. In the first place, the country is overrun with the 'unemployed,' and in the second place the majority of them know but one business,— in the present instance the making of Pullman and other cars. They

play the old, old game of 'dog in the manger,' in hopes of bettering their condition. I am thoroughly in sympathy with the A. R. U."

Then came the Business Manager's report and the flushed face of the Poet paled; he realized that all hopes of his annual trip to the Yosemite were shattered. We respected his feelings, and he kept silence from that time on.

THE present Strike has become something more than a personal matter between employee and employer, between wage-earner and capitalist, between the principles of a railroad company and the principles of a labor union. It has become a national question, and an international one. Our very constitution and theory of government are on trial, as they were during the Civil War. If fifty or two hundred thousand men can defy law, ignore statutes, and laugh at our army, then who is responsible for the enforcement of the remainder of the laws in our statute book, among the rest of the citizens of the same country? If at any time a minority of the tax-payers can throw the business of the entire country into confusion for two weeks or a month, in order to enforce a demand that they are making on some corporation or company, then where do the rights of the majority come in, and what are the functions of the Executive Department of the Government? These are some of the questions that Europe is flinging in our faces, and we are unable to answer.

If Mr. Pullman is infringing on the rights and liberties of three thousand American citizens, by unjustly withholding from them a share of their honest wages, then there should be some power strong enough to handle him without apologies; if Mr. Debs finds that in his judgment there is no law except for the rich, and takes it upon himself to lay down a law, and enforce it regardless of consequences, then he should be made to know that there is in the land a power greater than he.

In brief, let it be known that the Sanctum resolves that in a republic, where it is not in accordance with the provisions of the constitution to centralize the power in the hands of its ruler, that Congress, as the so-called representative of the people, should be given authority to become a final arbitrator between labor and capital, with full power to settle disputes relating to wages, time, etc., and full right to punish the offending party in every instance.

The Reader. "Which means confiscation of property for the capitalist if he refuses, and the enslavement of the wage-earner if he does not accept the ultimatum of the board of arbitration. Which I think is the reason why both sides in the present controversy claim there is nothing to arbitrate."

The Parson (emphatically). "And who is to punish Congress in case its decisions become foregone conclusions?"

The Contributor. "The Press!"

The Parson smiled sadly, and pointed to the editorial columns of nearly all the leading city journals.

The Parson. "In my humble opinion the Press, whose name the good Contributor pronounces with such a majestic ring, is as much to blame for the magnitude of the Strike as are Debs and its most sanguinary leaders. Had it adopted a conciliatory tone from the first, and united in calling upon the President to join hands with it, and see that justice was awarded where justice was asked for, and reminded these deluded 'free-born American citizens' that



'Liberty exists in proportion to wholesome restraint,' we should have been delivered from the humiliating spectacle of being held up to the jeers and I-told-you-so's of every monarchy of Europe.

"The papers have fanned the first sparks into a blaze, and it would seem that for a little momentary gain in their subscription lists, or local hatred for a particular railroad, they were only willing to desist when blood was actually shed and lives lost. The newspapers have steadily refused to see that the Railroad had a principle at stake as well as the strikers. They forgot that if any body of men could dictate to a company what cars, air brakes, or boiler compounds it should or should not use, it becomes virtually the days of the Commune over again, when a mob could stand outside the halls of legislation and dictate what laws should and what should not be passed.

"I think that the present Strike has been more popular with the masses because it was defiance of a man whose patent, while it was a great luxury, was a subject of almost universal dislike on account of high rates and incompetent porters. A strike against an automatic coupler, or even a locomotive, would never have appealed to the public in the same way. In conclusion, I herewith indict certain papers of the daily press, whose names shall be unmentionable, for encouraging and sustaining law-breakers and civil rebels."

The Contributor. "I trust the Parson will not make his utterances public: we are not in a position to fight or even rebuke the Press. We have lost enough by the Strike; let us not offend the mighty fourth estate, and so make enemies for the future. In any case, I think it is rather to be pitied than railed at; in the words of the Poet's poet, Tom Moore, it is 'beholding heaven, and feeling hell.'"

The Parson. "The polite Contributor would never do to serve on a Congressional arbitration committee. The Sanctum's resolution falls to the ground, and I would plaintively ask, Where are we at?"

THE discussion waxed hot when the reports of the revolting act of the dastards who ditched the train near Sacramento, and thereby killed and wounded a half dozen innocent guards, were brought into the Sanctum, and grew lukewarm when the report that Debs had ordered the Strike off was made public; but with all its degrees and ramifications it always ended with the unanimous verdict, that in order to make laws effective and law-breaking impossible, the execution of law should be placed in hands which are as powerful as they are decisive. The assassinations of President Carnot or Mayor Harrison, the throwing bombs into the House of Deputies, or the derailment of a train in California, are made possible by the crass ignorance of a mob, the fanatical definition of the word "liberty," and the timid application of laws to protect life and property. That Debs and his sympathizers honestly believe themselves right, is no more excuse for them than it was for Benedict Arnold, or Guiteau, Prendergast, Santo, and their apologists. The Great Strike of the American Railway Union has passed into history; may the future generations of law-makers profit by the lessons it has taught.

As for the Sanctum Circle, it has learned its lesson. Its sympathies will be in the future on the side of law and order, even if at times it seems that the law is weak and unjust. Strikes, boycotts, uprisings, only lead to anarchy and

treason, and in the end destroy our good name at home and abroad. It is sick and disgusted with these mouthings about "Liberty" and "Free-born American citizens." It holds that lovers of true liberty are lovers of law and lovers of country.

THE sun broke through the gray mist which hung about our aerial windows, and which had been responsible to a large extent for the latent spirit of vindictiveness that threatened our collective peace of mind. The Artist we could hear in the adjoining room, explaining in a hopeless, apathetic kind of a way to an ambitious miss that it was impossible to buy more than twelve poppy tail-pieces a month,—that her pen-and-ink poppies were most charming, but that even Californians would resent a special poppy number.

The Miss. "It is a great disappointment to me. I did so want to surprise papa."

The Artist, who had once or twice in his lifetime allowed his sympathies to carry him into aiding a fair poppy-maker "surprise papa," smiled sadly.

The cheapness of illustrations, and the widespread demand for them in magazines and weeklies, have been the means of bringing to light many a flower that was born to blush unseen. The embryo artist, from the school-girl to her teacher, strives from time to time to enter the magazine field in competition with the professional. We can always tell by the Artist's far-away smile that he has had a tearful interview with one of these ambitious aspirants.

The Artist. "More poppies drawn with a lead pencil on pebble-board and Whatman paper. It is as ridiculous as the Parson's use of two negatives, or our pet American grammatical 'bull,'—'He don't care,' and the use of 'don't' generally in the place of 'does n't.'"

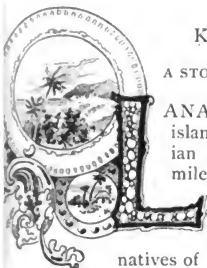
"My dear, clever, young friend,—" began the outraged Parson, while the rest of us held our breath, "your remarks are—" but providentially there came the usual interruption.

The Office Boy. "Proof."



## KAALA, THE FLOWER OF LANAI.

A STORY OF THE TIME OF KAMEHAMEHA THE GREAT.



LANAI, one of the small islands of the Hawaiian group, lies a few miles west of Maui.

Although this story is but a legend among the

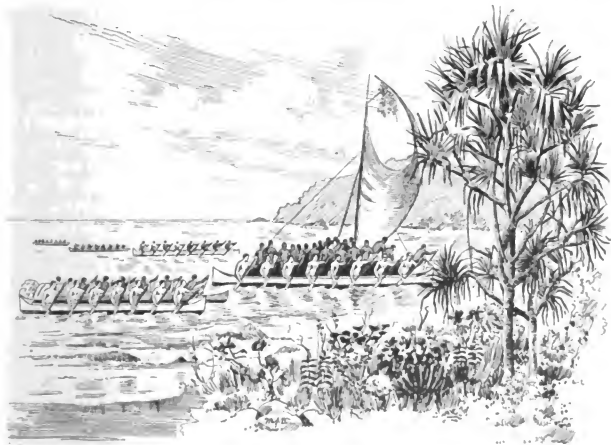
natives of Lanai, there is every reason to suppose it founded on fact. Those who may care to brave the sea gods and dive into the spouting cave, may see bones which are connected by unvarying tradition to the characters with whom they are associated in the legend

The ancient Hawaiians were a strange, interesting people. Their taboos, houses of refuge, gods, human sacrifices, religion and myths, their delight in blood,—all are comparatively unknown to Eng-

lish readers. And as the present fragmentary population has lost the fire and energy of the ancient people, and is rapidly passing away, anything that recalls a picture of this race before the destroying hand of civilization fell upon it must be of more than passing interest.

## I.

LANAI is an island of many legends, stories, and songs. It was the first-born of the goddess Pahulu, and the gods of the kanakas of the olden times, coming from Tahiti, first set foot on its shores. Here dwelt Kane, the great god, who crossed the seas from the western isles, and who, when named Jane, had a still older home in Asia, the motherland of gods and men. His kindred, Kanekoa,



THE KING CAME WITH HIS FLEETS OF WAR CANOES.

Kaneloa, and those fish gods, the Nepetunes of the Pacific, had their chosen seat among the bold bluffs upon the ocean-beaten coast of Ululauu, the ancient name of Lanai. It was a sacred isle, and its central land, named Kealia Kapu, or tabooed Kealia was a pahonua, or place of refuge.

Upon its soil, and that of the bordering land of Kaunolu, are the remains of a great temple, which was once a shelter to the fugitive, vanquished warrior, to the servant fleeing from a chief's anger, and even to the victim escaping from bloody sacrifice. Its ruins are still revered by ancient inhabitants of the isle. When Kamehameha V. visited the island, the natives at his command moved and hid away its great stone fish god. But even in these days anxious fishermen have been known to make secret offerings within the temple grounds to propitiate the olden deities of the seas.

This temple, or Heiau of Kaunolu, is on the southwestern coast of Lanai. Its ruins lie within the mouth of a deep ravine, whose extending banks run out into the sea, and form a bold, bluff-bound bay. On the top of the western bank there is a stone-paved platform, called the Kuaha, or Floor of Offering. Outside of this and separated by a narrow alley-way there runs a broad, high wall, which quite encircles the Kuaha. Other walls and structures lead down the bank, and the slope is terraced and paved down to the sea.

At the beach there is a break; a great block of the bluff has been rent away by some earth shake, and stands out like a lone tower, divided from the main land by a gulf of the sea. Its high red walls beetle from their tops, up to which neither kanaka nor goat can climb. But you can behold on the flat summit of this islet bluff portions of ancient work, of altars and walls, and no doubt a part of the mainland temple, to which this fragment was once joined. Only the sea birds know what relics of the past

are entombed on that strange sepulchre. Inland from the main temple there are many remains of the hales, or grass houses, of the people of the past. And stone foundations, enclosures for swine, round earth ovens, and other traces of a throng of people, cover many acres of beach and hill-side. This was a town famed as an abode of gods and a refuge for those who fled for their lives. Many came on account of the fame of its fishing grounds, which swarmed with kala, ohua, bonito, and the varied life of the Hawaiian seas.

To this famed fishing ground came the great hero of Hawaii to tax the deep, when he had subdued this and the other isles. He came with his fleets of war canoes; with his faithful koas, or warriors; with his chiefs, and priests, and women, and their trains. He had a hale here. Upon the craggy bluff that forms the eastern bank of the bay there is a lonely pa, or wall, and stones of an ancient halepakui, or fort, overlooking the temple, town, and bay. The kanaka of this day speaks of it with subdued voice, and he steps carefully around this ground as he points out to you the Lanai home of the conqueror of the eight lands, Kamehameha the Great.

The Conqueror came to Kealia for sport rather than for worship. Who so loved to throw the maika ball, or hurl the spear, or thrust aside the many javelins flung at his naked breast, as the chief of Kohala? He rode gladly on the crests of the surf waves. He delighted to drive his canoe alone out in the storm. He fought with the monsters of the deep as well as with men. He captured the great mano, the shark that abounds in the bay; and he would clutch in the fearful grip of his hands the deadly puihi, the great-jawed eel or snake of the sea, the terror of fish and men. Hence his dread name of Puihikapa, the Devourer of the Seas.

When this warrior king came to Kaunolu the islanders thronged to the shore

to pay their homage to the great chief, and to lay at the feet of their king, as they do now on the visit of the sovereign, the products of the isle—the taro, yam, pala, cocoanut, banana, and sweet potato. They piled up a mound of food before the door of the king's pakui, along with a clamorous multitude

kui; they were placed on the necks of the young warriors, who stood around the chief; and round his royal brows they twined an odorous crown of maile.

The brightest of the girlish throng that stood before the dread "Lord of the Isles" was Kaala, or Sweet Scented, whose fifteen suns had just burnished



KAAIALII'S HOME.

of fat poi-fed dogs, and of fathom-long swine.

Besides this tribute of the men, the workers of the land, the women filled the air with the sweet odors of their floral offerings. The maidens were twined from head to waist with leis or wreaths of manu, which is Lanai's own lovely jasmin—a rare gardenia, whose sweet aroma lades the breeze and leads you to the bush when seeking it afar off. These garlands were fastened to the plaited pili thatch of the king's pa-

her sweet brown face with a soft golden gloss; and her large, round, tender eyes knew yet no wilting fires. Her neck and arms, and all her young body not covered by the leafy pau, were tinted with a soft sheen like unto a rising moon. Her skin glowed with the glory of youth, and mingled its delicate odor of health with the blooms of the groves, so that the perfume of her presence received fittingly the name of Fragrance.

In those rude days the island race was sound and clean. Their smooth, shining

skins reflected back their sun, which gave them such a rich dusky charm. For the race was fair and strong in the days when it was nude. It must have lived its life with less harm than now, because then it loved and lived and knew no sin. Now it knows, and dies.

The sweet Kaala stood mindless of harm, as the playful breeze rustled the long blades of the lai leaf, hanging like a bundle of green swords from her; and as they twirled and fluttered in the air, the soft rounded form was revealed, whose charm filled the eye and heart of one who stood among the braves of the great chief,—the heart of the stout young warrior, Kaaialii, or Food for Kings.

Maunalei was Lanai's last bloody battle. Here Kamehameha conquered the islanders. Kaaialii had raged at the slaughter. With his long-reaching spear wielded with sinewy arms, he urged the flying foe to the top of a fearful cliff, and mocking the cries of a huddled crowd of panic-scared men, he drove them with thrusts and shouts till they leaped like frightened sheep into the deep chasm. Kaaialii, like many a butcher of his kind, was comely to see. With the lion's heart, he had the lion's tawny hue. A swart grace beamed beneath his curling brows. He had the small firm hand to throttle or caress, and eyes full of fire for hate or love. Love's flame now lit the face of the hero of the bloody leap, and he said:—

"O, King of all the Isles! Let this sweet flower be mine, rather than the valley thou gavest me for my domain."

Said the Parrier of Five Spears:—

"Thou shalt plant the Lanai jasmine in the valley I gave in Kohala. But another claims our daughter,—the stout Bone-Breaker, the scarred Mailou. My spearman of Maunalei can have no fear; and thou shalt wrestle with him. Let the one whose arms can clasp the girl after the fight carry her to his hale."

The poor flower, the careless gift of

savage power, held up her hands with frightened gesture at the dread name of the breaker of bones; for she had heard how he, with a never-sated gorge for lust and blood, had sucked the breath of many a dainty bloom like her, then crunched the wilted blossom with sinews of hate, and flung it into the shark's devouring maw. And the Lanai maiden loved the young lancer of Hawaii. He had, indeed, pierced her people, but only the tender darts of his eyes had wounded her. Turning to him, she looked her savage, quick young love, and said:—

"O, Food for Kings! May thy grip be as sure as thy thrust. Save me from the bloody virgin-eater, and I will catch the squid and beat the tappa for thee all my days."

## II.

"Now let the men of strength strive for the fragrant blossom," said Kamehameha.

The hero of eight isles sat under the shade of a leafy kou, the royal tree of olden time, which has faded away with the chiefs it once sheltered. On the smooth shell floor, covered with the hala mat, stood the bare-limbed contestants, stripped to the waist, who with hot eyes of hate shot out their rage of lust and hate and blood, and stretched out their strangling arms.

Said the wide-jawed, scar-browed Bone-Breaker: "Thou, Food for Kings, I will make thee food for pigs. Thou didst stab and slash the backs of flying men, but I will break thine upon my knee. Then, before thy groans are done, I will cast thy carcass to a hungry boar; and as he tears thy wounds and rips thy paunch thou shalt see me wanton with thy love before thy dying eyes."

Replied thus the hero of the bloody leap: "Thou breaker of the bones of girls! Thou shalt now feel the hug of a man who will squeeze the breath out of



THE TEMPLE OF REFUGE.

thy vile throat; and after thy foul, blotched hide has been torn and smeared by swine, thou shalt join the wretches thou didst slay in the gorge of the great shark in the bay."

And now, drawing near to each, with arms uplifted, and outspread palms with sinewy play, like nerry claws trying to clutch or grip, they seek a chance for a deadly clinch. Swift the scarred child-strangler has sprung with his right to the young spearman's throat, but he as quickly hooks the lunging arm within the crook of his, and with a quick, sledge-like blow breaks the shoulder bone of the wide-jawed. With fury baffled, Bone-Breaker grips with uncrippled hand; but now two stout young arms, tense with rage, soon twist and

break the one unaided limb. Then with limp arms the beaten brute turns to flee; but swift hate is upon him. Clutching him by the throat, and pressing him down, the champion of Kaala holds his knee to the hapless wretch's back, and strains and jerks until the jointed bones snap and break, and the dread throttler of girls and babies lies dead on the mat.

"Good!" cries Puhikapa, the strangler of the sea snake; "our son has the strength of Kanekoa. Now let our daughter soothe the limbs of her lover. Let her stroke his skin, press his joints, and knead his back with the loving grip and touch of her lomi-lomi. We will have a great bake with the hula and the song, and when the feast is over, then shall one tappa cover the two."

A line of hags squat down. They croon their wild refrain, praising the one who wins in strife and love. They seize in their right hand the painted gourd, clattering with pebbles inside. They whirl it aloft, they shake, they swing, they strike their hands, they thump the mat; and now with supple joints they twirl their loins, and with heave and twist, and with swing and song, the hula, or savage dance, goes on. Kaala stood up with the maiden throng, the tender gifts of kings. They twined their wreaths, they swayed, and poised their shining arms; and flapping with their hands the leafy skirts, revealed their rounded forms. The sight fires the gaze of the men, and the hero of the day with flaming eyes springs and clasps his love, crying as he bears her away,—

"Thou shalt dance in my hut in Kohala for me alone, forever."

At this a stout and grizzled man of the isle lifts up his voice and wails. Thus wailed out Opunui, the father of Kaala:

"Kaala, my child, is gone. Who will soothe my limbs when I return from spearing the ohua? And who shall feed me with taro and bread fruit like the Chief of Olowalu, when I have no virgin to give away? I must hide from the Chief or I die."

But a fierce hate stirred the heart of the man. His aikane, or friend, was driven over the cliff at Maunalei, and he, Opunui, had only lived by crawling at the feet of the destroyer. He hid his hate, and planned to balk the killer of his people by stealing away Kaala. He said in his heart, "I will hide her where none but the fish gods and I shall know."

So next morn, when the girl with ruddy brown cheeks, glowing with the brightening dawn of love, stood in the doorway of the lodge of her lord, and her face was sparkling with the sheen from the god of day as he rose out of Maui from out of the House of the Sun, her sire, in humble guise, stood forth and said:—

"My child, thy mother at Mahana is dying. Pray my lord, thy love, that thou mayest see her once more before his canoe shall bear thee to his great land."

"Alas!" said the tender child, "since when is Kalani ill? I shall carry to her this large, sweet fish, speared by my lord; and when I have rubbed her aching limbs, she will be well again with the love-touch of her child. Yes, my lord will let me go. Wilt thou not, O Kaaialii? Wilt thou not let me go to give my mother a last embrace? I shall be back again before the moon has twice spanned the bay."

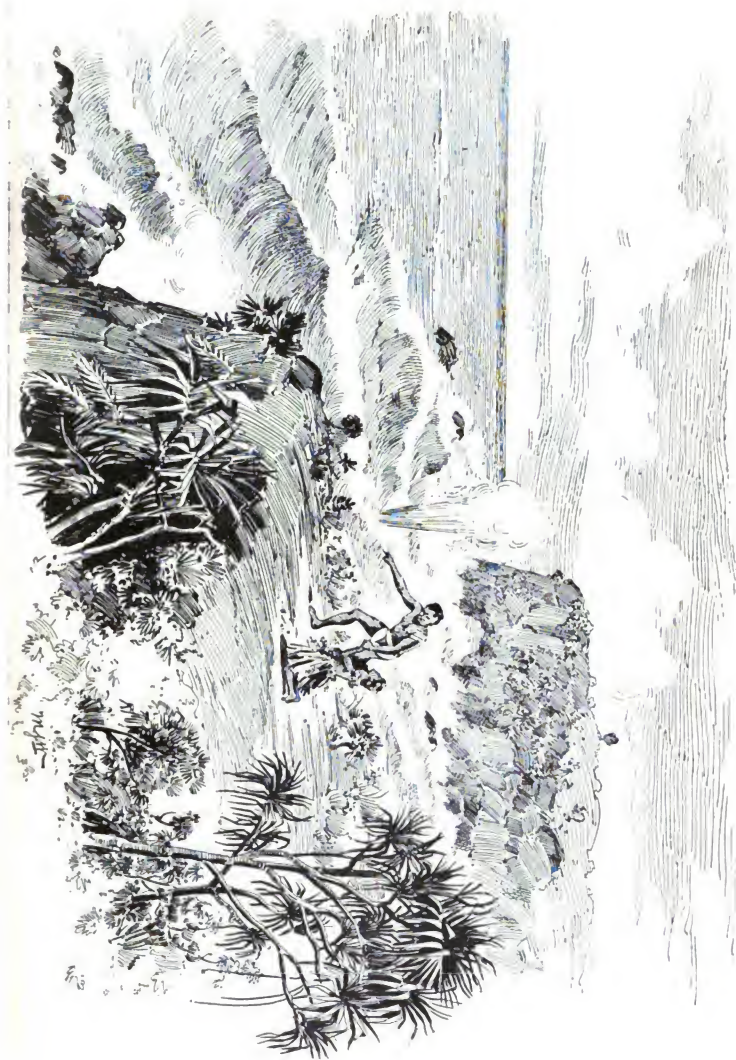
The hero clasped his young love with one stout twining arm, and gazing into her eyes, with a caressing hand he put back from her brow her shining hair, and thus to his heart's life he spoke: "O, my sweet flower, the bright jasmin of Lanai's grand vale! How shall I live without thee, even for this day's march of sun? But no; let me say not so: Kaaialii is a chief that has fought men and sharks, and he must not speak like a girl. He, too, loves his mother, who looks for her son in the valley of Kohala; and shall he deny thy mother to look her last upon the sweet face and the tender limbs that she fed and reared for him? Go, my Kaala. But thy chief will sit and watch with hungering heart until thou come back to his arms again."

And the pretty Jasmin twined her arms around his neck, and laying her cheek upon his breast, said with upturned glances:—

"O, my chief, who gave me life and sweet joy; thy breath is my breath, thy eyes are my sweetest sight, thy breast is my only resting place. And when I go away, I shall all the way look back to thee, and go slowly with a backward turned heart; but when I return to thee, I shall have wings to bear me to my sweet lord."

"Here, Opunui," cried Kaaialii, "take thy child. Thou gavest life to her, but now she gives life to me. Bring her







SHE GASPS HER LAST THROBS OF LOVE.

back well, ere the sun has risen twice out of his house on Maui. If she comes not soon, I shall die ; but I should slay thee before I died ; therefore, O Opunui, hasten thy going and coming."

And now the hero unclasps the weeping girl. His eye was calm, but his shut lips showed the work within of a strong and tender heart of love. He felt the ache of a larger woe than this short parting. He pressed the little head between his firm palms, he kissed the sobbing lips again and again ; he gave one strong clasp, heart to heart, and then quickly strode away.

### III.

As KAALA tripped along the stony uphill path, she glanced backward on her way, and beheld her chief standing on the topmost rock of the great bluff overhanging the sea. And still as she went and looked, still there he stood. The silent sire and the weeping child

soon trod the green vale of Palawai. She cared not now to pluck, as was her wont, the flowers in her path ; but thought she would stop awhile, as she came back to twine the salvia and ilima in a wreath for her dear lord's neck.

They passed through the groves of Kalulu and Kumoku, and now the man swerved from the path leading to Mahana, and turned his face again seaward. At this the sad and silent child looked up into the face of her grim and sullen sire and said,—

"Father, we shall not find mother on this path, but we shall lose our way and come to the sea once more."

And thus answered Opunui : "And thy mother is by the sea, by the bay of Kaumalapau. There she gathers limpets on the rocks. She has dried a large squid of Palawai for thee. She has pounded some taro of Maunalei, and filled her calabash with poi, and would feed thee once more. She is not sick ; but had I said she was well, thy lord

would not have let thee go; but now thou art on the way to sleep with thy mother by the sea."

The poor girl now trudged on with a doubting heart. She glanced sadly at her dread sire's moody eye. Silent and sad, she trod the stony path leading down to the shore, and when she came to the beach with naught in view but the rocks and sea, her heart misgave her.

"Oh, my father," she said with bursting heart; "is the shark to be my mother, and am I never to see my dear chief more?"

"Hear the truth," cried Opunui; "thy home for a time is, indeed, in the sea, and the shark shall be thy mate, but he shall not harm thee. Thou goest down where the sea-god lives, and he shall tell thee that the accursed chief of the bloody leap shall not carry away any daughter of Lanai. When he has sailed for Kohala, then shall the chief of Olowalu come and bring thee to earth again."

As the fierce sire spoke, he seized the hand of Kaala, and unheeding her sobs and cries, led her along the rugged shore to a point eastward of the bay where the beating sea makes the rocky shore tremble. Here was a boiling gulf, a fret and foam of the sea, and a huge jet of brine and spray from a spouting cave whose mouth lay deep beneath the battling tide. See yon advancing billow! The south wind sends it surging along. It strikes the mouth of the cave, and with an earthquake's force drives and packs the pent-up air within. But now the tightened air rebounds, and driving back the ramming sea, bursts forth, Bouff! With a roar like the thunder of heaven, a huge spout of sea leaps upward, and then comes curving down in a gentle silver spray.

The fearful child and her father now stood on the cliff far above this surging cauldron of waters. Kaala clasped the knees of her savage sire.

"Not there, O father," she wailed; "the sea-snake has his home in the cave, and he will bite and tear me; and ere I die, the crawling crabs will creep over me and pick out my weeping eyes. Alas, O father, better give me to the shark, and then my cry and moan will not hurt thy ear."

But all unheeding, the fierce kanaka clasped the slender girl with one swart arm, and with a bound leaped into the foam, fathoms below. They disappeared in the surge. Downward with a dolphin's ease he moved, and with his free arm cleaving the brine he moved along the ocean bed into the sea-cave's jaws, and now stemming with stiffened sinew the wind-driven tide he swam onward, until he struck a sunless beach. Then he stood upright in the cave whose entrance is beneath the sea. Here was a broad dry space, with a lofty, salt-icicled roof. The green, translucent sea, as it rolled back and forth at their feet, gave to their brown faces a ghastly white glare. The scavenger crabs scrambled away over the dank stones, and the loathsome biting eel, the dread puhi of the sea, slowly reached out its well-toothed, wide-gaping jaw to tear the tender feet that roused it from its horrid lair, where the sea-god dwelt.

The helpless girl sank down upon this shore, clinging to the kanaka's knee and crying:—

"O, father, beat out my brains with this jagged stone, and do not let the puhi tear me, and twine around my neck and trail over my body before I die. Oh! the crabs will pick and tear me before my breath is gone."

"Listen," said Opunui, "thou shalt go back with me to the warm sunny air. Thou shalt tread again the sweet-smelling, flowery vale of Palawai, and twine thy neck with wreaths of scented jasmin, if thou wilt go with me to the house of the chief of Olowalu and there let thy bloody lord behold thee wanton with thy love in another chief's arms."

"Never," replied the lover of Kaaialii; "never will I again meet any clasp of love but that of my own chief. If I cannot lay my head again upon his breast, I will lay it in death upon these cold stones. If his arm shall never again draw me to his heart, then let the puhi twine my neck, and let him tear my cheek, rather than any other besides my dear lord shall press my face."

"Then let the puhi be thy mate," hissed out Oponui, as he roughly unclasped the tender arms twined about his knees, "until the chief of Olowalu comes to seize thee and carry thee to his house in the hills of Maui. Seek not to leave the cave. Thou knowest that with thy weak arms thou wilt tear thyself against the jagged rocks, in trying to swim through the swift-flowing channel. Stay until I send for thee, and live."

Then dashing into the foaming gulf, he soon reached the upper air.

#### IV.

AND Kaaialii stood upon the bluff, looking up to the hillside path by which his love had gone, long after her form was lost to view. Next morn he climbed the bluff again to watch his love descend the hill. As he gazed, he saw a leafy skirt flutter in the wind, and his heart yearned to clasp his love; but as a curly brow drew near, his soul sank, for it was not his love, but her friend, Ua, with some sad news upon her face. With hot haste and eager, asking eyes, the love-lorn chief met the maiden messenger, and cried:—

"Why does Kaala delay in the valley? Has she twined wreaths for another's neck for me to break? Has a wild hog torn her? Or has the anaana prayer of death struck her heart, and lies she cold on the sod of Mahana? Speak quickly, for thy face kills me, O Ua!"

"Not thus, my lord," said the weeping girl, as the soft shower fell from her eyes. "Thy love is not in the valley;

and she has not reached the hut of her mother, Kalani. But kanakas saw from the hills of Kalulu her father lead her through the forest of Kumoku: since then our Kaala has not been seen."

"Kaala lost! The blood of my heart is gone," moaned the chief. He struck madly at the air and dashed away. Up the stony hill he bounded without slack of speed, until he reached the valley's rim; then he rushed down its flowery, fragrant slopes. He saw in the dust of the path some little prints that must be those of the dear feet. His heart gave a fresh bound; he felt neither strain of limb nor want of breath, and searching as he ran, he descried before him in the plain the fraudulent sire alone.

"Oponui," he shouted, "give me Kaala or thy life!"

The stout gray kanaka looked to see the face of flame, and the outstretched, strangling arms; he stopped not to try the strength of his own limbs, nor to stay for parley, but fled across the valley, along the very path by which the fierce lover came; and with fear to spur him on he kept before his well blown foe. But Kaaialii now ran with new-strung limbs, and pressed hard this fresh-footed runner of many a race. They dashed over the rim of the valley and rushed downward to the sea. They bounded over the fearful path of clinkers. Their torn feet heeded not the pointed stones. The elder was seeking the shelter of the sacred temple, and now both were roused by the outcries of a crowd that swarmed on the bluffs about; they put forth their last remaining strength, and strove to gain the entrance to the sacred wall of refuge.

The youth was nearing his prey. He stretched out his arms. Ha! old man, he has thy throat within his grip. But no, the greased neck slips his grasp; the wretch leaps for his life; he gains the sacred wall, he bounds inside,—and the furious foe is stopped by the staves of the priests.

The baffled chief lay prone in the dust, and cursed the gods and the sacred taboo. After a time he was led away to his hut by friends. Then the soothing hands of Ua rubbed and kneaded the soreness out of his limbs. And when she had set the calabash of poi before him along with the relishing dry squid, and he had filled himself and was strong again, he would not heed the entreaty of chief or friends,—not even the caressing lures of Ua, who loved him,—but he said,—

“I will go and seek Kaala, and if I find her not, I die.”

Again the lovelorn chief sought the inland. He shouted the name of his lost love in the groves of Kumoku, along the thickets of Kaa, and through the forests of Mahana. Then he roamed throughout the cloud-canopied valley of Palawai; he searched among the wooded cañons of Kalulu, and he woke the echoes with the name of Kaala in the gorge of the great ravine of Maunalei, the “Mountain Wreath.” He followed this high-walled valley over its richly flowered, shaded floor, along the windings of a silvery stream, until he reached its source, an abrupt wall of stone.

The hero now clambered the steep walls of the gorge, impassable to the steps of men in these days; but he climbed with toes thrust in crannies, or resting on short juts and points of rock; and he pulled himself up by grasping at outcropping bushes and strong tufts of fern. And thus the fearless spearman reached the upper land, from which he had, in his day of devouring rage, hurled and driven headlong the panic-stricken foe.

As he stayed his hunger with the pleasant wild fruit of the forest, he beheld a white-haired priest of Kaunolo, bearing a calabash of water. The ancient priest feared the stalwart chief, because he was not upon his own sacred ground, under the protection of the taboo; therefore he bowed low, and

clasped the stout knees, and offered the water of the gods to slake the thirst of the sorrowing chief. But Food for Kings cried out:—

“Father, I thirst not for water, but for the sight of my love. Tell me where she is hid, and I will bring thee hogs and men for the gods.”

And the priest replied:—

“Son of the stout spear, I know thou seekest the sweet-smelling Flower of Palawai; and no man but her sire has seen her resting place; but I know that thou seekest in vain in the groves, and in the ravines, and in the mountains. Opunui is a great diver, and has his dens in the sea. He leaves the shore when no one follows, and he sleeps with the fish gods, and thou wilt find thy love in some cave of the rock-bound southern shore.”

The chief quickly turned his face again seaward. The upper lands were still, because all the people were with the great chief by the shore of Kaunolu; and Kaaialii thought that he trod the valley alone.

## V.

But there was one who, in soothing his strained limbs after he fell by the gateway of the temple, had planted strong love in her own heart; and she, the curled Ua, with her lithe young limbs, had followed this sorrowing lord through all his weary tramp, even through the gorges and over the ramparts of the hills, and she was near when he reached the southern shore. The weary hero only stayed his steps when he stood on the brow of the great bluff of Palihaholo. The sea broke many hundred feet below. The gulls and screaming boson bird sailed in mid air between his perch and the green waves. He looked in vain for a sign that would tell him where his love was hid away.

His strong, wild nature was touched

by the distant sob and moan of the surf. He cried out, "Kaala! O, Kaala! Where art thou? Dost thou sleep with the fish gods, or must I go to join thee in the great shark's maw?"

Then he looked forth again, and as he gazed down by the shore he saw the spray of the blowing cave. It leaped high with the swell which the south winds send. The white mist gleamed in the sun. Shifting forms and shades were seen in the varied play of the up-leaping cloud; and as, with fevered soul, he saw—he thought he saw—in the leap and play of sun-tinted spray his love, his lost Kaala, and with hot foot he rushed downward to the shore.

He stood upon the point whence Opunui sprang. He felt the throb beneath his feet of the beating tide. He saw the fret and foam of the surging gulf below,—but he did not see Kaala. And yet he peered into this mad deep for her. The form that he had seen still led him on. He thought he heard a voice sounding down in his soul, and he cried:—

"Where art thou, O Kaala? I come — I come," and leaped into the white, foaming surge.

And one was near as the hero sprang; even Ua with the clustering curls. She loved the chief; she hoped that when his steps were stayed by the sea, and he had mingled his moan with the wild waters' wail, that he would turn once more to the inland groves, where she would twine him wreaths, and soothe his limbs, and rest his head upon her knees. But he has leaped for his death; he came up no more; and thus did Ua wail:—

"O where art thou gone, O, my Chief?  
Hast thou gone to meet Ap-pi-hi?  
Did the fish gods call unto thee?  
Or the King of the coral cave?  
Dost thou go to snatch thy Jasmin,  
Thy love, from her grave in the sea?  
Dost thou seek her to beat thy cloth?  
Dost thou seek her to catch the squid?"

Wilt thou press her cheek,  
In the waters wide?  
And her breast in the depths  
Of the flowing tide?

O, my Chief, come back to the shore!  
O, my soul, return to thy Ua!  
I will beat the tappa fine for thee;  
I will search the tide for the squid;  
I will pick on the surf-beaten rocks  
Moss and limpets to eat with thy poi.

O, Chief, come back to the groves,  
And jasmines of shaded Ko-hai;  
Their odor is lost in the air,  
If thou linger forever below.  
The jasmin now grows for thee  
To garland thy swelling neck.

And my arms will twine round it, too;  
O, my soul! Come back to my arms!  
Come and press thy face to my cheek;  
Come and lay thy head on my breast,  
And sleep in the arms of thy U-a.

I will sing to thee of Ka-a-la,  
Thy love, and the friend of thy U-a.  
I will breathe out her name with my kisses.  
O, I would clasp thee, I would soothe thee  
With a love like the one thou hast lost.

O, Chief, come back to the shore!  
The King of Ko-ha-la calls.  
Thy spear is waiting for thee—  
Thy canoe on bounding wave.  
O Chief, O brave, O strong, strong heart!  
Come back to life, come back to love,  
O, come back! come back to U-a.

Alas, alas, O, woful day!  
The sweet, brave chief is gone forever.  
Gone for aye to meet Ai-pu-lu,  
And the King of the coral cave!"

Thus wailed Ua, and as the chief arose no more from out the lashed and lathered sea, she wailed,

"*Auwe ka make!*" (Alas, he is dead!)

Thus wailing and crying out, and tearing her hair, she ran back over the bluffs, and ran down the shore to the tabooed ground at Kealia, and wailing ever flung herself at the feet of the dread chief of all the isles.

The great Puhikapa was grieved to hear from Ua of the loss of his young chief. But a priest standing near said:—

"O Chief of Heaven and of all the Isles; there where Kaaialii has leaped is the sea den of Opunui, and as thy brave

spearman can follow the turtle to his deep sea-nest, he will see the mouth of the cave, and in it I think he will find his lost love, Kaala, the jasmin of Palawai."

At this Ua roused. She called to her brother Keawe, and laying hold on him, pulled him towards the shore, crying out:—

"To thy canoe, quick; I will help thee to paddle to the cave."

For thus she could reach the cave sooner than by way of the bluffs. And the great chief, also following, sprang into his swiftest canoe, and helping, as was his wont, plunged his blade deep in the swelling tide, and the canoe flew swiftly over the waves.

## VI.

WHEN Kaaialii plunged beneath the surging waters, he became at once the searching diver of the Hawaiian seas; and as his keen eye peered throughout the depths, he saw the portals of the ocean cave into which poured the charging main. He, stemming with easy play of his well-knit limbs the suck and rush of the sea, shot through the current of the gorge, and he soon stood on the sunless strand. At first he was not sure, but soon his ears took in a sad and piteous moan, a sweet, sad moan for hungry ear, of the voice of her he sought. And there upon the cold floor he could dimly see his bleeding, dying love. And quickly clasping and soothing her, he lifted her up to bear her to the upper air; but the moans of his poor, weak Kaala told him she would be strangled in bearing her through the sea. And as he sat down and held her in his arms, she feebly spoke:—

"O my chief, I can die now. I feared that the fish-god would take me, and I should never see thee more. The puhi bit me and the crabs crawled over me, and when I dared the sea to go and seek thee, my weak arms could not fight

the tide, and I was torn against the jaws of the cave, and this and the fear of the gods have so hurt me that I must die."

"Not so, my love," said the sad and tearful chief. "I am with thee now. I give thee the warmth of my heart. Feel my life in thine. Live, O Kaala, for me. Come, rest and be calm, and when thou canst hold thy breath, I will take thee to the sweet air again, and to the valley where thou shalt twine wreaths for me."

And thus with fond words and caress he sought to soothe his love. But the poor girl still bled as she moaned; and with fainter voice she said,—

"No, my chief, I shall never twine a wreath, but only my arms once more around thy neck." And feebly clasping him she said in sad, sobbing, fainting tones:—

"Aloha, my sweet lord; lay me among the flowers by the spring of God, and do not slay my father."

And then, breathing moans and murmurs of love, she lay for a time weak and fainting upon her lover's breast, with her arms drooping by her side. But all at once she clasped his neck, and with cheek to cheek she clung, she moaned, she gasped her last throbs of love, and passed away; and her poor torn corse lay limp within the arms of the love-lorn chief.

As he cried out his woe, there were other voices in the cave. First, he heard the voice of Ua speaking to him in soothing tones as she stooped to the body of her friend; and then in a little while he heard the voice of his great leader calling to him, and bidding him stay his grief.

"O King of all the seas," said Kaaialii, standing up and leaving Kaala to the arms of Ua; "I have lost the jasmin thou gavest me; it is broken and dead, and I have no more joy in life."

"What," said Kamehameha, "art thou a chief, and would cast away life for a

girl? Here is Ua, who loves thee; she is young and tender like Kaala. Thou shalt have her and more if thou dost want. Thou shalt have besides the land I gave thee in Kohala all thou shalt ask of Lanai. Its great valley of Palawai shall be thine, and thou shalt watch my fishing grounds, and be the Lord of Lanai."

"Hear me, O Chief of Chiefs," said Kaaialii, "I gave to Kaala more of my life in loving her, and of my strength in seeking for her, than I ever gave for thee in battle. I gave to her more of love than I ever gave to my own life. I must go where her voice and love have gone. If I shut my eyes now I see her best, therefore let me shut my eyes for evermore."

And, as he spoke, he stooped to clasp his love, and said a tender word of adieu to Ua: then with a swift, strong blow, crushed his brow and brain with a stone. And the dead chief lay by the side of his love, and Ua wailed over both. Then the King ordered that the two lovers should lie side by side on a ledge in the

cave. Then there was wailing for the dead chief and maid who lay in the cave, and thus wailed Ua:—

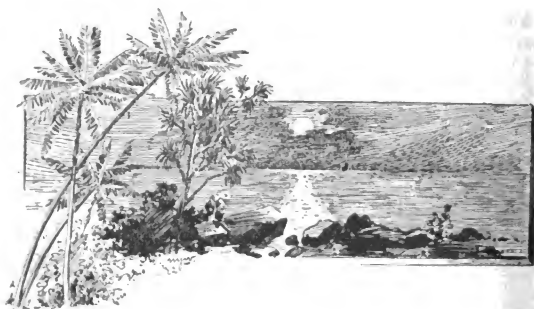
O, where art thou my brave, brave chief?  
O, where art thou fond, loving girl?  
Will ye sleep by the sounding sea?  
Will ye dream of the gods below?  
O, sire, where now is thy child?  
O, mother, where now is they son?

The land of Kohala shall mourn;  
The vales of La-nai shall lament.  
The spear of the chief shall rot in the cave,  
The mat of the maiden another must save;  
The wreaths for his neck shall wither and fall,  
No more shall his warriors respond to his call.

Have ye gone to the shores of Kahika?  
To the land of our father, Wakea?  
Will ye feed on the moss of the cave?  
And the crabs of the surf-beaten shore?  
O, chief, O friend, I would feed ye!  
O, chief, O love, I would clasp ye!

Ye loved like the sun and the flower;  
Ye lived like the fish and the wave;  
And now like the seeds in a shell,  
Ye sleep in your cave by the sea.  
Alas! O, chief, alas, O friend,  
Will ye sleep in the cave evermore?


*E. Ellsworth Carcy.*





## A BREATH OF HEAVEN.

## A TALE OF THE MISSION SANTA BARBARA.



A MONK glided like a brown shadow along the antique corridor which forms a picturesque portal to the Santa Barbara Mission. He paused at the foot of a square stone tower, and taking a bunch of keys from the rope knotted

about his waist, thrust the largest in a lock, and turned a heavy bolt. The ponderous door rolled back on its hinges, disclosing a crude flight of steep and uneven steps, which the friar began to climb.

For a moment there was a brooding expectancy in the air, and then the worn throats of the bells rang out the angelus.

To Father Francisco, their century-old voices seemed to unroll the scroll of the past, and he murmured:

"It is just one hundred and seven years today since the holy cross was raised on this site; and yearly, ever since the fourth of December, 1786, has the Church celebrated the founding of the Mission of the Lady of the Seven Dolors."

Doubtless that winter morning in the long ago had dawned as blandly and fragrantly as the present one, with the vernal crests of the Santa Inez Mountains flushing into waves of roseate splendor, under a palpitating radiance, which imparted a phantasmal beauty to the high-browed hills. Doubtless, too, the blooming sweetness of spring-tide had garlanded the graceful shore, which curved about the blue bay edging the mainland; and to a certainty Santa Rosa and her sister isles had dotted the

summer-like sea beyond; but though the day and face of the country were unchanged in general features, yet the scene spread out before the friar's eyes presented an altogether different aspect. Instead of a bald solitude broken only by a pitiful cluster of adobe huts, which formed a tiny civilized interrogation point on the gigantic canvas of uncultivated nature, he gazed on the gem city of the sea, with modern argosies clustering about her wharves, and groves of orange, olive, lemon, and lime, adorning the landscape with their luscious fruitage.

In a retrospective reverie, Father Francisco fell to contrasting the rich present with the rude past; and in fancy he saw a handful of soldiers issue from the modest old-time presidio, which a century since had occupied the site of the city. With Father Fermin de Lasuen and Governor Pedro Fages as leaders, the soldiers toiled up the hill above the presidio, in order to plant a wooden cross on the summit to mark the feast of Santa Barbara. Eleven days later they built a booth of the branches of trees, in which the first mass was celebrated on the site of the present Mission. It was, in fact, the founding of the Mission, and there was a pathos about the primitive service that appealed strongly to Father Francisco's imagination. It was easy to picture the Spanish padre standing in the early sylvan temple, with the sunshine filtering down through the leaves to fall in arborescent patches on the altar of fragrant boughs, overspread by a linen cloth.

The rude surroundings were oddly at variance with the costly robes of the priest, which had been brought over

from Spain to dazzle the eyes of the heathen he desired to convert. These aborigines had been drawn thither by curiosity, and stood in a species of wondering awe, watching the man of gorgeous raiment, surrounded by his protecting guard of military.

In the course of the service the Padre addressed the Indians in Latin, exhorting them as follows,—

"O ye Gentiles, come ye, come ye, come ye to the Holy Church!"

The repeated exhortation was translated by means of the sign language, and the strange ceremonies had such a mysterious fascination for the dusky spectators, that they were induced to abandon their coverts in the rocks and the free life of the wilderness, to become adjuncts of civilization and be suborned as agricultural slaves.

Whether these *gente sin razon* (people without reason), as the Spaniards contemptuously designated their simple converts, were benefited by the Christianity thus instituted is a vexed question, which even Father Francisco confessed did not admit of a satisfactory answer. He did not countenance the barbarous methods used to increase the membership of the church; nor did the final result justify the Jesuit axiom that "the end sanctifies the means." Yet the friar ruminated a trifle enviously on the royal period when the padres, on the Pacific Coast, held an absolute monarchy over a mammoth empire of gardens, which were cultivated by thousands of slaves of the rosary.

The bush arbor in the wilderness had swiftly given place to a substantial chapel and a dwelling for the priests. To be sure, it was only a rude little chapel, made of mud bricks dried in the sun, and roofed with poles, covered by a thatch of mud and straw; but the church, reared from the ground on which it stood, grew so rapidly that within two years it became necessary nearly to double the length of the first chapel, and to increase

the number and size of the dwelling apartments, besides adding granaries, and store houses, to hold the princely revenue which began to flow in from vast fields of wheat, maize, and *frijoles*.

Nor did this long suffice, for in less than seven years from the time the first building was begun, a large adobe church, containing six chapels, was erected; and new squares, new courtyards, and new gardens were marked out, round which rose wall after wall of stone houses for lumber, wool, and hides, as well as for grain; for the mammoth herds of the padres already grazed on a hundred hills, and their monstrous ranchos stretched away in thousands of acres of grain fields and vineyards, which were unwillingly tilled by the red serfs whom they had captured rather than converted, and whom they prevented from returning to a state of savagery by a mounted guard of police.

"No doubt it was a barbarous form of Christianity and civilization; but it was an improvement on the beastly life which the Indians led when left to themselves," soliloquized Father Francisco, with a shrug of the shoulders, as his thoughts strayed away to the holes in the ground, the homes of the Diggers.

From these coverts, resembling the lairs of wild beasts, his mind came back to the Mission, and he followed its growth, step by step, from its era of mud bricks and homely thatch, down to the cubes of cut sandstone and tiled roofing which had superseded the early architecture.

The new Mission had been commenced in 1815, and it was finished and blessed upon the very day that Father Francisco was born. That was a long time ago, to be sure, but the friar's strongest youthful recollection was the standing by yonder ornamental stone fountain basin, with Carmelita Vallejo, and gazing up at the statue of Santa Barbara, which embellished a niche between the towers.

He and Carmelita had been inseparable as children, and their regard for each other had in no wise diminished as they grew older. Therefore it was natural that to her he first confided his intention of taking holy orders.

Carmelita quite approved of his choice of a vocation at the time, for she was as yet only,—

Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood sweet.

And with an innocent want of foresight she encouraged his pious aspirations.

It was a proud day for them both when he was permitted to appear in public in the modest robe of a neophyte. Through all the service her eyes glistened with delight; and she told him afterwards that he looked fairer than the paintings of the saints on the walls. His tongue twitched to say, in return, that she was more beautiful than Santa Barbara, or even than the blessed Madonna; but he feared to express such thoughts, lest they might savor of heresy.

And now, just as that mystery of human existence called Love was commencing to bud, they began to draw apart. Carmelita no longer treated him with the same freedom as formerly, for she regarded him as a sacred vessel, set apart for worship only. Francisco did not notice the change in her manner at once; but by and by it dawned upon him that he was no longer a part of her life, and he felt vaguely saddened by the knowledge. However, he did not waste much time on reflective regrets, for the exigent demands of lessons and devotions prevented his giving serious thought to the subject. It was not, indeed, until he was on the point of entering the monastery that the situation in its full misery flashed upon him.

He had called to say farewell to the playmate of his childhood, and found her chatting merrily with Pedro Estevan. The heart is a strange puzzle, and a sudden jealousy flamed through Francisco's

being at the sight. He tried to fight it down, for a monk should have naught to do with the carnal passions. But despite his efforts there was a constraint in his greeting, which Carmelita was quick to notice.

She sought to set him more at ease by treating him with more than ordinary friendliness; and was so far successful that, after Pedro left, he recovered himself sufficiently to tell her of his errand. In token of farewell he gave her a delicate sprig of evergreen, which he had plucked in the Monastery garden.

"It is called 'breath of heaven,' because of its faint, delicious fragrance," he said.

Then he fell to describing the beauty of the monk's garden, carefully sealed from Eden's unhappy fate by being barred against the blandishments of the sweeter sex.

Carmelita listened to him with an abstracted air, and sat listlessly toying with the evergreen sprig Francisco had brought her, until he rallied her upon her indifference.

Indifferent! She raised her lovely dark eyes to his with a sudden reproachful glance, that conveyed into his startled soul an unexpected meaning. Then, as if by mutual consent, both rose, and a moment later he stood alone on the rose wreathed piazza; but as she passed away there was borne back to him the faint odor of the sprig crushed in her hand; and although well towards fifty years had elapsed since that bitter day, he never inhaled the fragrance of the shrub called "breath of heaven," without being reminded of a parting sigh that thereafter had ever surged through his heart.

How he had striven to divorce it from his thoughts: how he had fasted and scourged himself, to kill the passion that had thrilled into sudden life! Those monotonous monastic years had been a maddening, internal warfare; and pen-

ance, vigil, and fast, had never succeeded in eliminating the pure, pensive face that had always floated distractingly between him and the sculptured figure to which he prayed.

And what had he gained by abnegation and seclusion? Had he made any human being happier, or his own life richer, by this death in life to which he had devoted himself?

Father Francisco asked himself the question just as the angelus quavered out its final cadence; and rousing himself from his reverie he moved meekly down the stairs, and made his way to the chapel, where the monks were already gathering for early mass.

While the friar knelt in prayer, the steamer Pomona came into port. Among the passengers making ready to debark were Señora Estevan and her pretty grand-daughter Ysabel.

Not since Carmelita Vallejo wedded Pedro Estevan, and moved to Mexico, had she visited her birth-place until now, and her eyes roved eagerly shoreward, noting the changes time had made.

"Blessed Virgin of the Seven Dolors, I should never have known the place!" was her involuntary exclamation, as the city grew radiant in the growing light. She shaded her eyes with her withered hand, and looked at it, letting the black Mexican shawl slip from her head in amazed forgetfulness.

The sun rose above the well remembered background of mountains, and cast a flood of golden beams,—not on a miniature village of modest adobes, a mere white dot on a waste of solitude,—not on lonesome stretches of rank sea grass, nor on patches of frijoles or artichokes, but on long reaches of roofs, and avenues instinct with life and electricity.

Señora Estevan viewed with dismay the crowded wharf and unfamiliar architecture, which to her inexperienced eyes looked like leviathans cast up by the sea. She had intended giving her brother a delightful surprise, and had arrived with-

out sending any word to herald her visit; but she doubted the wisdom of her course when she landed on a foreign wharf, and learned that time had changed the language as well as the aspect of the country.

The Señora was appalled to be greeted by a strange jargon, instead of her native Spanish, as she picked her uncertain way through the throng swarming about the quay; for even the new pier was an innovation. There was nothing indeed, that she recognized, and the old landmarks were so far obliterated that she began to fear lest she might not be able to find the Vallejo residence, which had once been so distinctly prominent.

"I ought to have sent word to Antonio to meet us," she murmured, looking helplessly about.

"Have a cab, ma'am?" inquired a sharp-eyed driver.

The Señora did not understand the words with which he accosted her; but his insinuating form of address, and the carriage door held open, plainly indicated his meaning.

"Can you take me to the house of Señor Vallejo?" she inquired in her native tongue.

The man nodded, and briskly bundled the ladies into his vehicle.

Before it occurred to Señora Estevan to wonder if the cab driver really comprehended where she wished to go, they had whirled away from the dock, and turning up another street were clattering over a bituminous-rock driveway that led through the heart of Santa Barbara; but not the drowsy Spanish Santa Barbara of fifty years ago.

The low-browed white adobes, with their red-tiled roofs, had vanished unaccountably; and the great patches of artichokes and frijoles had been cut up into town lots, on which stood imposing brick blocks, or ornate American cottages. Only an occasional crumbling old time house remained to testify of the Spanish occupation. They were rare

reminders of the past, which tourists gaped at curiously, and chatter over with the crass unsentimentality of the modern traveler. Yet they form one of the chief attractions to sight-seers; and that is why Jones, the cabby, so readily divined where the Señora wished to be driven. He had no more understood her language than she had his; but the name "Vallejo" had caught his quick ears. He had taken scores of tourists to the quaint, antique mansion, and his horses drew up, almost of their own accord, at the door of an adobe that looked as if making a pathetic effort to keep its aristocratic skirts clear from the bustle of commercial strife.

Braced against one of the pillars of the veranda stood an elderly man, courting the warmth of the morning sunshine. His attitude was one of haughty repose, and it required no keenness of perception to discern that he was not pleased at the prospect of being disturbed by early visitors.

Señor Vallejo had become accustomed to hear strangers ask to look at his house, and he always treated the request with arrogant courtesy; but he hated the curious invaders, and he felt that the present visitors had chosen an unseemly hour to intrude. Consequently he remained immovable while the elder lady alighted from the carriage.

To his surprise she was habited in a Spanish costume, with a black shawl flung over her head, after the manner of Mexican women. No American ever dressed in that fashion; and relenting towards one of his own countrywomen, Señor Vallejo stepped graciously forward just as a young girl sprang from the coach, who was the very picture of his sister when last seen.

"Carmelita!" dropped from his lips in an astonished voice.

"Antonio!" cried the elder dame, delighted because she supposed herself recognized.

The Spaniard turned towards her with

a bewildered expression crossing his countenance. One of the strangers had his sister's face, and the other her voice; and while he stood dubiously revolving the matter in his mind, the elder one flung herself in his arms, saying, "My brother, I know thee, spite of the years that have whitened thy hair and seamed thy brow."

"And I, forgetting the years that have flown, mistook thy daughter, who is the image of thy former self, for thee," he said with a glance towards Ysabel.

The Señora laughed, saying: "Not my daughter, but my grand-daughter, Antonio."

There was more than one surprise in store for the Señora. "Everything is different," she murmured a trifle mournfully, for the Señora was partial to anti-progression, and preferred the lethargical repose of the past to the moving activity of the present.

"Yes, everything is different except the monastery on the hill, which remains firmly unchanged, despite the new-fangled innovations that have crept into Santa Barbara since the American conquest," responded Señor Vallejo.

"The monastery! I should like to see it again," said the Señora in wistful tones.

Thither went the Señor and his sister on the following afternoon, accompanied by the pretty Ysabel, who was secretly enraptured by the new order of things. For her part, she admired the monstrous hotels, instinct with life, light, and music. She enjoyed walks astrid, and drives whirling with carriages; and she infinitely preferred a ride on one of those open cars, which glided mysteriously up and down the main avenue, to the cumbrous, jolting carts used in the dull Mexican village where she dwelt.

She wondered why her grandmother and great-uncle were continually finding fault with the customs of the fair-faced Americans, as she fastened a

sprig in her belt which a fellow-passenger had given her in return for a winter rose.

The fragrance of "breath of heaven" in Ysabel's belt saluted the Señora's nostrils, and served to remind her of that wretched day when she had said farewell to Francisco. But affection is often mutable, and marriage and absence had so altered the current of regard that thoughts of the monk were now to the Señora only a soft memory, laid away in lavender; and she felt merely a vague wonder whether her old playmate were still sequestered within the walls of a monastery, as she loitered a moment by the ponderous stone fountain basin in front of the portico. The spot was pleasantly shielded from the afternoon sun by the feathery foliage of a pepper tree; and a Sabbath calm reigned here, for it was beyond the tides of business or pleasure, pulsing at the foot of the hill. The slumberous quietude, the antique archways, and the aspect of everything about the Mission, were exactly as the Señora remembered them, and she was enchanted to find the place so unchanged. For half a century time appeared to have stood still, and the ravages of progress had been so far resisted that neither bell-wire nor electric button had been permitted to replace the rough hempen rope which dangled, as of yore, above the entrance. The interior was almost as unaltered, and the Franciscan who conducted them through the portions of the buildings open to tourists, said unctuously,—

"It is the best preserved Mission in all California."

He opened the door leading up the belfry stairs as he spoke, and intimated that a view of the monks' garden, which no woman was permitted to enter, might be obtained from the tower above.

Ysabel eagerly seized the opportunity to gratify curiosity, but the Señora pleaded fatigue, and waited in the corridor, while the others mounted the

steep and irregular flights of steps leading thither.

Upon reaching the top a captivating view burst upon the vision. Lovely Santa Barbara, embowered in avenues of pepper trees, which undulated upward into ever vernal slopes, and dipped down towards a bay of dreamiest blue, that melted in the summer-like horizon of mid-winter. Never did a sweeter nor more engaging picture present itself. But it was neither the mountains, the city, nor the sea, that Ysabel had come hither to gaze at; and oblivious to all sights save one, she cast her eyes towards the garden, concealed in the central court of the monastery.

Walled in on all sides, the sequestered spot instinctively struck the beholder as a place designed for converse with Nature. Even the songs of the birds seemed muffled by the clustering foliage into a hushed twitter; and so still and holy seemed the place, that gay little Ysabel felt like holding her breath, for fear of disturbing God's peace. It was abloom with the choicest plants; but only a single human being sat enjoying the privilege of its refreshing repose, and he looked as austere and rigid as if chiseled out of brown marble.

As Ysabel stood with eyes bent curiously upon him, a wayward wind loosened the sprig of evergreen from her belt, and the tiny bit of fragrance fluttered like a flake of snow downward. After curvetting daintily in mid-air for a moment, it dropped with a little wavering hesitation between the fans of a date palm, and thence fell softly upon the parchment page of a time-worn volume in the hands of the monk below.

Father Francisco gave an involuntary glance upward, and saw framed in one of the grim stone archways the face of his lost love, looking as young and fair as when he had parted from her.

His heart thrilled at the sight; for is blood ever so old or sluggish that it fails to quicken under the electric force of

affection? But swiftly recalling the lapse of years, he felt assured that his senses must be playing him some trick.

"It is a mental hallucination sent by the Evil One to tempt me," he groaned, making the sign of the cross, and divert-

ing his eyes towards the book that lay in his lap.

They fell on a vernal sprig lying fresh and fragrant on its moldy pages, and his austere features relaxed, as he sighed,—

"It is a 'breath of heaven.'"

*Emma Mersereau Newton.*



### THE MAID OF MEXICO.

To her all things unreal seem:  
Through her black eyes her bright soul peeps  
And sees the world as in a dream,  
For with wide open eyes she sleeps.

And what is Mexico today?  
A nation ever in a doze  
Where Slumber holds eternal sway  
Whether or no the eyelids close.

*Lee Fairchild.*

## FOUR WOMEN WRITERS OF THE WEST.

ONE of the notable elements of nineteenth century literature is the element of femininity. No other period has produced a group of sweeter songsters than Helen Hunt Jackson, Celia Thaxter, Louise Chandler Moulton, Emily Dickinson, Edith M. Thomas, and Ina D. Coolbrith, nor more original novelists than Sarah Orne Jewett, Emily M. Wilkins, Gertrude Atherton, Mary N. Murfree, and Alice French. But although the feminine literature of this country has covered a wide expanse, it has kept within conventional lines, leaving the wild explorations of the outermost bounds of song and story to masculine venturers. No Sidney Lanier with new theories of melody, no Walt Whitman discarding poetical form, nor any shadow of Émile Zola has appeared in the feminine ranks. Opposed to the most rugged types of Western virility,—Joaquin Miller, Eugene Field, William D. Howells, and Hamlin Garland,—stand Ina D. Coolbrith of California, Edith M. Thomas of Ohio, Alice French of Iowa, and Mary N. Murfree of Tennessee. The two groups about equally balance one another, and the idealistic, classical, and realistic schools are fairly represented therein, the realistic being the predominant one. Only one member, Ina D. Coolbrith, represents idealism, and her idealistic poetry has won for her the enviable title of "the sweetest singer of California." It would not be difficult to broaden the metaphor and call her the sweetest songstress of America,—her notes are so true, pure, and spontaneous.

Of New England parentage, Miss Coolbrith was born in Illinois. When but an infant her parents moved westward, crossing the plains on the old emigrant "Pioneer Trail," and finally settling among the orange groves of Los

Angeles. Her education (in schools) was meager indeed, consisting only of such as might be gained in the first public school established in Los Angeles. In those early times that city was mainly inhabited by Mexicans and Indians, and an old copy of Shakspeare, with an equally tattered one of Byron, were all the books she possessed. Her earliest childish verses were written as school compositions, and it was with an overpowering thrill of delight that she first saw a large library, the Mercantile Library of San Francisco; nor could she then dream that afterward the handling of books for eighteen years would prevent the addition of any volumes of her own to the number.

Her fame began with the dawn of Californian literature, and her name will ever be associated with the periodicals of the Pacific Coast, for her greatest poems have been freely given to the commonwealth she loves. Even her early contributions to the *Californian* newspaper, and to the first *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, are marked by three distinct styles. Her poem of "California," a commencement ode, written for the University of California (1871), a "Memorial Poem" (1881), and "O Peerless Singer," an elegy upon Tennyson (1892), represent her grave style; "*La Flor del Salvador*," "The Day of our Lord," and "Millenium," her religious style, while "Regret," "When the Grass Shall Cover Me," and "The Brook," display a spontaneity and lyrical quality quite unattainable by any American poet except Aldrich. Her love-songs, also, are among the purest and daintiest ever written, and have the rare gift of shyness, a quality which adds so much to Mrs. Browning's so-called "Sonnets from the Portuguese." If space permit-



ted, very interesting comparisons might be made between Miss Coolbrith's "Cupid Kissed Me," and Miss Thomas's "The Domino," or between Whittier's "In School Days," and Miss Coolbrith's "The Road to School."

But latterly, she often casts aside the old lyrical grace, and writes with startling dramatic force and terseness; as,—

The fiercest fights are fought  
Not between nations nor twixt race and race,  
But in the human soul's still, secret space.

The night falls heavy with the coming storm  
Far out the ocean frets against the bar,  
And the cloud legions gathering force and form  
Shut with closed ranks all gleam of moon or star.

Her most powerful poem is "The Music of Macbeth." It contains all the elements of a noble sonnet, although consisting of nineteen lines. It is a wonderful study in alliteration, and in the use of words which fill the heart with alarm. One weird thought is piled upon another, till the concluding couplet, with its "fateful note," has the same effect upon the imagination as the sounding of the midnight bell before the murder of Duncan.

*The Music of Macbeth.*

O Melody, what children strange are these  
From thy most vast illimitable realm!  
These sounds that seize upon and overwhelm  
The soul with shuddering ecstasy! Lo, here  
The night is, and the deeds that make night fear;  
Wild winds and waters, and the sigh of trees  
Tossed in the tempest; wail of spirits banned,  
Wandering, unhousted of clay, in the dim land;  
The incantation of the Sisters Three  
Nameless of deed and name,—the mystic chords,  
Weird repetitions of the mystic words;  
The mad, remorseful terrors of the Thane,  
And bloody hands which bloody must remain;  
Last the wild march, and battle hand to hand  
Of clashing arms in awful harmony,  
Sublimely grand, and terrible as grand!  
The clan cries; the barbaric trumpetry;  
And the one fateful note, that, throughout all,  
Leads, follows, calls, compels, and holds in thrall.

If this poem be compared with a stanza from Edith M. Thomas's "Atys," wherein the same effect is produced upon a minor key, we may be able to

estimate the color and woven fabric of each.

*Atys.*

Great Rea goes with soft-foot steeds; their eyes are  
quenchless, sparkling flame;  
The hot wilds bore and bred them fierce, yet do  
they pace subdued and tame;  
No lash, no rein, controls their strength; she curbs  
them calling them by name.  
Great Rhea goes as she was wont, (yet now by mortal  
eyes unseen,)  
A crown of turrets on her head, her gaze unfath-  
omed, searching-keen.  
Her gloomy heralds hasten on, to rouse the forest  
high and green;  
But when she gains the summit dark, no more they  
urge the shrilling strife  
Of cymbal and of fife;  
She hushes them by signs,—  
Hark! Atys sighing in his sleep, amid the melan-  
choly pines!

While Miss Coolbrith has gained gravity, force, and condensation, with the gathering years, she has never surpassed in lightness of touch and in pure lyrical melody those earlier efforts in the first OVERLAND MONTHLY.

To a great extent, this early maturity is also observable in the poems of Edith M. Thomas. When Helen Hunt Jackson first read,—

How small a tooth hath mined the season's heart!  
and exclaimed, "Why, the girl is a poet!" her verdict was accepted as final, and it is difficult, even now, to decide whether "Atys" in "Fair Shadow Land" is a greater classical poem than "Lityerses and the Reapers" in "A New Year's Masque." Time has, however, added pathos to her intellectual gifts, as readers of "Dead Low Tide" and the elegiac poem of "An Inverted Torch" will testify. Edith Thomas resembles Keats in her love of classical lore, and in her ability to re-create the past, but she has none of that poet's sensuousness. Her spontaneous interpretations of the old Greek myths have not been surpassed by Edmund Gosse or Andrew Lang. Almost single-handed, she has upheld classicism in this country, and for a decade had scarcely a rival in her par-

ticular field, the two other classical poets of the Mid-West, Doctor Egan and Professor Perkins, not being over-productive.

In many respects the cast of Edith M. Thomas's mind resembles that of the late Matthew Arnold. She has his cold intellectuality, his mastery of the classics, his style. It is true that "Atys" and "Lityerses" are not so ambitious as Arnold's "Balder Dead" and "Sohrab and Rustum,"—two notable poems, reflecting the Greek majesty of movement, although not Greek in theme,—but Miss Thomas's classical verse has the stately motion of an epic, and her two poems mentioned above should rank in contemporary literature only just below Tennyson's "Ænone." If nature had bestowed upon Miss Thomas color and fervor, she might have equaled "our vigorous American Pleiad of elder minstrels," but she lacks their magnetic power, and that tender kinship of humanity stamped upon the creations of Octave Thanet.

Relatively speaking, Charles Egbert Craddock and Octave Thanet occupy the same position in American fiction as did Æschylus and Sophocles in the Greek drama; for it cannot be denied that the essence of modern life is contained in the novel rather than the drama, and future ages will look to the novel for the contemporary view. Mary N. Murfree—being the feminine pioneer of the realistic school in this country—typifies the force, grandeur, and limitations, of the early dramatist, and Alice French the perfected art of the later one. Of the two, Miss French's sketches are the most modern, and are particularly adapted to the taste of the *fin de siècle*, which demands short, piquant stories, neither too dramatic nor local in tone. Following the advice of the editor of the *Century Magazine*, Octave Thanet has devoted her attention to short stories, so that the single long novel of "Expiation" is the only one

which may be compared in length with "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove," or "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains." "Expiation" is not her strongest story, although it is carefully written. Colonel Rutherford is a fine old Southern type, and there are some very dramatic scenes in the book. But Octave Thanet must be judged by her short stories,—such as "Mrs. Finlay's Elizabethan Chair," "The Day of the Cyclone," and "The Stories of a Western Town." Perhaps no adjective better describes Miss Murfree's work than eloquent, for the descriptions of scenery, the fine delineations of character, the sparkling wit, and the pathos are as eloquent as some of the speeches of Choate or Colonel Baker. But regarding them as stories, they do not seem to tell themselves; character is sacrificed to scenery; quarrels like those between the two Grandads, in "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," are too realistic to be agreeable, and one often gets out of breath in his efforts to keep pace with the author. But one never pants for breath while reading the novels of Octave Thanet. The scenery occupies a subordinate place, and she seems to relate her stories as naturally as if she sat down and told them to a stray visitor some winter evening on her Arkansas plantation at Clover Bend. Turning to Miss Murfree's short stories, it is observable that she is too apt to repeat herself. Marcella Strobe, Cynthia Ware, Clarsie Giles, and Dorinda Cayce, are in reality different portraits of one type. The characters found in her mountain world are a witty old woman, an unselfish girl, an indulgent or indifferent father, several savage brothers, a religious enthusiast, a talented convict, a blacksmith, a speculator from the outside world, an "idjit," and a "harnt." Yet given these few strings to her harp, with what matchless melody does she play upon them. One of her most notable stories is "Old Sledge at the Set-

tlement," a study of the unquenchable passion for gaming among a primitive people, so simply yet graphically told, that, although descriptive of humble folk, it is quite as stirring as the story of Yudishthira gaming for Draupadé in the Indian epic of the Mahábhárata. Rightly to appreciate Miss Murfree's works one should read them in a restless or savage mood; then her wild descriptions of scenery and of the tragical lives of the mountaineers are absolutely exhilarating. Since, however, there are no half-tones,—after the appalling thunder storm of the emotions has subsided,—one sighs for the —

Large space (mid dreadful clouds) of purest sky,  
An azure disc—shield of tranquillity.

Octave Thanet's novels,—*"Knitters in the Sun," "Expiation," "Stories of a Western Town."* etc., so grateful to the overworked nineteenth century American,—are the "shields of tranquillity." The two qualities of smiling humor and artistic beauty predominate in her works, and she seldom repeats her types. The Bishop, the Dean, and Reverend Mr. Gilling, are all divines, but are as unlike as Mrs. Finlay, Mrs. Quinn, and Thekla Lieders. Colonel Rutherford, Harry Lossing, and Johnny Tindall, not only breathe different atmospheres but are placed in different environments.

Since the death of George Eliot no other novelist, save Octave Thanet, has possessed the ideal feminine intelligence,—an intelligence at once broad and comprehensive, capable of grasping any science, however abstruse, and of turning therefrom without any idea of stooping, to study the humble nature of a "Mother Emeritus," or the childish aspirations of "Otto the Knight." Yet, so unassuming is Miss French, that a lady who has known her for years remarked to the writer:—



INA D. COOLBRITH.

"As to her views of books, I don't know as much of them as I might, because our conversation has not generally happened to turn in that groove."

But the facts are, that Alice French can discuss Hegel and Kant with metaphysicians; the Elizabethan divines with doctors of divinity; Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill with political economists: and Western literary circles find that, although she has traveled over the whole realm of literature, not one talented Western writer has escaped her watchful eye.

Some idea of her erudition and also of her modest expression of the fact may be gathered from these remarks, made to the writer last September:—

"I fear I gave you an impression this morning that I was a more 'learned

lady' than I am. The whole explanation of my queer reading is, that my first serious interest was in political economy. And naturally, I liked to trace for myself the social experiments that the world has made. A curious likeness to our age, with a curious difference also, is to be seen in the industrial condition of England at the beginning of the sixteenth century. For years I have had access to one of the largest ecclesiastical libraries in the West,—the library of Bishop Perry,—and my reading of old reprints, of Strype's memorials, Jewel's and Beçon's works; as well as all the old sermons I could lay my hands on, had the same purpose,—namely: to reconstruct the period, to kindle again the dead ashes of men's passions, and in a word, to try to understand the contemporary view. I am also interested in the minor Elizabethan writers; and

coming to James, I love to read Bacon. Later, I have read something of Congreve, not much, and a good-deal of Butler, Lovelace, Herrick, and others. You mentioned the Queen Anne writers. I like Addison and Steele and Chesterfield. I have read Fielding and Richardson with almost equal interest. Did I tell you I was amazingly fond of Spenser and of Chaucer? Well, I am. But it would take up your time too interminably to discuss the extent of my omnivorous and desultory browsings."

But no sketch of Octave Thanet would be complete which failed to include her interest in other American writers. At the Mid-West she occupies that unique position so long held by Oliver Wendell Holmes at the East, of critic, adviser, and judge, to a host of worthy literary aspirants. She can be cruel and sharp to the presumptuous ones,

## *Fair Shadow Land.*

*Fair Shadow Land that beckoning gleams  
Beyond the twofold gate of dreams,  
Whence glide a murmuring wizard crew!  
Some were but false I deemed most true,  
And some were true I counted vain;  
Some fled the day, and some remain.  
Fond dreamer, whosoe'er thou be,  
Have not thy dreams been such to thee*  
*Edith M. Thomas*

but no writer nor artist of merit escapes her watchful eye. Years ago, in Washington, she met the widow of Starr King, and was much impressed with the service which it was Starr King's happiness to render to the State of California at a critical moment.

"His was the chance of a lifetime," she observed.

Her familiarity with Californian literature is remarkable,—considering that she has never visited the State,—her criticisms of the works of Joaquin Miller, Charles Edwin Markham, Gertrude Atherton, and others, being quite as appreciative as those of James Whitcomb Riley or the two Fields (Roswell Martin and Eugene).

When asked in respect to contemporary literature, her response was:—

"Really, do you know, I don't care to discuss my contemporaries at all. But if you are especially anxious, I will tell you about a few of my favorites. I read everything that Howell writes with an



**Charles Egbert Craddock**

*Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin, & Company.*

everlasting fascination. I cannot resist the charm of his style, *but I do not like his social theories.* I have a great liking



MISS FRENCH'S HOME AT DAVENPORT, IOWA.

for Cable and Page, and among the New Englanders for Aldrich and Scudder, and Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett. Did you ever happen to see any of Mrs. Wyman's work? It is often dismal, but it amazingly strong and alive. I like Miss Murfree; she does beautiful work,—beautiful. And I am interested greatly in some of the new writers: in Miss McClelland, and Miss McGlasson, and Mrs. Williams, and Mrs. Stuart. I keep

features are regular, her mouth mirthful and benevolent, her chin strong and determined. In fact, everything about her impresses one with a sense of power, except her fair, small hands. She has a singularly amiable temperament, a gentle voice, and a charming manner. Her home and surroundings are elegant yet simple; she is fond of beautiful things, but does not encumber herself with too many of them. From her Puritan forefathers (for she is closely related to the Mortons and Crowninshields of New England) she has inherited many ancestral pieces of silver and chinaware; but she is particularly attached to a sixteenth century marqueterie chair and table bequeathed to her by an aunt. Her two permanent homes are at Davenport, Iowa, and at Clover Bend, Arkansas. Miss French and her friend "Jane" jointly own a plantation at Clover Bend, the scene of many of the "Trans-Mississippi Stories." Here "Whitsun Harp Regulator," "The Mortgage on Jeffy," "Ma Bowlin," and other sketches of Arkansas life are created from the simple annals of the people of the bottom lands of that State.

Each of these authors has viewed life from a different mountain peak or level prairie, but each has found the golden pocket which our Ancient Mother Earth kept in hiding for her alone.

What is the range that Nature gives her own?  
With frost or fire she stays their flying feet,  
And holdeth each within its native zone.

The Californian lyrics of Ina D. Coolbrith, the sonnets and classical odes of Edith M. Thomas, Mary N. Murfree's chronicles of the Tennessee mountaineers, the subtle studies of Mid-Western life by Alice French, will stand as the best expression of the feminine thought of the mighty and pulsating West,—that partially unexplored literary domain which Stedman has epigrammatically styled,—"the great region of the henceforth."

Mary J. Reid.

ALICE FRENCH, OCTAVE THANET.

my eye—not by design, but mere pleasure, I think,—on all the procession. And I have not half enumerated my favorites. When it comes to a long story, Mrs. Barr seems to take the lead among our women writers."

Personally, Miss French may be described as tall and majestic—every motion betraying grace and power. She is of a blonde complexion, and has deep blue eyes and light brown hair. Her



## TWO CITY GIRLS' EXPERIENCES IN HOLDING DOWN A CLAIM.

## A MONTANA PASTORAL.



Y dearest chum and I, two city girls of mature age and meager fortunes, had been having a desperate struggle to keep the domestic wolf from our rented doors, and we were in a fit mood to accept every word of Brother John's enthusiastic panegyrics on the pleasures of "holding down a claim" in wind-swept Montana, as gospel truth.

His monthly letters were the one bright spot in our hard, colorless life, and when, at last, one came urging us to hurry out to him and take up two vacant claims near his, we weakly wept for joy.

Besides about \$50 which Jeanette had saved out of her earnings during the year, we had only just enough money to defray our traveling expenses. But John wrote us to come immediately, that we could live in his shanty while he built my sod house. My house would not cost more than \$27, and this amount together with sufficient to live upon until I managed to get a mortgage on my claim, he would gladly advance me. Jeanette and I could live together in my sod house until her's was built, and then when school opened in the fall she could easily get a position as teacher.

During the latter part of May we started for the Eldorado of our hopes, and at the end of a three days' journey met John in the little Western town that would hereafter be our nearest railroad point. Eighteen miles from this place was our prospective land.

John was so much changed in appear-

ance by his year's sojourn in the wilds that he was not recognizable, and had to introduce himself. We were much amused at his rough, uncouth appearance.

We did not leave town until the next day, when John's nearest neighbor came in with a team to take us out. During this stay in town we were objects of great interest and curiosity to the towns-people, as well as to settlers from the surrounding country. Evidently, women folks were not sufficiently numerous in this Western region to be a common, every-day sight.

After a ride of eighteen miles we reached a great solitude, in the midst of which seemed to have been dumped a little heap of earth. This proved to be John's house. Regarded as a habitation, this unfamiliar, outlandish-looking object seemed most comical, and excited in us (much to John's chagrin) only feelings of merriment and derision. The house looked picturesque though, with the long grasses and gay flowers growing from the sod walls. The interior, however, was neither picturesque nor elegant. The one little square window, set deep in the wall, afforded a very wide sill, but very little light, and revealed an extremely dismal state of affairs. Dirt floor, mud-plastered walls, and the earthy smell of the place suggested a dungeon rather than a home.

The low ceiling with which our poor heads were continually coming in contact, was composed of willow poles, on top of which were layers of willow branches, and over these a lot of straw heaped to a peak for the roof. A pile of hay in one corner of the room suggested horses, but we were informed



WE WERE OBJECTS OF GREAT INTEREST AND CURIOSITY TO THE TOWNSPEOPLE.

that this hay was the fuel with which our supper was to be cooked. While examining our surroundings, we unexpectedly discovered a cellar, to which we were afterwards fated to make frequent and unnecessary visits, owing to the existence of a trap door in the form of an illy-fitting lid that partook of one of the characteristics of the humble worm,—it turned when trodden upon. This cellar consisted of a barrel sunk in the ground, with its lid on a level with the floor. Before encountering this style of cellar I had never been considered an adept at standing on my head, but I soon discovered that this was an impromptu performance that generally occurred simultaneously with an investigation in its dark depths for potatoes.

For nearly two weeks we lived in John's house, and learned not a few lessons in rustling. Had a stranger been passing our house while meals were in progress of preparation, he would have been greatly mystified at seeing first one

and then another apparently afflicted woman, with streaming eyes, rushing out of the house. And yet, had he not perceived the smoke pouring out of both door and window, he would have looked in vain for the pursuing cause. Burning twisted hay for fuel was a sore trial, to witness our eyes, which became extravagant in the use of tears, besides which we were in danger of suffocation. And with all this suffering the hay gave very little satisfaction; over two hours and an incredible amount of hay being consumed in cooking the simplest meal. During that time one of us was kept continually employed in twisting hay and feeding it to the fire. This hay, with a roar of flame up the pipe and puffs of smoke into the room, was gone in a flash, and then it was time to put in more, and so on to the tearful end.

There were other things, too, in our indoor life that were not at all desirable, but very incidental to dirt floors and sod walls,—to wit: snakes. There



were snakes that wriggled and snakes that squirmed; snakes that suddenly darted out of the little round holes in the walls and snakes that as suddenly darted in again; snakes that glided off a shelf over the bed and snakes that glided out of the door,—and it was this latter kind that annoyed us the least. Then at night, when by reason of the darkness we were deprived of the sight of snakes, we dreamed of them. But until we became indifferent to the prai-

conciliatory than otherwise, when a strange snake, not on our list of callers, and whose aspect was anything but assuring, would suddenly appear upon the scene, and we were forced to widen our circle of acquaintances.

In this new life there were many things that amused us; the lunatic cacklinations of the prairie chickens, as they settled in the grasses for the night; the gurgling sound of water as heard in an old asthmatic pump, produced by an



ALL OF US DECKED OUT IN POTS AND KETTLES.

rie mice, we lay awake at night, listening to the rustlings in the branches overhead, trying to calculate at what moment they were most likely to drop on our bed, and join forces with a very lively variety that was already frisking over us, and running up and down the bed curtains. John told us all these little things were nothing when you got used to them; but there was the rub. For instance, we would just be accustoming ourselves to the regular visits of a long, striped backed, checker-board-tail snake, whose manner was rather

uncannily looking duck, whose feathers are hair,—the natives call this duck the Thunder Pump,—the sight of our three trunks,—containing so many superfluities,—occupying a small part of the vast prairie outside of the house, the interior not being of sufficiently vast proportions to accommodate both the trunks and their owners. But what seemed to us most comical of all, was to perceive an approaching stranger,—a rare spectacle,—quicken his pace on observing the prospect of rain, as if forsooth, he were laboring under the hallucination that



WE WERE STARTLED BY SEEING A MAN ON HORSEBACK.

our house would be a protection from the elements. During a rain storm there was but one dry spot in the room, and that was thoroughly utilized, always being reserved for the sack of flour. Through various openings in the roof, the rain concentrated itself into little rivulets and cascades, which condition of affairs allowed a more partial distribution of water to each person inside the house, than was supplied to the more fortunate stranger on the outside.

After these storms were over, the prairie was converted into a great drying ground. Any collector of personal taxes happening along at such a time,

would have been able at a glance to take an inventory of our household goods and personal effects. We girls were rather saddened than otherwise during these wet experiences, anticipating as we did, rheumatism and a general ruination of all our possessions. But John told us that on account of the crops alone, we ought to show more gratitude for the blessing of rain, and rejoice in our deluged condition; this blessing not being supplied as frequently and regularly as the belated tax payers of this region might expect.

During the time that we were not compelled to remain in the house to

cook meals, we were outside on the prairie enjoying the extensive views, strolling about picking flowers, and looking out for snakes. Our search for the latter might have been more successful, had we not so persistently avoided the high grasses, which we had been told were full of them. However, we managed to find them elsewhere. We frequently went over to my claim, one quarter of a mile distant, where John was working on my sod house. We wanted to help him build up the sod walls, but found that to lift a single sod (which was eighteen by fourteen, and three inches thick) was beyond the strength of one woman. The walls were three feet thick at the base, tapering to fourteen inches at the roof. No foundation had to be dug. An even piece of ground was chosen and the sods laid close together, outlining the embryo house. On top of this foundation layer upon layer of sods were laid in the same manner as brick. After the walls were completed, we girls used our scissors to good effect on the inside of the house, trimming off the long grasses and other plants growing so luxuriantly on the walls. We wanted to leave the walls just as they were, thinking that a wall covering of grasses and flowers would help to beautify the interior of our house, but John said that would never do, that the walls must be plastered.

For those of our readers who contemplate, some day, building a sod house, a few particulars on the subject may be of practical use.

Sod houses are oftener found on the rolling prairies adjacent to streams, than on the "high-level prairie," as the sod on the latter is not tough enough to make good building material, and being covered mostly with bunch grass, is too humpy and uneven.

As grass has been growing uninterruptedly for centuries in these sloughs, or lowlands, the sod to the depth of four to six inches is simply a network of

very tough, thread-like roots, with enough of sand to give it solidity.

Get your sod at about the time that the grass is full grown, as then the sod is toughest and least liable to rot. After mowing off the grass, take a breaking plow with rolling coulter, and turn over a patch of slough ground, taking a depth of about four inches. With a spade cut the black strips into eighteen-inch and two-foot lengths, which are as large as one man will care to handle.

For a building site select a small knoll, or rise, where there is no danger of water standing in the wet season. After leveling the house site and staking off the inside corners, say twelve by fourteen feet, lay the sod, grass side down, making the base of the wall two and one half or three feet thick, breaking joints as in brick-laying, and allowing the wall to taper towards the top, until the last two or three feet are but a single thickness of sod, or fourteen inches. The slant is all on the outside, the inside of the wall being plumb, the outside trimmed with a hatchet as each layer is laid on. The walls are a foot and a half more than the height desired, and the lintels over openings for doors and windows are six or eight inches above the tops of the frames, to allow for settling of the sod. In a few weeks it will settle down snug and tight.

The frames for doors and windows make of inch pine lumber set flush with inside walls, showing from the outside a deep reveal to the windows and door, giving quite a picturesque appearance.

To support the roof, lay a one by four strip on the long walls, build up the end walls to third pitch gables, place a two by six ridge with another two by six on each side, half-way to the wall, then nail on one inch sheeting. Cover this with tar paper, then cover the whole with sods, being careful that they fit closely together.

The fiercest rain will not penetrate, nor the hardest wind blow down your little "soddy."

If you wish, lay a match-board floor, plaster the inside walls by hand with "natural lime," — a white clay found in patches right where you get the sod from. Build a storm door of sod if you like, and defy the Western blizzards.

At last, the floor and roof of the new house were made, and to lose no time in "holding down" the claim, we moved there the very night the roof was completed, carrying over with us only what we could not get along without that first night. We steered our way by the stars, and not until we were almost upon the house were we aware that we had found it, so analagous to the swells of the prairie seemed this oblong heap of earth, my home. The board floor seemed a great luxury and a very nice place for the two beds made of fresh hay obtained from a stack near the house. A curtain stretched between the beds divided the house into two rooms, which appeared to us quite an extensive establishment, compared to our former quarters. The doors and windows were not yet in; but luckily, we had already sent over our two trunks by a passing settler. These we placed before the door openings, as partial barricades against the wolves that were wont to prowl around at night. Our lantern, hanging from a rafter overhead, was left burning all night so as to intimidate such wolves as were not terrified by the trunks. The night proved stormy, though without rain. The winds and wolves howled around the house, also howled the winds through the different openings, which included the space between the sod walls and the boards of the roof. From our beds we could watch the scudding clouds in the stormy sky, which at each opening in the walls appeared like an immense picture framed and hung on the wall. That was a night of terror to us city girls! We momentarily expected either that the roof would be blown off, or that some howling wolves would spring over the trunks into our midst, and gambol over

us, as had formerly sported the mice. These last, in comparison, would have been welcome now as delightful companions.

Early the next morning one of us girls walked over to the other house to cook breakfast. A white flag waving in the stiff breeze from the side of the old sod shanty, apprised the two hungry ones a quarter of a mile away, of the completion of a two-hours' struggle with hay fuel. The pleasant results of which conflict, — to wit: hot coffee, corn cakes, fried bacon, and potatoes, were highly appreciated by the famishing trio, whose appetites were wonderfully sharpened by the long waiting and early walk.

For about one week we lived in this way, sleeping in the new house, and cooking in the old. We could not sling the bed or the stove over either shoulder on the end of a stick, and thus convey them to the new house, but we did manage to move our other household effects in this way, and accomplish all our moving before the end of that first week. The heavy articles of furniture, including the door and window, had to wait until Mr. Brown, our nearest neighbor, could come over with his team. During this week, every morning after breakfast might have seen a moving, though far from pathetic, spectacle on the prairie between the two houses, — all three of us decked out in pots and kettles and tins, and a miscellaneous assortment of household goods, merrily wending our way with song and laughter — and a cautious lookout for snakes — across the prairie to the new home.

We girls plastered the walls with a plaster made of a mixture of water, sand, and a light-colored clay. We applied the plaster with our hands, John having told us that we could do it in no other way. How we did work, and how tired we were of the job before getting half through! We stopped work each day only long enough to go to the other house to shed tears over twisted

hay. When we finally got through, our worn and blistered hands were several sizes too large for our best gloves, which latter were useless for ever after.

The first rain nearly drowned us out, so John pulled the flat-board roof to pieces and went to work at a sloping roof. For one night we were without a roof, only a few boards between us and the stars, of which that night we had full opportunity to make a thorough study. We could not help thinking that folk with roofs over them are deprived of the enjoyment of one of the grandest and most interesting of sights afforded in nature, and we realized that there are compensations for the roofless ones of this earth. What a comfort it was to have a board floor, also a board roof which we could rely upon to keep out the rain! And how nice it seemed to be able to assume a proud, upright bearing without receiving a sudden and severe reproof from the roof, the effect of which was an instantaneous humbling of the person.

John was to remain with us only a few days more to help plant vegetables and make some furniture, to wit: bed, table, bench, and cupboard, out of the lumber left from the roof. During this time, we girls were perfectly happy in the congenial feminine employment of making out of very few and rough materials a cosy and pretty home. We had a door now, and the other doorway which was to lead into a second room, that as yet existed only in our imagination,—was covered with a bright length of rag carpet. This, we generally called our portière, but at night we invariably designated it a nuisance, for a heavy trunk had to be dragged against it to serve as a greater security in case wolves or other night prowlers should attempt an entrance. On the outside of our one long window, opening to the ground, we fixed a grating of wire which would prevent anything or anyone on the outside, making too free with the interior of the

house when either sash was open. The other window being small and of a reasonable height above the ground, was left unguarded. We covered the floor with a bright rag carpet, put up turkey-red curtains at the windows, a curtain of the same kind in front of four deep shelves that served as cupboard, and a similar one across the other corner of the room. This curtained recess served as a wardrobe for our clothes, as well as a dressing-room for John, who, poor man, had been compelled since our appearance upon the scene to seek the privacy of the prairie for dressing purposes.

Out of two bright-colored bed-spreads we made a screen curtain that enclosed our bed and just enough space alongside it for a dressing-room. This curtain was generally looped up, and in such a way that by pulling at a certain string the whole curtain fell into place; and thus at a moment's notice a private dressing room could be materialized. As soon as the mud walls were dry we hid them from view almost entirely with a number of pictures that we had brought with us for that purpose. There were cheap engravings, prints, lithographs, and even chromos, which latter looked very well in their present surroundings. Other decorations consisted of ears of corn, yellow and red, dangling from the rafters overhead. How proud we were of our snow-white pine table and ditto bench and bedsteads, also of the general cosy appearance of our little home! We really felt rich, and were perfectly contented with our humble surroundings. Our immense conservatory, the prairie, supplied us with a wealth of flowers, enabling us to beautify the house with their continual presence. What more could we wish!

During those first few months in the new sod house the walls were inhabited by a species of ants that made a specialty of crawling over us at night. Snakes did not prevail to so great an extent in the new house as in the old, but

occasionally we got a glimpse of one slyly dropping off a shelf over the bed and shyly disappearing behind the same. We sometimes imagined that we felt them squirming under us in the fresh hay with which the bed tick had been filled, but the interruption to our rest, not being very serious, we ceased to notice the phenomenon and soon forgot all about it. We had ocular proof, too, that more than one nest of young snakes was domiciled under the same roof with us inside the sod walls; but as John had told us, we had to get used to these little things. What annoyed us most, however, was to hear snakes and not be able to find them. On several occasions we were disappointed in this way. It was soon after we retired that a rattling sound proceeded from under the foot of the bed, then it seemed to be under the head of the bed, and the next moment in the opposite corner of the room, then again on that before-mentioned shelf just over the bed. It was at this point in the proceedings that our curiosity prompted us to tumble out of our beds and light the lamp, so as to obtain a view of the visitor's rattles. As the sound shifted so quickly from one side of the room to the other, it was somewhat difficult to determine just where to look. One of us shakily followed up the sounds with a lamp held out tremblingly, while the other stood ready with uplifted ax; but we could not find the thing that rattled. For three consecutive nights this performance was repeated, and then the rattling ceased. However, we did not cease thinking of it,—we were always wondering whether the rattles were concealed in the wood-box, in our bed, or in John's old boots in a corner of the room.

All these snakes being considered, can it be wondered that Jeanette should decide in favor of a frame house on her claim!

One afternoon we were all sitting at the pine table writing letters to city

friends. How our pens flew over the paper, and how noisily the scratching of them broke on the quiet air! We had but one ink bottle, and it often happened that all three pens were frantically endeavoring to dip into it at the same time. Of course the result was a clashing of pens and a sudden awakening to our surroundings. This delay in the frenzied flight of our pens was fortunate for some folks, as the pens in their enthusiasms about the delights of life in the wilds were, no doubt, inveigling new victims, and wasting much ink as the denouement will show in bragging about the splendid roof.

In the midst of this scratching, a sudden shower of rain came up, and we all stopped writing to listen to the pleasant sound made by the rain pattering on the boards overhead.

How we did enjoy that sound now that we had confidence in the roof. What music there was in it! Then we continued our writing to rave about the musical sound of the pattering rain, but were soon interrupted by a damp consciousness that the subject under discussion was in our very midst,—in fact, that it was coming right through that "splendid" roof, whose existence it seemed to ignore almost as much as if it were the unreliable straw roof that had never been eulogized.

Our astonishment was only surpassed by the chagrin which we felt at seeing our cosiness invaded. And the liveliness with which we got around that room, stuffing clothing, pictures, and numerous other articles, into trunks and boxes, covering various things with pans and buckets, piling all the bedding on one bedstead, which we then covered with our two gossamers and John's rubber coat, and the alacrity, too, with which we raised our two umbrellas over our damp selves after putting everything else under cover; all this rapidity of movement on our part was equaled only by the speed with which our three pens had

flown over the paper when telling about our wild delights, one of which had been the roof.

Before many minutes had elapsed, we were compelled to get into our rubber shoes, for the floor was inundated. We prevented the flood reaching the sack of flour, which was high water mark, by repeatedly, throughout the storm, pushing the overflow out of the door with the broom.

The sack of flour referred to above had already proved a great care to us on every wet occasion. This time we had found a refuge for it in a box placed on end and elevated above the floor.

Supper time arrived and the rain showed no signs of abating. We were all so hungry that Jeanette, whose turn it was to get supper, prepared some batter, and tried to bake pan cakes with wet hay for fuel. She had to stand under a stream of water that first dropped on the top of her head, and thence splashed all over her, and to make matters worse, the room was filling with smoke.

This last annoyance decided us to seek shelter outside on the prairie, where we discovered that the storm was about to blow over, but not so our vexation. Where now was our cosy home? In this deluged, disordered house, with its mud-dripping walls and water-soaked carpet and curtains and ditto everything else, we could recognize no shelter, no home.

When we retired that night, the rain had come up again and we were very thankful to have dry beds to creep into. We spread two gossamers over our bed, and after getting under them opened the umbrellas, to which we clung tenaciously all night long, as a drowning man is supposed to clutch at a straw.

John had a rubber coat over his bed, but no umbrella. However, one of us being inspired, suggested that he put the kitchen table over him, which he did. After a short time, pools of water collected on our gossamers. This water we disposed of at intervals, running it off

on to the floor. At first the splashing of the rain on the umbrellas amused us; it seemed so droll, our hoisting umbrellas in bed,—and John under the kitchen table, that was droller yet. But when the drippings from one umbrella drained off on to the erstwhile-amused girl ensconced so confidently under the rim of the adjoining umbrella, and trickled in very aggressive rivulets into her most adjacent ear and down her only spine, hilarity received quite a check.

Not a few gurgles and several rather emphatic ejaculations from under the kitchen table on the other side of the streaming curtain, proved that hilarity was making a complete evacuation of the premises, vexation having reached John through the cracks in the table. Grief now reigned in the cabin.

That was a dismal night! The blood-curdling howls of the wolves mingling with the howling of the winds, and the drip, drip, tap, tap, of the rain into the room as it beat time in its slow way on tins and other household articles, produced a most melancholy and fugue-like effect.

Until we could get to town, we had to endure the discomforts attendant on a leaking roof, then got some tar paper which we tacked on over the boards. After that, we enjoyed every shower that came along, that is for a while, and fully appreciated our sheltered condition. But this cosy feeling gradually wore away as did the tar paper on the roof. The winds tore it off in strips, leaving us only small samples of the original.

Why! Oh why! had we not been warned against bringing out here so many superfluous things to be taken care of during the rains! Really, most of our time was employed in preparing for the rain and then in putting things to rights again after it was over. Our three trunks should have been boiled down to one valise apiece. In the way of dresses, two calicoes would have suf-

ficed. The one good dress and hat worn on the journey would not be much care, for they could be sealed up in a watertight barrel and kept there out of the way of the elements until we were ready to leave our claims and return to civilization.

Then besides a valise, a case of umbrellas, or better still, one umbrella of sufficient size to cover a full-grown sod house. To any one contemplating holding down a claim I would advise that they provide themselves in the way of wearing apparel with only what a valise will conveniently hold, but any number of large dry goods boxes could be filled with other essentials to existence on a claim. I shall mention, however, only those things that experience taught us were indispensable, and if there are any cracks left in your boxes after completing this list, fill up with mouse traps.

To begin with, allow yourself plenty of rope, and blankets too, every kind except the "wet blanket," rubber as well as woolen; jars with lids, jugs with stoppers, bottles with corks; a tarpaulin; also some pepper, rubber boots, ditto cloaks, several gallons of ink, canned fruits *ad libitum*, crackers, a life preserver, tooth brush, scrubbing brush, and a few other simple remedies for common, everyday ailments. Then at least one large box should be filled with rough-on-snakes, mosquitoes, ants, potato bugs, and fleas, not forgetting to leave sufficient space for rough-on-wolves (a shot gun).

If there had only been some one to advise us while we were contemplating this life on a claim, our lot might have been very different, possibly we should have remained in the city, under which circumstances our lot might have faced Central Park and cornered on Eighth Avenue, instead of facing the horizon and cornering on desperation with an extensive view of petty annoyances.

One day we were agreeably surprised to see Mr. Brown drive up to our door.

He was going to a ranch some five miles beyond and thought we would like to go along with him to look at some land over there. John put an ax in the wagon, saying that he wanted Jeanette to see what she thought of a claim three and a half miles from my place.

Jeanette was pleased with the appearance of this land and concluded she would take it. Then John and Mr. Brown advised her to make some improvements on the land while she was there, as that would enable her to hold the claim for ninety days.

At first Jeanette did not quite understand how she could "make improvements" in a few minutes' time, but John produced the ax and directed her to cut four holes in the ground in the place where she expected to build her house. This she did, marveling much at the efficacy of four shallow holes.

How we laughed at this seeming child's play! What a burlesque it appeared to us! However, this little farce enabled Jeanette to feel secure of her claim, until she was able to build her house and live there.

Work on Jeanette's house was begun as soon as the lumber could be hauled from town. A frame house whose cost should not exceed \$35 was decided upon by Jeanette, who was willing to forego the various facilities for studying natural history that are afforded the resident of a sod house.

While John was away, helping Mr. Brown build the frame house, we felt rather timid at being alone, but finding that we continued to remain unmolested, and that we seemed the only inhabitants of this part of the world, we forgot what it was to be afraid during the hours of daylight. We never could, however, prevent cold chills perambulating our respective spines, when the blood-curdling howls of the wolves broke on the stillness and darkness of night. We were afraid that these wolves might gnaw holes in our portière or tear it in



their efforts to get into the house. To prevent such a catastrophe, we finally walled up the outside of the portière with pieces of sod that we found on the ground near by.

Jeanette's house was located in one of several gulches that ran through her claim. It was built on a shelving piece of ground half-way down the side of a sheltering hill, which latter both protected the house against the winds and hid it from view of any one on the prairie.

After finishing the house, John expected to be kept busy on neighboring ranches until his school began, and then he would be thirteen miles away until next vacation, seeing us only occasionally, on flying visits.

Neither of us cared to live alone, and yet each had to hold down a claim; so we decided on a compromise. We would live two weeks at a time, turn about, on each claim, and Mr. Brown would be on hand to move us once every two weeks.

As Jeanette had neither hay-fuel nor a stove on her claim, we invested in a gasoline stove and a ten-gallon can of gasoline, which articles our kind friend Mr. Brown brought us from town. This stove, some bedding, a few cooking utensils and dishes, some clothing, a broom, a shot gun, and a change of thoughts, were moved regularly every two weeks for a period of three months.

The new house we fixed very cosily, having plenty of materials in the way of carpet, curtains, and pictures. Life in the gulch proved quite a change to life on the prairie, and vice versa. So variety was not wanting in our lives. We should have preferred remaining longer in one place, for no sooner were we beginning to feel settled and at home in one house than it was time to pack up and move to the other. When we returned to a house after two weeks' absence, we found everything as we had left it, only the mice had taken advantage of our absence. There were no

locks to our doors, only hooks, which we hooked on the outside when leaving one house for a two weeks' sojourn in the other; and this precaution we thought necessary only to prevent the entrance of wolves or the winds, either of which would have been equally disastrous in their effect on the interior.

Jeanette hired a neighbor to do some plowing on her claim, but did her own planting. Owing however, to the lateness of the season, she did not reap any harvest from her crops until long after my crops had ripened. So we depended on my garden for vegetables, carrying them with us whenever we moved. Not being able, however, to take enough of everything to last through the two weeks, the consequence was that our table supply in the sod house was superior both in quality and quantity to that on the other claim. But in the gulches and on the surrounding hill-sides we found plenty of fruit which compensated somewhat for the absence of other things. There were plums, wild grapes, and choke cherries.

All over the prairie around the sod house, growing thickly on little plants of a foot and less in height, were the most delicious cherries called sand cherries. While on this claim we made jelly and put up several jugs of these and at the other place made plum preserves enough to last all winter. When we returned to the sod house after two weeks' absence, we were met at the door by a sanguine-hued stream that led to the discovery of the source,—the cherries, which had become very industrious during our absence, imparting their diligence even to the corks which had worked out of the jugs, the contents following after.

Jeanette's neighbors were not so far away as mine, so when on her claim we more frequently had opportunities of gazing upon our fellow creatures. We were not afraid of being molested while in the gulch, as not even those neigh-

bors that knew of our existence were always successful in finding us. There was never even any smoke from our chimney to reveal the existence of a house thereabouts.

One young man discovered us accidentally. He was out on a hunting expedition and while in pursuit of some game, happened down in our gulch. He was very much astonished at encountering a house and two women attached to the same, and of course he was very thirsty and came to the house to ask for some water. We handed him our preserving kettle which he took to the well and slowly, not at all thirstily, lowered with a rope, while using his eyes in making observations. When he brought back the kettle, some conversation ensued which resulted in the discovery that he was the son of our old neighbor, Mr. Brown, and that he was "baching it" on a claim some six miles from our gulch. When leaving, he left with us a brace of prairie chickens and a very good impression, both of which so charmed us that we invited him to stop in to rest any time he was hunting in the neighborhood.

At another time we were startled by seeing a man on horseback coming down the side of the gulch about thirty rods from the house. He looked neither to the right nor to the left of him. He rode directly to the bottom of the gulch where he stopped only long enough to allow his horse to drink, then rode back again, still without showing his face. This looked mysterious! Did he come down here to reconnoiter and would he be back again at night to murder us while we slept!

And as the shadows of night lengthened in the gulch so did the fear in our hearts. Before retiring, we barricaded the door with a trunk and laid on the bed all the weapons we could raise,—to wit: gun, hatchet, carving knife, saw, gimlet, scissors, etc. We were determined not to be massacred while slum-

bering, so all night long were starting up at every sound. And why all this unusual apprehension on our part. Just simply because we knew that a stranger, a villainous-looking stranger, had discovered our retreat, and coming down here ostensibly to water his horse, had very suspiciously pretended not to see our habitation. That pretense stamped him in our minds as a villain. However, no villainous consequences ensued either that night or any night succeeding. We then began to believe that the man really had not seen the little house in the gulch. A possible proof that he had not seen the house lay in the fact that he had not asked for a drink of water. Now it had come under our observation that a sight of either the sod house on the prairie or the little frame house in the gulch, always incited great thirst in the stranger.

One day we discovered a gold mine, at least it seemed so to us,—a mail carrier who crossed Jeanette's turnip patch once a week, carrying mail between the nearest railroad town and interior points. We informed ourselves at what hours he was in the habit of trampling down our precious turnip plants, and lay in wait for him with letters we wished to mail.

It must have been a mystery to him whence we came and whither we went, and what disposal we made of ourselves between manifestations; for we always seemed to him suddenly to rise from the ground, and there were no signs of habitation anywhere around. On several occasions his curiosity led him to ride backward as long as he was in view of our prairie, thinking that he could see what became of us.

But we did not satisfy his curiosity. We remained just where he left us until he had disappeared beyond a swell of ground beyond.

We were afraid that if he discovered where we lived, that everyone along his route would learn that two lone women

lived in a certain gulch. Then goodbye to feelings of security! Our fastness might then be invaded. It was already invaded by mice! In both houses we had to keep everything hung in bags and baskets from the rafters overhead, even the newspapers sent us by city friends; for the mice seemed always hungry for news, being indefatigable clippers of the same.

My sod house was so far removed from all travel, that, with the exception of Mr. Brown, almost the only human beings we ever set eyes upon were people who had lost their way, and were wonderfully anxious, too, to find it again. These apparitions, as they seemed to us, were not a common sight, and it was very exciting to have them enliven the view.

We were astonished one day, upon glancing out of the door, to see coming directly towards the house—sweeping down upon us like a cyclone, it seemed, so sudden and unexpected was its appearance—a wagon containing three men, two big trunks, a valise, and a dog. One of the men wore store clothes, and looked quite citified. How excited we got!

"Who is coming to make us a visit?" was the thought that agitated us.

The wagon, the two trunks, the valise, and the dog, came nearer and nearer, coming alongside the corn field; then over the outside curb of the well, and soon they were alongside the house, separated from us only by a piece of broken ground. I stood in the doorway, Jeanette just behind me, timidly peeping over my shoulder, and we both gazed excitedly at the strange sight, while breathlessly exclaiming in awesome tones:—

"Man's got a collar on! Two trunks! A valise!"

Then the wagon came to a halt, and the driver called out,—

"Can you tell us what direction the town of—— is from here?"

I was so paralyzed with astonishment at seeing so much that was unusual in the way of style, trunks, and valise, in the midst of our solitude, where only wolves, snakes, etc., were wont to roam, that the power of speech seemed to have left me, and I uttered not a word in reply. Stepping out of the doorway, however, in my calico Mother Hubbard, (which, luckily, I had presence enough of mind to belt in on the first approach of the seeming cyclone,) I made several strides towards the wagon, then halting, stretched forth a long arm, and pointed a long finger towards a long stretch of horizon towards the south. With outstretched arm and pointing finger, and the voluminous skirt of my dress alternately winding around my body and streaming out in the stiff prairie breeze, I stood a mute figure,—a finger post! Thus I stood, until perceiving that the now puzzled and apparently petrified group in the wagon were cognizant of my silent, though pointed answer, I dropped my arm and looked at them. The spell was broken. Panic-stricken, they were now preparing for a hasty flight from this strange solitude, where even the inhabitants partook of the region's silence and uncanniness.

On another occasion, Jeanette, who had been hoeing in the garden, came running into the house, looking very much excited. A buggy was coming, she said, and two men were in it! This was exciting news, indeed, but perhaps it was only a mirage. No, it was a fact, she insisted, and now they were driving up to the house,—she could hear the rumbling of wheels!

I wildly pulled at the magic string, and disappeared behind the curtain to make a few necessary changes in my dress; and just as I was coming out heard a masculine voice asking Jeanette whether there were any men folks around.

I trembled when I heard her reply, which was truthful though not prudent.

Then the other man asked whether they could get anything to eat for themselves and horses.

We could make but one reply, seeing that a haystack was in view, and our house full of smoke and the fragrance of dinner under way. Then, too, they were lost, and not likely to find a dining place before supping time, if not later.

The horses were unharnessed, fed, and watered, and the men, after washing themselves in a tin basin on the sod wash-stand against the outside of the house came in to dinner. They were talkative men, and expressed their astonishment at finding women folks so far out of the world. They expatiated much on the scarcity of women in this part of the country, and the loneliness of bachelors on their claims, and each man delicately volunteered the information that the other was looking for a wife. They had started out from town that morning searching for vacant land to pre-empt, but had not yet discovered any, and had lost their way.

They seemed very hopeful of finding claims in our neighborhood. We knew of several which we could have pointed out to them, but under existing circumstances did not desire them for neighbors, and selfishly kept our own counsel.

These men were two of a timid crowd with whom we had eaten dinner on the day of our arrival in the town nearest our claim. They failed to recognize in the two sun-burned, countrified girls any resemblance to the pale ladies of that day.

The next event in our prairie life was the appearance of mosquitoes, and not until they appeared upon the scene did we discover what happiness we had enjoyed in their absence. The mosquitoes were big and numerous, and at night they took possession of the house, driving us outside on the prairie.

During one of these occasions, while sitting outside on a bench waiting for dawn and an evacuation of the premises

by the enemy, we had a rare opportunity of seeing day break upon the prairie; and day broke so gently that nothing was destroyed except our preconceived notions of the same, so we managed to save a few impressions.

Daylight seemed so long a time in making an appearance,—then when we were about despairing its advent, almost imperceptibly, the eastern horizon was streaked with pink. Above this faint glow knowingly blinked the morning star, which seemed bound to see all he could before taking his flight. All but the eastern sky appeared stormy-gray, and the prairie presented a weird appearance, seeming too, more boundless than ever in this cold gray light. A long line of mist-like hills, outlined clearly against the distant northern horizon, seemed a line of alert sentinels guarding this vast solitude at that point of approach.

Turning from this bleak view of the world, we were cheered by the increasing pink glow in the eastern horizon, above which now dimly twinkled the morning star. Finally, the eastern sky was one expansive, rosy glow, and the star was nowhere to be seen. With all this warm glow the sun had not yet shown himself. It seemed as if we were an expectant audience, waiting for the appearance before the curtain of the principal performer, and he was disappointing us by a delay.

Thinking that the hour had arrived and that it was time for him to appear, I got up on the sod washstand to see what he was doing.

There he was behind a not distant sand-hill, climbing up slowly and majestically, a great red ball. Jeanette from her bench could not see him yet. I got down from my height, and then looking towards the hill could see the old fellow just peeping at us above its edge. The gloom was all gone from the earth and the mosquitoes from the house.

After mosquitoes came haying-time,

together with some neighboring settlers, who, not having much hay on their claims, offered to mow and stack mine on shares. This arrangement left me with a sufficiency of hay for fuel to last until next haying-time, besides a number of tons over to sell; and all this with no outlay on my part.

During part of haying-time we were living on my claim, and cooked meals for the two bachelors with whom we had made the hay contract. They slept over in John's old shanty. Then, when we left for Jeanette's claim, they lived in my house and did their own cooking.

All the hard work was done on the prairie claim, so whenever we went back to the other place we were completely worn out, and glad enough for the rest afforded by absence of crops. But we were equally pleased to return to the farm, for our appetites were considerably whetted after a two weeks' residence on non-producing land.

Jeanette got a school four miles from the gulch, and this put an end to our nomadic existence. After that we lived separately, each on her own claim, though we visited each other occasionally.

These visits necessitated a long walk of three and one half miles; and as the prairie between our claims was very rolling, and dotted here and there with sand-hills, which made it extremely difficult for us to keep our bearings, we had full opportunity of losing ourselves. Mr. Brown's wagon, in its fortnightly journeyings, had made something of a road, which, however, was imperceptible in places. So on more than one occasion we lost all traces of the road, and were always sanguine of spending the remainder of our miserable existence in wandering among those sandy billows in search of wheel-tracks.

Jeanette kept the shot gun, which she learned to use very successfully in scaring away from her door-yard numerous prairie chickens, that were becom-

ing very tame if not impudent, giving us the illusion that we owned quite a number of domestic fowl.

I never learned to use the gun, for it used me so badly the very first attempt I made at shooting a chicken, that to this day I abhor the sight of such terrible things. It kicked for no earthly reason, except that I had the gun stock resting loosely on top of my shoulder instead of fixed securely in the hollow thereof. And the consequences were that I narrowly escaped losing my right eye and a good set of teeth.

This gun gave Jeanette an object in life. All the time she lived alone she was everlastingly on the lookout for marauders, believing that they would furnish her with an opportunity of trying her skill, which had been so effectual in scaring away game. I, being aware of this hobby of hers, and desirous of carrying back East with me as solid a body as I had brought therefrom, was very careful to so time my visits to her claim that my approaching figure, seen coming down the side of the gulch, should be clearly defined by the light of day. Through this wonderful forethought only, have I been spared to narrate these experiences.

When corn picking time arrived, so did Jeanette, one Saturday, with wagon and team which she had borrowed from her nearest neighbor. We pitched into the work of corn picking with vim and gloved hands, expecting to finish the whole five acres of corn in short time. However, we did not carry out our program, and had there been any good Samaritan around to carry us home on a stretcher, we should have been extremely grateful for that little attention.

Before we were half through our fingers were torn and bleeding, and our energies had flagged so considerably that we were compelled to postpone corn picking until some other Saturday, by which time we hoped to have whole fingers, and a renewed lease of life.

Having discovered the limited amount of muscle in my composition, I waited for brother John to dig the potatoes and turnips. The squashes I managed to convey from the garden to my brother's old shanty, where I buried them in the ground and piled hay on top, as a protection against the frost. The green tomatoes and cucumbers I carried to my house, and converted into pickles. As most of our garden was on my brother's claim, one quarter of a mile from my house, gathering in the vegetables for the winter was not the easiest work imaginable. At most any time of day, during that fall season of crop gathering, might have been seen the figure of a woman with half-filled bag over shoulder, toiling womanfully across the lonely prairie between those two isolated sod houses.

Mr. Brown, who had been bringing us our groceries whenever he came to move us, kindly offered to get my mail and groceries whenever he went to town, all of which he would bring over to me whenever he had a chance. But sometimes he could not come, so whenever my larder got empty, or my curiosity in regard to the amount of mail that might be waiting for me overcame my disinclination for a six miles' walk, I trudged over to Mr. Brown's.

Notwithstanding that I sometimes felt extremely lonesome, time slipped by very quickly on my claim. I was never at a loss for something to occupy my time. There was hay-twisting, (for the gasoline stove no longer vacillated between the two claims,) writing letters, corn-shucking, corn-shelling for next year's planting, sewing, crop-gathering, cooking, reading, and last but not least interesting of my employments, was sleeping.

The corn-shucking I generally did towards evening, as I could then gaze at the sunset and shuck corn at the same time. One evening as I sat in the corn bin at the south end of the house,

with my head just appearing above the loose shucks, and the yellow and red corn heaped and glowing around me, I was startled at seeing crossing the prairie between the two houses a man in a skeleton buggy drawn by one horse. I peeped at this vision through a wide opening between the boarding around my crib, and did not like the looks of him. So when he drove right up alongside the corn crib, though without stopping, I appeared to be very much preoccupied with my corn-shucking and did not look up.

The man must have thought either that I did not see him, which would have proved me both deaf and blind, or that I was so accustomed to seeing strangers cross my claim that I was perfectly indifferent to the sight of them. He then continued on his way, following the road made by Mr. Brown's wagon, and looked back several times before disappearing behind a swell of ground in the east, just as the sun was disappearing below the horizon in the west. Little did that man know that I was alone in that solitude, and that the last time I had gazed upon a fellow creature had been two weeks previously when visiting Jeanette!

On another occasion I was at the well getting a bucket of water, when suddenly a man on horseback appeared on the scene. He was a good-looking young man of an extreme blonde type; yellow hair, light blue eyes, and a pink and white complexion, with an extremely childlike expression of countenance. A Hollander, I afterwards discovered. On seeing me he seemed to blush, and looked as if he wanted to run away.

However, he did not, and presently gathering the reins in his hands, and apparently a little courage at the same time, urged his horse towards the well, and coming to a standstill asked for a drink. I had a can at the well which I filled with water and gave him; then after exchanging sentiments with him

in regard to the wind and weather, I concluded that I had done my duty, and that I would go back to the house with the pail of water and some added dignity of manner.

I had not been in the house two minutes when the stranger appeared in the doorway asking for another drink. Evidently he had taken a violent fancy to the water on my claim! He came into the room to take the water out of my hand, and then he seemed to forget to go out. There he stood, looking so child-like and bland, examining alternately myself and my surroundings. He remarked that the pictures were pretty, and after a few more observations on the same subject began asking personal questions.

"Do you live here with your husband?" was the first question, to which I was compelled to answer in the negative, feeling the while that I owed the beforementioned an apology for the existing state of affairs.

He looked rather pleased than otherwise at my reply, then asked if I lived "alone."

"No," I prudently answered to that too.

Then he looked puzzled, and after a short pause, inquired whether I was "making down the claim." On receiving my reply in the affirmative, he remarked that he too was "making down" a claim, and that he was lonely, very. Then after a long, appealing, innocent look at my face, he asked,—

"Don't you too be lonely all the while?"

"Oh, no," I answered with emphasis, then added with a meaning look, "I like to be alone."

Thinking that I had, perhaps, encouraged him too much, I got out my writing materials and tried to write to my home-folks, telling them of the stranger who was hovering over me as I wrote, and would not go away. I was conscious while writing that he had not

once taken his eyes off my face, and it was beginning to glow as though a small stove were against it.

After writing several pages I ventured to look up, and there he still stood, but with a changed expression on his face. There was an angry gleam in his light blue eyes. Possibly I had insulted him by ignoring his presence in this cool manner; but how else, without using violence, could I make him understand that I was not lonely, and not anxious for his company.

Seeing the suspicious gleam in his eye, I assumed a very indifferent manner, and carelessly glancing out of the window beside which I sat, after scanning the scenery for awhile, as carelessly remarked:—

"I wonder why my brother does not come. He ought to be here by this time."

With one, quick, startled look towards the window, and a last lingering look at me, he said with a return of the innocent expression of countenance, "I guess it's time to go." And with a guileless "goodby" he left the house.

Through the open door-way I saw him get on his horse and rapidly drive off, looking back occasionally as if for a sight of that brother of mine. It was not until he was out of sight that I discovered myself all in a tremble. I wondered why I was shaking, for I had not felt afraid of the innocent-looking young man when he was in the house with me.

I was not afraid to live alone, but always took due precautions, covering my windows at night with blankets before lighting the lamp, so that the light would not reveal to a passer-by the existence of a habitation; and I always put the ax beside my bed, so as to be ready to slaughter the enemy at any moment he might appear. During some nights the sounds that reached me through the thick walls were suggestive of a variety of threatening dangers, and I was continually starting up in bed, straining

every nerve, listening and waiting for the sudden crashing-in of the door that would announce the arrival of the long-looked-for marauder; but these were my bad nights. During the day thoughts of danger never entered my mind; the wolves did not howl then, nor the howling winds sound so ferocious as at night.

One of the young men that did my haying got into the habit of calling at my house occasionally. He always happened to be "hunting in the neighborhood," else, I suppose, he never would have thought of calling. Then, about every other Sunday, he and the other young man stopped for me on the way to Jeanette's claim, where we had an enjoyable time, and I was left behind for several days' visit with Jeanette.

When I had been living on my claim for nearly six months, land agents became very prevalent. They came all the way from the nearest town to see whether I wanted to get a loan on my land before proving up. Everybody, it seemed, mortgaged his land in order to obtain money with which to prove up on. When "proving up" on a pre-emption, which requires only a six months' residence thereon, the settler must pay the government \$1.25 an acre, that is, \$200 for one hundred and sixty acres.

One agent came along while I was at Jeanette's, and finding no one at home, spent the night there, sampling my pickles, preserves, and other eatables; but he was very gentlemanly, leaving a note which explained that he had lost his way, and had been unable to find a hotel where he could put up for the night. He left his address, too, in case I knew of any one who wanted a loan.

Before the beginning of the winter school term, brother John came home on a visit. He brought with him some tar paper, which he tacked down over the boards of the roof, and over that put a thick layer of sod, the effect of which was to make the house cool in summer and warm in winter.

It was during this visit that he began to make that second room which I had so long desired. He hired a team and plow from Mr. Brown, and was doing some breaking to get sod for the house. It was afternoon; I had been quite ill, and was just able to drag around. While walking to a pile of hay outside the house, to begin twisting hay for the evening meal, I happened to glance towards John's shanty, and was horrified to see that the prairie between his house and mine was on fire. The flame and smoke were rushing along at a rapid rate, and the line of flame was already an eighth of a mile in extent. Greatly excited and surprised that John had not yet noticed what was going on, I looked towards the plowing, and screamed to him about the fire while frantically pointing at it.

Then I saw that he was not alone; he and another man were coming hurriedly towards the house. James Brown, the son of our old neighbor, had just come across the prairie where the fire was raging. The two men armed themselves with a bucket and a gunny sack apiece, and hastened over to the scene of battle.

Breathlessly I watched them from my little west window. Would they never reach the fire! Now the flame was mounting high, and the smoke, like a wall, was shutting off all view of John's house and the prairie beyond. Anon the flames were leaping onward to the north, while the smoke rolled upward to meet and hide from view the bright blue sky. The two men quickened their pace, they were running. One of them was suddenly swallowed up in the smoke and lost to view; the other, a bucket in each hand, rushed around the tail end of the fire to some water in a marsh away off in the rye field, and he, too, disappeared from sight.

The fire now looked as though it would soon reach my house; the smoke was clearing away and the flames assert-



ing themselves. Behind the line of flame, at its very head, which seemed a fiery demon ever leaping toward me, I perceived the crouching figure of John frantically beating the ground.

How slow seemed the progress of this solitary, bent form; and yet the line had been shortened, the flames had been interrupted in their headlong course. But at the other end the flames were augmenting in volume! Would the two men never get to that end!

One of the men was coming away from the fire toward my house. What did he want? Another pail? I grabbed up a small tin bucket, and rushing outside wildly waved it at the approaching man. He did not respond, but turned towards the plowing. In answer to my shout of "How's the fire?" he jocosely replied:—

"It's getting there Eli, but we may stop it if we can plow some furrows around it. Get up there! Ghee!" And away he went with his team and plow, back to the fire.

All this time the stooping figure behind the fire line had never for a moment stopped battling with the flames; and all along the line arose a dense smoke which rolled toward my house, and soon, man and team and plow, as well as the figure beyond, vanished.

At last, after what seemed a long period of suspense, the smoke cleared away, and showed the flames gradually going down, now here and now there, along the entire line. Then by degrees, the last of the smoke, too, cleared away, and I again saw the two men.

They were standing beside the team and plow, with a background of charred ground which altered completely the physiognomy of the prairie view. Ah, what a black reality!

Assured now that the battle was ended, I fell back upon my bed completely exhausted, and really imagined that I myself had been fighting the flames.

How thankful I was that James Brown *happened* along just when he did! How could John and I, by ourselves, ever have put out the fire! How providential, not so say coincidental, that he should have come just at the moment when the fire started!

I went out to meet the conquering heroes. They were dragging wearily after the team, with faces, hands, and clothes, all scorched and blackened, and a charred bucket hung from each man's arm. I gave them water, which they swallowed in two gulps.

"How did the fire get started?" I asked, "and how did James happen along just in the nick of time?"

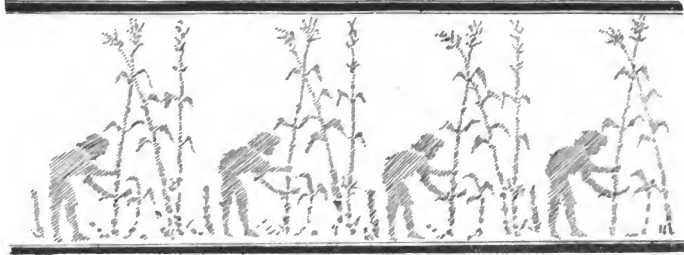
He "happened" along to find out whether Jeanette was visiting on my claim at the present time, and "happening" while crossing the prairie between the two houses to lose himself in meditation, in this fit of abstraction he "happened" to pull a match out of his pocket, light it on his breeches, and throw it away. In a moment the tall grasses at his feet were aflame.

Jeanette made a short visit on my claim before departing for a place some fifteen miles away, where she was to take charge of a school for the winter months. She expected, however, to spend every Saturday night on her claim, erroneously believing that this would be sufficient to "hold down" the claim while she was teaching.

John left me as soon as he finished building the addition to my house, having succeeded in obtaining a winter school some thirteen miles from my claim.

For various reasons, one of which was my desire to wait for Jeanette, I did not "prove up" at the end of a six months' residence on my pre-emption, but for another six months lived alone in the solitude, and experienced more fully during the winter months the meaning of that Western term *rustling*.

L. E. M. Smith.



### AMONG THE EXPERIMENT STATIONS.

WHAT is an Experiment Station, and how is it conducted? Occasionally, a newspaper item refers to work that is being done at some station in Florida, Maryland, Louisiana, or in our own State of California, but the ideas of a good many persons are still a trifle hazy on the subject. Since the tax-payers foot the bills of the institution, and since those best qualified to judge believe that the taxpayers get a great deal for their money, it is certainly worth while for them to know more about this modern institution, that is found to be valuable in every civilized country.

All the leading American experiment stations have been of very great service to the farming classes. At the Wisconsin Station Professor Henry's exhaustive experiments in feeding cattle "for fat and lean," or in other words, so as to produce the largest possible amount of high-priced food at the lowest possible cost, are now followed in practice by the most intelligent cattle men. Professor Babcock's famous milk test has come into use in all the creameries in America and Europe. Professor Snow of the Kansas Station has saved millions of dollars to Western farmers by his method of destroying the chinch bug. He infects a quart or so of the insects for each farmer in his district; the farmer scatters them among the chinch

bugs in the field, and in five days the infection spreads over acres, destroying the pests wholesale. The Cornell Station, New York, has classified and compared hundreds of varieties of fruits and vegetables, correcting innumerable errors of careless seedsmen and nurserymen. The North Carolina Station has proved that the fig can be grown successfully over a large district when its culture was formerly thought impossible. The work of the Connecticut and the Massachusetts Stations in inspecting fertilizers has saved immense sums to the farmers of those States. In California the experiments of Professor Hilgard with alkali soils in Tulare and elsewhere, have already led to large investments in reclamation enterprises. Within the past few weeks experiments made with the sugar-beet soils near Chino have decided definitely the kind of fertilization required for those lands, and will save many thousands of dollars to that district.

Both stations and station workers are interesting subjects of study, and so many things belong to the story that one can begin almost anywhere. Let us take a lesser station in California, as an illustration of one of the links in the chain. It is a tract of twenty acres in the San Joaquin Valley,—a tract that foreign Commissioners of Agriculture

have come all the way from Italy, Hungary, and Russia, to visit and study. It is one of the frontier posts of the American experiment station system, and like all the other stations in California, it is controlled and officered from the State University at Berkeley.

Drive out a mile from the town of Tulare, and you will see a group of substantial buildings. The two-story dwelling of nine rooms includes a seed-room and

grapes, many of them as yet unknown to California grape-growers; there is a group of named varieties of date palms from Africa; an almost endless assortment of wheats, ryes, barleys, grasses, and other forage plants, sorghums, and cucurbitacea. Something new in nearly every department of horticulture is being tested in small culture plats. Everywhere, also, the difficult problems connected with reclaiming alkaline soils are



RECLAIMED LAND AND BLACK ALKALI AT THE SAN JOAQUIN STATION.

the foreman's office. The lower story of the large tank-house is used for keeping supplies of gypsum, or land plaster, needed in the gradual reclamation of the now useless "black alkali" portions of the tract. There are wagon-sheds, tool-house, a stable, an exercise yard for the horses, and a corral for the newly imported Persian sheep. There is a horse-power for raising an abundant supply of water. A part of the land is planted in orchard, one or two trees of a variety; a part is devoted to a large vineyard, containing about 200 kinds of table and wine

being studied and attacked from every conceivable standpoint.

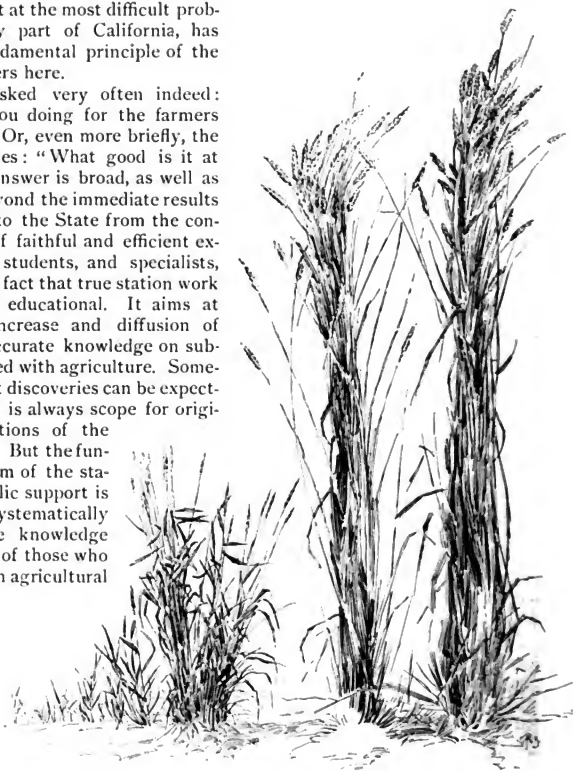
It must not be supposed, however, that the only benefit to the neighborhood is in the steps taken towards the reclamation of the alkali soils. The station does good work in illustrating better methods of culture, better species and varieties of forage crops, and other departments of modern agriculture, all with particular reference to the San Joaquin Valley and of similar tracts the world over. There is plenty of land in Tulare County that contains no alkali; there is richer

land in Tulare than the station tract, and there is moist land which needs no irrigation. Such lands are always in brisk demand; they can take care of themselves; it is the poor lands, the lands difficult to manage, that most need the aid of station work to show their hidden capabilities, to make them profitable, and so secure the prosperity of extensive districts. This principle of working with the lower grades of land, of going straight at the most difficult problems in every part of California, has been the fundamental principle of the station workers here.

We are asked very often indeed: "What are you doing for the farmers this year?" Or, even more briefly, the question comes: "What good is it at all?" The answer is broad, as well as definite. Beyond the immediate results which come to the State from the constant labors of faithful and efficient experimenters, students, and specialists, is the primary fact that true station work is essentially educational. It aims at the steady increase and diffusion of tested and accurate knowledge on subjects connected with agriculture. Sometimes brilliant discoveries can be expected, and there is always scope for original investigations of the highest value. But the fundamental claim of the stations for public support is that they systematically increase the knowledge and efficiency of those who are engaged in agricultural pursuits. Their value, like that of the public schools, is seldom to be expressed in exact mathematical terms, but

varies with the skill of the cacher and the willingness of the pupil to learn.

At more than a hundred stations and sub-stations in the United States, one will find workers of various grades of education, from the foremen of the farms, whose training and social position in their respective communities entitles them to rank with grammar school teachers, to the specialists in chemistry,



EFFECT OF RECLAMATION OF ALKALI LAND.

On the left, full grown wheat, only two inches high; half reclaimed plants, two feet high; fully reclaimed. ♀



THE FOOTHILL STATION.

botany, and physical science, that direct and supervise the work of their subordinates. In the higher ranks one finds men of international reputation, and at least one retired chief of the Agricultural Department at Washington was content to become the director of an experiment station.

The history of the experiment stations since their beginning is to be found in a very large and important body of scientific pamphlets, leaflets, bulletins, and books, issued at irregular intervals, as occasion demands, in this country, in Europe, and of late years in most of the British colonies. Only students are aware of the extent and value of the work being done in this field, but there is every evidence that the system receives the hearty support of the public, and that the present appropriations made by the general government for this purpose will not be lessened, but rather increased.

The extent to which the experiment station idea has been developed in

Europe is shown by the fact that Great Britain has nine stations, Russia has fourteen, Italy has eighteen, Sweden has twenty-five, Austria has thirty-four, Germany has sixty-six, and France has sixty-eight. In the United States there is now experimental work going on at stations and sub-stations in almost every State and Territory, and the total annual expenditures of the government in this direction are about \$600,000, while the stations receive fully \$300,000 annually from other sources.

The work of the American stations is very interesting to all classes of citizens. Founded "for the promotion of knowledge," and to "acquire and diffuse practical information" on subjects connected with agriculture, the present development of the system has surpassed the hopes of its projectors. The farmer, stock-raiser, fruit-grower, and all classes that depend directly upon the cultivation of the soil, are of course benefited; but it has also been found that station work

can be made of benefit to every land owner, and indirectly to every citizen of the United States. In the collective exhibit made by the American stations at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, the nine main subdivisions were as follows: soils, crops, fertilizers, feeding stuffs, animal nutrition, dairying, horticulture, botany, and entomology. It is easy to see how at one point or another this work touches the interests of every owner of a city lot, a suburban half-acre, or a country farm.

well established colleges or universities. California, Michigan, Cornell, Wisconsin,—these and other universities have shown that the true system of managing the experiment stations is through the agricultural department of a college that is made a part of a broader university scheme, or as an integral part of an amply endowed and well equipped agricultural college.

France, as has just been stated, has sixty-eight experiment stations. California, in area, range of soils, diversity



PASO ROBLES STATION.

In California, as in many other States, the experiment station has been made a part of the land-grant college system. On the whole this plan has resulted in notable advantages; better men have been secured, the stations have been kept more free from political control, and much more economical management of the appropriations has been possible. Those stations which, in some of the States and Territories, have been established as separate institutions, have accomplished much less, as a rule, than those which have been associated with

of climate, can more safely be compared with France than any other European country; and California has already in practical operation five farm, orchard, and vineyard stations, and two forestry stations. This is an excellent beginning, and places our State well at the front among the American States. It is only a beginning, however, as there should be well equipped and properly officered experiment stations in at least twenty-five more localities in the State.

When the land is deeded to the State without expense, it costs from three to



DEODAR CEDAR AT CENTRAL STATION.

five thousand dollars at each station to erect the necessary buildings, and properly equip them with tools, instruments, and all that is required to make an outlying station. It will then cost about \$3,000 a year to carry on the legitimate and necessary work of each station, to keep up the plant, and to extend scientific investigations in a proper manner. This, however, presupposes that the main or central station, to which these outlying stations report, is still better supplied with the sinews of war. A system like this extended over California, and developed, as our horticultural population increases, to an equality with that of France, could not fail to be of enormous benefit to the landed interests of the State. It would of course include experimental work in every department of agriculture; there would be gardens, orchards, vineyards, pastures, apiaries, sheep and cattle farms, arboretums, and botanic gardens; there would be labora-

tories where specialists in organic and inorganic chemistry would be constantly at work; and plant houses and fields where busy hybridizers would be creating new varieties.

Something of all this is going on even now, in the days of the beginnings, at all the California stations. The center of the activity is in the Agricultural Building at the State University, Berkeley,—a plain, substantial structure, with laboratories, lecture rooms, and the Director's office on the ground floor, and more offices and class rooms above. In a basement underneath, entered from the rear, are the cellars where viticultural experiments are made. The working staff here is officered by the general Director, Professor E. W. Hilgard, by one associate professor, E. J. Wickson, and Prof. E. L. Greene, the Botanist; and by two assistant professors, R. H. Loughridge and C. W. Woodworth. Two instructors in chemistry, an assist-





ECONOMIC GARDEN, CENTRAL STATION.

ant devoted to viticulture and olive culture, an inspector of the six outlying stations (including the two Forestry Stations), a foreman of the home station, and a foreman of the viticultural cellar, complete the list of active workers who direct and control the various experiments constantly in progress, and the practical management of the whole system. At each one of the outlying stations there is a foreman, with one, two, or three men under him, according to the season and the locality. There are times when about thirty-five persons, including laborers, are occupied in experiment station work.

The finances of the institution are managed with extreme carefulness and attention to details. Fifteen thousand dollars a year comes to the University from what is known as the Hatch Fund for Experiment Stations. Another national gift, now \$20,000, is known as the Morrill Fund; but this, according to

the terms of its gift, is partly devoted to agriculture, partly to the other affiliated colleges. A third fund of \$2000 annually comes at present from the State of California, to help support the forestry stations.

The value of property already accumulated in these stations may be shown by inventories of the four farm stations made December 31, 1891. Each inventory included land, buildings, trees, tools, and every item to which the Patron, or local agent of the University, the Inspector, and the Director, could give a tangible rating. Valuations were in every case low. One station was rated at \$6604.15, another at \$7517.13, a third at \$8277.00, and a fourth at \$13,598.50. The total is \$35,996.78. Add \$10,000 for the value of the land, and some improvements at the two forestry stations that have recently come under the control of the University, and add \$25,000 for the Central Station, includ-



ing of course the gardens, nurseries, orchards, and buildings, and we have a grand total of \$70,000. There are expenditures every year in the way of permanent outfit, and the value of all the station properties is steadily increasing under a careful management of their finances.

The central station grounds occupy about twenty-five acres of hill slopes and small levels along the creek north and

of poor quality, and such things as figs, lemons, oranges, and guavas, requiring more heat to ripen well. Nevertheless, the mild bay-shore climate, subject to but slight changes of temperature, proves adapted to an immense range of plant life, and the outlying stations are being rapidly supplied with extensive collections propagated in the nurseries here.

The grounds are attractive to every



BOTANIC GARDEN CENTRAL STATION.

northwest of the main University plateau. Here are the nurseries, the orchards, the garden of economic plants, the wild garden, the propagating houses, the collection of olives and other plants, the seed house, the fruit house, the grain plats, grasses, clovers and other experimental plats too numerous to be named. The land for the most part is of inferior quality, and slopes to the west, lying exposed to sea winds. The production of fruits is limited, of course; peaches, nectarines, and similar species, being

botanist and lover of noble trees. The old oaks that Keith has painted look as if they might last five hundred years longer. Immense eucalypts, acacias, pines, cedars, and a great variety of exotic species, mingle with those native to California. Especially effective are groups of palms and several tall deodar cedars. Of interest to every lover of plants are representative trees from Chile, Japan, Australia, and other countries, that have been collected in the course of years from all parts of the

world. When the large propagating houses and conservatory, soon to be built, are in working order, the list of plants will be much extended. Even now there are more species of plants represented in the various experiment gardens and on the University grounds than anywhere else on the Pacific Coast.

It is from the central station that all correspondence is conducted. Persons send samples of water here to be analyzed, to see if it is fit for domestic purposes or for irrigation, and are often saved by the chemists from wasting large sums of money. They send samples of soil to ascertain the best crops or the needed treatment. They ask about minerals, gypsum deposits, value of fertilizers, remedies for insect pests, and diseases of plants and animals. Thousands of letters come to the Agricultural Department of the University, and all are answered, sometimes in great detail. This correspondence is not confined to California, but extends over the United States. Men ask where to plant lemons, or figs, or olives; they desire to know about the rainfall or climate of different districts; and in a thousand ways they daily appeal to the station or its workers. Without expense or unnecessary delay, they obtain the most careful and accurate reply that



EUGENE W. HILGARD, PROFESSOR OF AGRICULTURE.

can be made, or are referred to other specialists. The distributions of new and rare seeds and plants occasionally made cause a great deal of correspondence, as reports are expected from all who receive such things. Exchanges with other botanic gardens and experiment stations, and with collectors in remote places, also entail a vast deal of correspondence. Seeds come from such places as Natal and Algiers, Saharanpur and Mysore. Seeds of California plants are sent out in like manner to the ends of the earth. Plants that are not yet for sale in California, and that no commercial nurseryman could find a demand for, are thus established and distributed when found to be desirable.

In all this the station works in complete harmony with seedsmen, nurserymen, florists, and originators of new fruits and flowers. Everywhere these classes have recognized the experiment stations as their natural allies, and they



PERSIAN SHEEP AT PASO ROBLES STATION.

give a great deal to the support of every station. There are many seedsmen and nurserymen who divide everything new with the nearest station, and offer nothing for sale that has not been tested there. In fact, the approval of an experiment station is more and more valued because it cannot be purchased. The stations are likewise able to prevent many frauds. An instance came under my notice a few years ago. A farmer had a variety of wheat that perhaps he honestly thought was new. He sold it at ten cents a pound, and a great deal was distributed at that rate. One of the purchasers took some to a station. The foreman had the same wheat in his collection of a hundred or more varieties. He said that it was a handsome wheat, but of inferior quality. It was not new, and it could be had, by sending to Canada, for two cents a pound. When this was told, people stopped planting it on so large a scale, and when sown together the two wheats really proved identical.

Not only do the stations refuse to run opposition to seedsmen and nurserymen; they do not sell seeds or plants to any one. They only give away plants, seeds, scions, trees, buds, etc., under a pledge, implied or expressed, that whatever is received is for experiment purposes only, and will be reported upon in due season. As soon as a plant gets into the trade, the stations refuse to distribute it. It would sometimes seem as if there could be no harm in adding to the income of an institution by sales of surplus stock; but in every case where the system has been tried it has been a lamentable failure, taking the station workers from their legitimate occupations and alienating the support of many classes in the community. No station can be run as a produce farm or sale nursery. All its energies must be devoted to educational and scientific work.

The four outlying farm stations which supplement and extend the work of the

central station, were established at intervals between 1888 and 1890. The first was located in the Sierra foothills, about five miles from Jackson, the county seat of Amador County, and is usually known as the Foothill Station. In order adequately to represent the soils and climates of the California Sierra, this station, which is at an altitude of about two thousand feet, should be but one of a group of eight or ten stations at various elevations—some east, others west, of the axis of the range. There ought to be a citrus station in the foothills of the southern Sierra, and another in the northern counties. A station for the hardier fruits could well be placed as high up the mountains as Colfax. One for dairying belongs at a still greater elevation, and another on the coast.

But as long as experiment work must be confined to one Sierra station, the site is suitable, except that it is difficult of access. One goes by rail to Lone, and thence by stage or buggy to Jackson, twelve miles east. The road is a rough one, notorious for its stage robberies; but the country is remarkably representative of the old mining camp districts. Some fine and profitable gold mines are worked, and keep up the towns, but horticulture has not yet become fairly established. There is a great deal of poor soil, hard to clear, and of little value for grain or general crops when cleared. The station tract of forty-three acres, an average of thousands of square miles of land in the mountains, contains red soil and "sand" soil (decomposed granite). It lies over three hills, and the slopes which unite them. The situation is extremely picturesque, with a noble view across the central plain to the Coast Range beyond.

The climate has proved too cold for success with the orange, and late frosts sometimes injure the almond. Figs and olives do well, however, and extensive

collections, including many rare and new sorts, have been planted. It was found necessary to establish one orchard on the red soil, and another on the granite, duplicating varieties. Each orchard really consists of a number of sub-orchards, as apples, pears, prunes, and other fruits, are planted in separate blocks as far as possible. The vineyard, in like manner, is divided into blocks, partly on the red soil, partly on the granite. No irrigation is used on orchard or vineyard, but water is taken from a mining ditch by means of a turbine wheel and lifted to the house on the top of the highest hill, also to a reservoir on top of another hill, for garden use, and such cultures as demand irrigation.

The second of the outlying stations is that of the San Joaquin Valley, situated near Tulare City, in Tulare County. This station, twenty acres in area, has already been briefly described as a typical one of the system. Its especial feature is that it is largely devoted to the reclamation of alkali lands. These lands, which are partially or wholly unfit for useful vegetable growth by reason of the superabundance of injurious salts, are found in many parts of the world. Immense areas exist in British India and Russia, as well as lesser tracts in Italy, Hungary, North Africa, and other countries. While of much progressive value because of their great intrinsic stores of plant food, no person of small means can hope to prosper on these lands, and it is an injury to the State to permit efforts to colonize and transfer them to poor and ignorant people. The three-fold problem of irrigation, drainage, and reclamation, of alkali tracts, is of vital importance to large districts in California, and there is no use in trying to escape the necessity of solving it. In fact, no more serious demand has been made upon modern agricultural science than that involved in this problem.

It has been found by experience that the worst forms of alkali can be neutral-

ized and carried out of the soil by repeated applications of ground gypsum, or land plaster, with or without good under-drainage, as the case may be. In certain districts if only one farmer does this the alkali will probably come in again from neighboring lands, or rise with the winter water in the soil. If an entire district be properly drained, the surplus alkali will ultimately be carried to the ocean. The process of reclamation is sometimes slow and expensive, but the land that needs it, while extremely productive when properly treated, is worthless in its present state. To treat a piece of land with gypsum, however, means much more than merely to dump large quantities of gypsum upon it, and plow it under. Small but regular applications should be made, and a great deal of plowing and breaking up the surface done, so as to mix the gypsum thoroughly with the top foot of soil. Through drainage channels and sumps, or pits, the surface water must be carried off, taking with it the noxious salts in solution. Alkali salts are always produced in the formation of soils from rocks, and they contain potash, nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and in brief, the elements that cause fertility, together with common salt, Glauber's salt, and often carbonate of soda. It is the last-named ingredient that characterizes "black alkali," the most injurious form, destroying plant life, and rendering soils practically untillable. The value of gypsum treatment consists in the fact that gypsum changes carbonate of soda to Glauber's salt, or "white alkali," and retains the bulk of the plant-food in the soil for future use, where mere irrigation would carry it away. The system of reclaiming black alkali soils by the use of gypsum, under modifications adapted to local conditions, was first adopted in California, and is being adopted in other countries where alkali soils abound. Of its scientific value there is not the slightest doubt.

The San Joaquin Valley has but this one station. A complete representation of the vast and varied territory known as the San Joaquin would call for several more stations, one on the non-alkali soil of the valley, one near the eastern foothills, and a third on the west side. Neither is there any station (except a forestry station) in the entire Sacramento Valley, and several large stations could well be placed between Mount Shasta and the mouth of the Sacramento River, one on the tule islands, others on the various types of upland east and west of the river. The great valley-plain of California will not be fully represented until it contains many more experiment stations.

Paso Robles, in northern San Luis Obispo, is the site of the third of the outlying stations. Officially it is called the "Southern Coast Range" station. In point of fact, it is the only Coast Range station in existence, and it rather represents the dry plain land east of the upper Salinas than the hill country of that region. Its climate is subject to sharp fluctuations,—a difficult climate to deal with, and yet a few miles away the conditions are much more favorable to plant life. The size of the tract is twenty acres, and it includes several of the more general soils of the district, from sand to adobe. The station is near the town, and has three or four hundred visitors every year, as Paso Robles is a noted health resort, and the road past the station forms a pleasant drive.

Here, as elsewhere, is a typical orchard and vineyard, and the lesser cultures which vary from year to year. Fig trees frost badly, but the olive thrives. It is a fine country for some classes of deciduous fruits. The tract was originally open pasture land thickly set with oaks, and a great many were dug up to plant the orchard. Much of the soil is thin and poor,—decidedly a third-rate soil from the practical farmer's view,

and it offers a good basis for fertilizer tests. In seasons of heavy rainfall the cereals do especially well here. The development of the station has been very interesting, and full of surprises from the first. The orchard and vineyard have done better than any one expected in that class of soil, east of the river; the climate has shown greater range of temperature than was expected. Here, as at other stations, the daily observations taken show the small value of monthly averages. Maximum and minimum readings of the thermometer are worth all the averages that were ever printed.

The Coast Range, when completely represented, will have even more stations than the Sierra and the interior valleys combined. There is need of experiment stations on many soils and under many differing conditions. The redwood country should have one, and the Humboldt country, and the sandhills near the ocean. Ten miles west of Paso Robles the soil and climate differ greatly from that at the station.

Last of the four outlying farm stations is that one which represents Southern California. It is situated in that beautiful valley midway between the San Gabriel and the San Bernardino, the valley of Chino, a part of which is called the Pomona Valley. Its fortunate location is in the open valley about two miles from each of the three towns, Chino, Ontario, and Pomona. Olives, figs, oranges, lemons, walnuts, and a great range of orchard fruits, berries, and semi-tropic plants, are already established here. The station has two tracts of land,—the home tract of thirty acres, and ten acres of naturally moist land two miles away.

The choice of this general region for the station was determined by the fact that only one such station could be established at present. Eventually there should be a station near the coast in one of the more sheltered spots of Southern California; there should be another sta-

tion still further inland, in Riverside or the San Bernardino Valley. The high Mojave and Antelope Valley district calls for still another, and so does the Colorado Desert. A dozen stations, each of unique interest and importance, could easily be located south of the Tehachapi.

The two forestry stations came under University control by the abolishment of the State Forestry Board. The Board had controlled larger sums for five or six years than the entire amount spent by the University upon its five experiment stations. When it went out of existence it had two tracts of land; one at Chico consisted of twenty-one acres partly planted in forest trees, but with no other improvements; the other at Santa Monica consisted of twenty acres, partly cleared and planted, and containing water-works, a cottage, and some other buildings. The University took possession of these tracts July 1st, 1893, and has since managed them under the general station system, at a very slight additional expense for supervision. Many improvements have been made, and the collections of trees, or arboretums, have received extensive additions. Some culture and other experiments can now be carried on at these as at the other stations, though the forestry idea is kept pre-eminent. In the course of time a third forestry station, it is to be hoped, can be established for Central California, on the Mount Hamilton reservation of 2600 acres.

Having thus briefly noted the system followed, and described the separate stations, let us return to the workers themselves. Of the foremen or local superintendents, one is a Scotch certificated gardener of some years' experience in California; one is a German with English and Californian training; one was long a prominent nurseryman and florist. All have had special training to fit them for the work, and some have taken high school or polytechnic courses,

or some months in college. The foreman at the central station necessarily has the greatest responsibility. The whole governing body represents as thoroughly progressive and American a group of workers as it would be possible to find in any institution, and many of the younger men are graduates of the University of California. Thoroughly American in the best sense is the head of the department, Professor Hilgard, who was but two years old when his father left Bavaria and settled in Illinois. Since graduating at Heidelberg in 1853, Professor Hilgard has held many prominent positions in the educational world, and for twenty years past he has been identified with the State University as Professor of Agriculture. Last year he received the Liebig medal for his soil investigations, and he is recognized as one of the greatest living authorities in his own especial lines of work.

The above outline sketch of the experiment stations is necessarily incomplete, for they are constantly developing. Their orchards represent some six hundred varieties of fruit now, many of them not yet introduced into commerce; in three years more, at the present rate of progress, each of their orchards will contain about a thousand varieties. Accurately labeled, the value of these experiment orchards in determining doubtful nomenclature among fruit growers can hardly be overestimated. So useful to California have these seven stations already become, that it is not hard to foresee the time when other districts will demand and obtain such stations, and the system will gradually extend, as previously suggested, to something like the scale adopted in Germany and France. Besides large stations of twenty or more acres, it is practicable to carry on small test stations of a few acres, or even less, devoted to special crops. In this way, and at slight expense, many observations can be obtained from widely scattered points.

*Charles Howard Shinn.*

## SAUNDERS'S SOCIAL YANK.

LAWTON, Oregon, is situated on an arm of the sea that crooks around like an inverted letter U. On the near or ocean side was a little port or huddle of houses, and on the far side, across the peninsula, was this little town. It was a peculiar place fifteen years ago; the sound of wheels was rarely heard, commerce and expressing being chiefly by boats around and about the bay, as well as up and down the creeks whose waters empty into it. The roads or streets of the place were mere paths over or around fallen fir timber, and what expanse there was free of standing trees was as hummocky—though not marshy—as a muskrat village.

There was wharfage and frontage along the bay, of course; ship-building and a number of ship-carpenters' homes, a general merchandise store, and a small hotel that might decently shelter three or four guests. Including school privileges, a doctor's shop, and a resident magistrate, this was about the make-up of the place in those days. Seen from the hill where the trail leads across the peninsula toward the ocean, or from the bay of the gentle incline and semi-circular shore, the hamlet was pretty enough, though rude, to charm any one having a home feeling or home desire in his heart.

The social atmosphere of the place was quiet even to stagnation, that could not be denied,—and yet there was in Lawton, as there is sure to be in every community, large or small, qualities that gave it its own peculiar individuality. What it lacked was fellowship and a few interests in common. The place was slowly dying for want of a mental cock-tail.

The spry little doctor, although aged, and with somber face, seemed to hold

somewhere about him the elements of friendship; and the merchant whose heavy, sunken eyes rarely shed a smile,—even upon an inquiring customer,—seemed to possess an ingraining of good humor. And, too, the broad-faced English woman at her house half way down the wharf, dropping her "h"es and picking them up again at will, betrayed in her manner, if not in her words, something of sterling value, not as yet fully coined out of her heart into pounds, shillings, and pence, of social commerce. And the builders in the shipyard just below the greatest curve in the shore line scored and hewed with scarcely a word, save the necessary words of inquiry and command. Even the little boys along the shores of the miniature oceans in the depressions between the hillocks near the bay sailed their toy vessels,—each his own,—silently, intent upon their own individual concerns. Reticence seemed to have locked the lips of both young and old in the place; and where, I wondered, was the wand of power that should deliver them into freedom of spirit and speech. Plainly and strikingly these features or peculiarities of place and people alike indelibly stamped themselves upon my mind.

Almost immediately after reaching Lawton, I met Mr. Joseph Saunders, the village schoolmaster. Of more than ordinary parts, stalwart and manly, he was a keen analyst of human nature, and a man who seemed capable of doing more good in a quiet way than any other I had ever met. Fully two years my junior, he was as much as two years my senior in keen appreciation of men and motives.

In no sense a faddist, his earnest sympathies ever led him to seek out his fellows; and had he possessed the pocket-

book of a millionaire, instead of his slender salary as school teacher, he would have ranked high as a philanthropist. He seemed to be restlessly miserable unless he was doing good.

I was connected with the harbor improvements at the mouth of the bay; had finished my duties for the week, and was standing somewhat listlessly on the wharf, as he approached.

"It may seem a little presumptuous," said he, "but I feel impelled to introduce myself."

Drawn to him readily, it was easy for me, after the introduction, to accede to his proposal of a row across the bay.

And that was the beginning. The Wharf House—where I had found more commodious quarters—was a mere boarding-house, without pretensions but of wholesome character. The landlady was a quiet soul; her helper, a black-eyed eighteen-year-old girl, was bright and pleasant while at work, but demure while off duty. With a plain sewing woman of forty or forty-five years of age, these comprised the feminine list; while a flaxen-haired young Scandinavian and myself on the masculine side completed the household.

The house itself was old but ample, two stories in height, and a hundred feet from the edge of the wharf. Of uncouth appearance without, it was tidily kept within. The sewing woman's rooms were at the front upstairs, and at almost any hour of the day she could be seen plying her needle, or gazing out of her window over the waters of the bay. Often her face was white and pinched, and occasionally there was an anxious look, as though she was in search of a sail that never appeared. Sarah Ormsby, the black-eyed girl, sometimes would skip with a rope along the planking which ran around the house,—for her own individual diversion, that being the only show of effusive life noticeable,—and at such times Henrik Twirlson, the Scandinavian, would watch stolidly.

Just before concluding my duties one day I saw a small boat, laden with a trunk, a desk, and a bookcase, land near the boarding-house. Though that method of carting was somewhat novel to me, I gave the incident no second thought; but it freshly recurred to me when, an hour or so later, Saunders loomed up, bland and magnificent, in the doorway of the house as I approached.

We were off duty early that day, and sitting upon a piece of square timber, our feet dangling over the water. Commenting upon various matters, I said to Saunders: "What ails this place, Mr. Saunders? It is as quiet every day as a Puritan Sabbath; it unfits one for work."

"The place is dead," he responded sadly; "as dead, almost, as those fire-swept trees across the bay. Everybody nurses his own personal misfortunes; there's no fellowship, no exchanges of confidence, no mutual burden-bearing, no heartiness of speech or manner; the bi-monthly Baptist preacher, himself baptized through the ice in winter, would almost freeze water in the summer. His sermons are all voice and no fire, and how he is to arouse the spiritually dead, without a grain of the gentleness and sociability of his Master, who not only talked with the despised Samaritan woman, but also ate and drank with publicans and sinners, imparting Himself socially and spiritually to every one who would receive Him,—how, I say, this preacher expects to arouse these sleepers, is a question. Even though the teacher of the school, I am unable to gain a foothold socially with the families, and my mission over here at the Wharf House is—confidentially—to quietly dig about some of these old roots, and spring new sap and life into them. People whose nobler faculties drop into disuse need a social 'yank.' My father always used to say aptly, when some lack-witted or slack-handed fellow was being handled with



rough gloves by the neighbor, 'Change his condition, change his condition; help him out of the rut he is in.' Now there's our landlady, Mrs. Walker, as good a creature by nature as need be in any community; she has met ill-fortune in her day, and has, by ill-advised speculations, lost not only money, but what is worse, confidence in humanity. Given a growing trade with social life and stir about, and she would brighten up like a new dollar. Mrs. Barlow, the wife of the merchant, and Mrs. Wright, the doctor's wife, exchange occasional items of gossip; but beyond this there is little in the way of sociability between them. It is wrong. Dame Sampson, the English woman,—everybody calls her Dame,—is a droll body, with more wit in the gray matter of her brain than most people give her credit for. As I passed her seven-by-nine garden patch, yesterday I think it was, she stopped the hoeing of her cabbages and lettuce, and leaning over the fence with her hoe balanced across the palings, observed:—

"'I see you 'ave changed boordin' ouse agen, Mister Saunders; ye do beat hall: an' w'at is the move fer, if I may hask?'"

"When I replied evasively, said she: 'I ken your spirit, Mister Saunders; ye har no trifer an' ye 'ave a reason; but tell it or no, I'll keep an eye on ye.'

"She had reference, of course, to my coming here to the Wharf House to board. If all were as blunt and outspoken as herself, there would be no prevailing spirit of exclusiveness, as there now seems to be."

This was about the drift and measure of our conversation that day, as I recollect it.

I noticed about the same time that Twirlson, the Scandinavian, after work in the ship yard was over for the day, would often array himself in his baggy trousers, long velvet vest, and blue coat of ample proportions,—which, like an elephant's hide, hung in folds about his

body,—put on a tall, sloping-crowned felt hat, and parade the planks about the building as a sailor would walk the quarter deck, casting from time to time the while a furtive and half sheepish gaze toward the kitchen windows. Whether it was the heat of the kitchen or the sight of Twirlson *en-costume* that at such times gave color to Sarah's face, I do not know; but when, upon one occasion, I had the effrontery to ask the occasion of her blushes, she snapped out something about "ill mannered meddlers," and retreated from sight. I smiled quietly, and made a mental note of the incident.

Passing along one day near Dame Sampson's cottage, I saw Twirlson in advance of me, and nearer by the width of the street also to her door. Just as he came alongside the Dame popped out her head, and in an abrupt but civil way asked: "'Ows you an' Sarah Ormsby gettin' along, Mister Twirlson?'"

With closed lips and a face alternately flashing crimson and freezing to frosty pallor he marched on, looking neither to the right hand nor the left; but when a hundred yards away, he stretched out an arm and shook his fist in her direction.

"Just look at the mon," the Dame observed, as I came up, "could n't answer a civil body's question, an' now'e's ashakin' 'is fist."

Reminding her that people transplanted out of Norway and Sweden into other countries were apt to be—from sensitiveness or ignorance of others' ways—of uncertain temper, I passed the usual compliments of the day with her and continued my walk.

Within a week from the date of Saunders's coming amongst us at Mrs. Walker's, he had begun to call Sarah "The Butterfly Maiden,"—because, butterfly like, she loved the sun,—and he was frequently seen in the kitchen, coyly begging a doughnut or piece of pie; though he was rarely, if ever, seen eating be-

tween meals. That the pastry he would solicit was for others, I had no doubt ; for he always carried about in his pockets candies or nuts for the children.

The reserve of the elders must truly have been chronic and extreme, to bar out such a humanity-lover as Saunders. No favor was ever too much trouble for him to undertake on their account. At one time, asking how his scheme was progressing, I jerked my head significantly in the direction of Miss Morton, the seamstress's rooms.

"Slow, Mr. Morley," was his reply, "takes a deal of strategy and perseverance to accomplish much. Still, as I have had some old coats and vests rebound, and some India silk, purchased at an auction, made into scarfs, thereby getting upon friendly footing with the lady, I am in a way, I hope, eventually to succeed. She is greatly self-contained, though, and if you have or can make occasion to help in that direction, I'll be much obliged."

My opportunities for conversation with Saunders were infrequent and few, because of the uncertainty of my hours at the house, and often it would occur that when I was in he would be away. However, I knew that he was familiarizing himself with Twirlson, because many times the pair were together upon the bay. Sometimes, too, Saunders came in late ; but judging from the indiscriminate laughter heard below, he always used his time effectively after arriving.

Saturday afternoons he was occasionally missing altogether. One Saturday morning, when I was leaving for my half day's work,—having the afternoons to myself,—Saunders requested me to get around early to lunch, as he had, so he said, a character to show me. On the heights back of the port, and in close proximity to the timber, stood a rough-boarded, one-room cabin. As we neared it Saunders said,—

"If we gain admittance, I'll present you to the cabin's occupant."

Persistent knocking brought a shock-headed, animal-eyed fellow to the door. As soon as opened, Saunders planted one foot firmly in the doorway, meantime retaining his hold upon the door-knob. With a half-turned head he tipped me a wink, and pushed on into the cabin, dragging me after him by the coat skirts. This double invasion proved discomfiting to the cabin's occupant, who retreated to a far corner, seating himself bolt upright at the head of his bunk.

"I brought that liniment I promised you, Jerry, and with me is a man who has considerable knowledge of medicine ; just give him a look at your shin, he will diagnose it."

With those words—utterly dumbfounding to myself—Saunders (as we had both followed the man to his far corner) dropped on his knees by the bunk, seizing the fellow's right leg, and in a jiffy exposing it bare to view.

There was a contusion of the flesh and an abrasion of the skin several inches in length, as any novice could determine at a glance ; but though in no sense a doctor,—that declaration of Saunders's being a pure invention,—I immediately acted as such, diagnosing the case, and pronouncing the injury severe, and one requiring careful treatment. As water was warm on the stove near by, I washed and dried the limb, after which I bound it in flannel, and applied the liniment. Enjoining perfect rest, and doctor-like, promising to call again, I was glad once more to get outside.

For ten minutes, whilst awaiting my companion's re-appearance, I amused myself by walking about amongst the fallen firs. After Saunders did come forth, not a word passed between us until we were out of sight of the cabin and on the down grade to town. Then, as he threw himself upon a log, he burst into uproarious laughter. Finally, obtaining control of himself, he declared

that I was the best second he ever had had.

"Had I schooled you in the part, Mr. Morley, you could not have played it better; and," he added, "he the hardest case to socialize, if I may coin a word, that I ever undertook. It is 'Kindling Jerry,' the fellow who digs fat pine, selling it in splints at kitchen doors. He is otherwise wrongly known as 'Crazy Jed,' but he is merely a recluse, reticent almost as a stone post. It has taken six weeks to pry that many words out of him; but from now on the task will be easier. This afternoon I have engaged two boys to split and deliver his stock of fat pine, and we will have a chance to rest and think. Tomorrow we go again to dress his wound,—the importance of which you very properly magnified,—and with a basketful of Mrs. Walker's dainties, I guess we can yank him up a little. Some Southern California fruit I bought on board one of the vessels in port was the very means of forcing a word of thanks from the fellow; while buckwheat cakes of my own cooking, with pure maple syrup, upon another occasion, set the tongue of the British Columbia hermit to wagging."

Two men besides myself, connected with the harbor works, were on our side of the peninsula, and in less than a week from the date of the conversation just above recorded Saunders had persuaded them to change their boarding place, besides influencing occasional transients to Mrs. Walker's. But few words could I wring from Kindling Jerry's lips, as we paid him frequent visits; and when his limb healed my visits ceased altogether. Shortly thereafter, my duties called me so much of the time on the ocean side of the peninsula that I spent whole days and several nights there, and thus lessened my opportunities for noting the progress of Saunders's social "yank."

But occasionally he would drop into my room, settle himself into my easy

chair, and deliver voluntarily some brief report, the fashion of which would usually be: "Laid another line, Mr. Morley," or, "working it up at a healthy rate now." There was great gusto in his manner, always, when speaking of his social successes.

Occasionally a small party of three or four persons disconnected with the works would be allowed to go out on the tug to the harbor bar; and one day Saunders, with Kindling Jerry and Henrik Twirlson, took the trip. I noticed that Saunders and Jerry kept closely together both out and back, and though little was said, it was plain that fellowship, to a degree, was established between them.

While the tug upon that trip was at the bar,—my duties keeping me aboard the vessel,—I noticed that the furiously incoming tide wrought a change upon Jerry's spirit. The majesty of the mighty deep seemed to inspire him. And just then the quoted words, "Change his condition! change his condition," recurred to my mind, showing Saunders's tactical cleverness in bringing Jerry out upon the trip. Afterwards as I occasionally saw him dodging about the paths from house to house with his bales of kindling, I was, from the change in his countenance, quite hopeful that his uplift had become permanent.

In the rear of the Wharf House what had once been tide flats, but then partially reclaimed, was the port—so to speak—of certain drifted and unoccupied buildings. Returning one day early, I discovered that two or more of the shanties had been joined to the boarding-house and refitted into rooms,—the same even then being occupied by timber-workers. I had occasionally noticed a few strange faces at table, and this discovery explained their relation to the house: it was a part of Saunders's remedial scheme.

Dropping into the dining hall upon

another occasion, I discovered Mrs. Walker holding both of Saunders's hands in her own, and eloquently looking up into his face. "How can I thank you enough for your kindness, Mr. Saunders? You are daily strengthening my trade and making life seem brighter for me. Like Joseph of old," she said, turning to me, "who sent corn out of Egypt, he is well-named, Mr. Morley, and if there is anything I can ever do for him, I shall be, O so thankful."

It was an expression of fervent gratitude, and caused the hot blood to rush up to the honest fellow's temples.

Once, while passing Jerry's cabin, I overheard him singing or chanting a valorous love ditty, the refrain at the conclusion of each stanza being: "And ask her hand tonight." As any one could pick up a like catching jingle, I did not consider the matter of moment enough to link it in with Jerry's past,—if he had had a past,—much less with his unpropitious present.

On another night, returning late from the ocean by the way of the trail across the peninsula, I came in sight of Jerry's brightly lighted cabin. A desire to see him, or something akin to it, influenced me to take the curving path which led by his door, rather than the usual and more direct one. Nearing the cabin upon my horse, I could plainly see, through the ample west window, by the aid of the flaming pine knots in the open grate, Saunders and Jerry seated closely together, poring over what appeared to be a legal or commercial document, spread out upon the table before them. A pencil was over Saunders's right ear, clerical fashion, while in his left hand was a bundle of like documents. Noticing the studious look that was on Saunders's face, and the look of lively interest on Jerry's, I rode forward to my quarters without betraying my approach.

Again, returning late by the land route I found upon reaching the Wharf

House, that a small but merry company had taken possession of the dining hall, though confining their use of it to its far end.

There, sitting about a table, evidently plundered of all its dainties, were Mrs. Walker; the seamstress, Miss Morton, beguiled from her rooms above; Sarah Ormsby, and Saunders. At the moment I entered, Twirlson, arrayed in his unfitting regulation suit, was strutting about the dining hall wildly gesticulating. As I got the sense of his words I found that he was repeating some fairy or folk-lore tale of fatherland.

The seamstress was as shy as a partridge, and—to give the comparison wings—ere I was seated in my accustomed place at table she had flown to her cover aloft. While I was eating, the dining hall became a sea of bubbling fun, the rising tide engulfing me in it. As I looked at Twirlson, I asked myself: "Can that be the boor who so rudely shook his fist at Dame Sampson?" Though grotesque in his every movement, the asperities of his nature seemed to be mellowed, if not wholly obliterated. And from Mrs. Walker's face, as anyone could see, good nature fairly beamed; while Sarah Ormsby was gayety personified.

Next morning at breakfast,—I was eating it alone and early, in order to reach my work in season,—Mrs. Walker as she waited upon me smiled as expansively and brightly as the night before. And while pouring my second cup of tea, she voiced the comfort of her heart in these words:—

"Mr. Saunders is a darling, a jewel; just think of it, Mr. Morley, he brings me three more permanent boarders at noon today, who pay in advance. Now I can keep my Susie at her school in Salem without the fear of distressing myself financially. And with all his kindness, Mr. Saunders is so discerning and tactful; for no one but himself could have drawn the seamstress, poor soul,

from her seclusion to the little social we had together last night.

"For my own delinquency," she added in a retrospective way, "I am heartily ashamed, having been selfishly negligent of my neighbors. It alarms me to realize how sordid and worldly-minded I have become. I am getting really interested in Miss Morton, Mr. Morley. She has always been so fastidious about keeping in her own place, lest she might possibly trouble some one, that she has fairly made a hermit of herself. Too bad! too bad! and though forty years old, if one day, there is yet a certain sweet girlishness, now that I come to notice it, that is really quite touching. Of late, too, I find myself wondering what her past has been; for as a girl she must have been quite pretty."

School vacation occurring about that time, Saunders went to San Francisco for the space of ten or twelve days, and as my duties continued to grow more exacting I spent long days and occasionally a night across the peninsula. Having some draughting to do, I returned for my instruments to Lawton one night, after having supper on the other side, riding over the trail by moonlight. My horse bogged and fell lame while passing a marshy strip, and that made me later still, so that eleven must have been quite the hour of my arrival.

After stabling my horse, I drew near the boarding house, when strains from a violin indifferently executed fell upon my ear.

"Huh!" said I, "another social, I reckon." But, as I turned the corner of the building to reach the door, I found that the music came from the direction of the bay. The air was "Lottie Lee," then it changed to "Auld Lang Syne," and then to "Annie Laurie," seductively sweet and touching. Finally, the air of the jerky and erratic love ditty I had overheard Jerry singing in his cabin came from the instrument.

"Can it be?"—I asked of myself, as I

walked toward the wharf steps leading down to the water's edge,—"can it be Jerry? and who, pray, is he serenading in these parts?"

Upon reaching the edge of the wharf, a boat with but a single human figure in it, dimly outlined, sped out from the steps and along the shadow of the wharf; but who the occupant was I could not discern.

While I knew something of what was socially passing, Saunders knew so much more, that I was anxious to interview him about the real progress and possible outcome of his endeavor; and as soon as it was certain that he had returned, I embraced my first chance of spending a night on the Lawton side. I not only found Saunders home again, but also that carpenters had torn out the solid wall between the dining-room and the parlor, and substituted therefor folding doors, and had freshened the woodwork, new and old, in the building with new paint. Saunders, as I came in, was in the act of inspecting the repairs, and jotting down on his tablet the items of cost.

"Is this a part of your program?" I asked.

"No and yes, Mr. Morley," he answered laughing. "A project is on foot to colonize certain lands between this point on the bay and the coal mines over at N, and if it succeeds, trade will pick up, and Mrs. Walker will need more table room: still, for all that, it would be convenient for a jubilee."

I related the serenade incident to Saunders,—having him to myself for a moment. He seemed greatly surprised, and declared that he would have to stay close about home to keep his scheme within bounds.

"I must tell you, Mr. Morley, the conversation between Dame Sampson and myself today. Hailing me as I was passing her cottage from the boat landing, she said, 'Does n't ye want some 'elp, Mister Saunders?'

"'No,' I replied, somewhat taken aback by her question, though I am always on the lookout for breakers from that quarter,—'No, I do not know that I need help.'

"'Well but, Mister Saunders, if ye should want 'elp, as I ken your scheme, I'm ready to 'elp, an' I'll be trusty. An' I'm hable, ye know, 'cause I'm Henglish.'

"And all the time the Dame was talking to me she kept twirling her thumb from myself to the direction of the boarding house: and whatever meaning her gesture may have had, satirical or humorous, I may be glad, Mr. Morley, to avail myself of her officious proffer before my yank reaches its culmination.

At dusk that night Saunders came to the doorway of the Wharf House just as I was about to ascend the stairs. As he essayed to enter, Jerry with a rush grasped him and drew him aside, while he hoarsely whispered, "She's here, she's here."

He was greatly excited, that was evident; for he nervously kept stepping about, his heels beating a sort of quickstep upon the planking. Who the person was he was speaking about, or whatever the purport of the message he brought to Saunders, it certainly was no concern of mine: and besides that, his actions awakened in me the fear that he might not be as sound of mind as I had thought him. I recollect now that that night, as I reached my room and sank into my easy chair, I sighed out, "Poor Jerry! poor Jerry!"

The name "Butterfly Maid," which Saunders had given Sarah Ormsby when he first came to Mrs. Walkers's, still clung to her; for not only the recent boarders, but Mrs. Barlow and others, made themselves free to use it. And I am happy to record the fact, that Sarah bore it with creditable good humor. Twirlson, too, at this time had fully shed his ill-fitting suit, donning instead a tidy

dark gray, and was decently friendly with everybody, including Dame Sampson.

Having some estimates to prepare in my room one day, while passing out and in as I had occasion to, I gathered a few chance items of what was on foot socially,—observing to my own gratification that the grave face of the doctor had changed to a sunny one, and the usually dull eyes of Mr. Barlow had grown bright and twinkling. For a fact, whilst purchasing stationery of Mr. Barlow, he warmly shook my hand, making inquiries about my work. I think it was that same day, also, that I saw Saunders, laden with parcels, surrounded by a bevy of children, and in the company of two or three of their mothers, going in the direction of their homes on the hill. Slender though the incident was, it had, to my mind, a certain social value.

That day, overlooking my wardrobe and finding my best suit out of repair, I took it to the seamstress for certain strong stitches at the pocket-corners and button-holes. While the lady plied her needle, I ventured to engage her in conversation. To my surprise she proved—though naturally timid—both cheery and chatty, and ere we separated she asked, confidentially, if I thought Mr. Saunders perfectly trustworthy. I assured her that he certainly was, and she seemed greatly pleased.

I had of late noticed also that the circuit-rider's iciness had melted, with both wealth and warmth in his bi-monthly discourses; while his little flock—mainly the families of the ship-builders—awakened beneath the flame into newness of life and power. Decidedly there was a stir amongst them; even the resident magistrate,—who was a member, and usually very precise and formal, had been quickened into vigorous and even careless speech.

"When is your great 'yank'?" I asked of Saunders one night, after get-

ting in from my work, believing that a special of some magnitude was afoot.

"I've been yanking a little all the time," he answered gleefully,—“lifting the lines and occasionally rebaiting the hooks, as a wise fisherman always does ; —but, *the yank itself* is to occur very soon now, and your harbor business must not keep you from it.”

My care at the breakwater became more trying, as the work reached completion, and though young and buoyant, my nerves began to acknowledge the strain. I even grew a little petulant, —not only to my men, but also in mind to Saunders, thinking that he had not posted me as thoroughly about his social work as he might have done.

I dropped back to Lawton one night quite early. Saunders caught me in his arms cyclone-like, shouting out, “Good boy : you got my message?”

“No message,” I replied ; “my work is done.”

“Then the message never reached ; but what matters it, Mr. Morley, since you are here. Say,” he added after a bit ; “you must originate or improvise something for tonight : we are to have a ‘literary,’ then a special feature or two of the nature of a side show, and a banquet to conclude. Of course the literary will smack of the rural in flavor, but you can join us with something.”

Saunders's manner was so hearty that it made me penitent for my petulant thoughts of days before, and had I been in mental trim I would gladly have acceded to his request.

“How about Jerry?” I asked. “Is n't he in an excitable and nervously overwrought condition again?”

“Not a bit of it, Mr. Morley,” was the answer ; “Jerry is all right ; but as there is a secret to unfold, keep a little quiet about it, and watch the developments. It is rather late to go into the details and acquaint you with it now ; and surely you can await the unfolding of it.”

After dressing and getting ready for the evening, I started for a quiet saunter. As I passed out of the building, my eye caught the fluttering of a lace shawl in the serving woman's window.

“Huh !” said I to myself, at sight of it, “if that special feature of Saunders's show is to be a wedding, I'll bet the brogans I wore over on the harbor-works that Twirlson and Sarah Ormsby are to be the principals.”

As I passed on up the hill, these thoughts also took shape : “If Mrs. Walker is branching out into a decidedly substantial business as she seems to be, if Sarah Ormsby and young Twirlson are to be happily married, and if — greater than all else — Jerry is not relapsing, but certainly is in process of social restoration, then Saunders's yank is a wonderful success. And that colony scheme he spoke of one night, was that an evasion of his, or is it a hoped-for reality?”

So I mused with bowed head, and as I was climbing the hill, Saunders from a crosspath intercepted me. Placing an arm across my shoulders as he drew me lovingly up to him, he said, “We shall have not only all of the little hamlet for an audience tonight, but a number of men from the coal mines.”

With an affectionate hug he released me, and darted off up another path. “That fellow seems to live simply for the purpose of making some one else happy ; for self there seems to be no thought nor desire. Why did I not offer him money, since doubtless he is using all of his own upon this entertainment ? Where indeed do his resources come from,—the improvements about the Wharf House, being of his devising, and likely at his own expense?” So ran my thoughts.

An hour or so before dark that night the steamship G. W. Elder plowed the waters of the bay, and tied up at its usual place just opposite Dame Sampson's cottage. While no passengers

left the vessel, Saunders was the first to board it, and embrace its usually taciturn commander as one would hug a long-lost brother. And every eye on the wharf was agog at what everybody called the boy's assurance! Then, after a few words privately with the captain, Saunders left the boat, and went directly across to Dame Sampson, who stood in her doorway as if awaiting his approach. Exchanging but a word with her, he left for the boarding house.

Though not as keen as some are, I put it down that the presence of the vessel in port—out of its usual sailing order—was of peculiar significance, and whatever it might mean, Saunders was somehow to blame for it. Ere night had fairly set in, everybody was in holiday attire, the captain and vessel hands ashore, and skiff loads of miners from N. on the ground.

The "literary" was conducted upon a raised platform at one end of the dining hall; the folding doors thrown back gave the audience a full view. And not only were the dining hall and the parlor crowded, but the hallway and the temporary benches at the windows outside.

Ordinary features of the entertainment were a ballad by the doctor's wife, instrumental music by Mrs. Barlow, the wife of the merchant, and a few comic and sentimental recitations by juvenile talent. A story modernized from Grimm Brothers was told by Henrik Twirlson; but interlarded with, though not enhanced by, his own adventures. And as he intended soon to leave for his own country, Twirlson affectionately bade everybody farewell.

Then there was a leave-taking in crude rhyme by Jerry, and a similar poetic effusion by Sarah Ormsby.

During a season of vocal and instrumental music, managed by the doctor's wife, Saunders left to usher in another feature. Passing by me, he leaned over and whispered in my ear, "This will be the sensation of the night."

During the music the lights were turned half down, while from behind the curtain whispers and rustling dresses were heard. Then suddenly the lights were flashed full on and the curtain raised, revealing two couples in bridal array, attended by a single officiating clergyman.

Of one of the couples, the two were both youthful and well known. Of the other, one was the seamstress, in a flowing robe of white lace, but who was the smooth-shaven man by her side? Many excitedly asked, "Who, who is he?" His suit was plain black, tailor-made, and close-fitting, while his air was that of a capitalist or banker.

The names "Sarah Ormsby and Henrik Twirlson," when announced, caused no great sensation, but when the names "Isabella Morton, of New York, and Jeremiah Hastings—otherwise Jerry—formerly of the same State," fell from officiating lips, there was first a ripple, then a wave, and finally a sweeping storm, of cheers.

"Kindling Jerry, as I live," shouted a score of brawny timber-workers, while "Lost his whiskers," and "Been barbered between the acts," were freely heard.

When the ceremony was at an end, the curtain again fell, with Saunders at the front. "The concluding piece," said he, "is a most remarkable work, entitled 'The Living Statue.' It is a wonderful representation, almost a speaking likeness; and has been brought from other parts expressly for this occasion. In fact, it came by vessel today, in the faithful care of Captain Willoughby. But before the curtain again rises, I wish to announce that in a competent committee's hands there is a check for five thousand dollars, a free gift to Lawton, for the purpose of building a respectable city hall. The check is from Mr. Jeremiah Haskins, who has recently realized from what he, for years, deemed to be worthless investments. I wish



also to say, that a syndicate to improve and colonize certain lands near by,—composed of such names as J. Haskins, of Lawton, and J. J. McIntyre, Orville Marlowe, and M. M. Endicott, of San Francisco, is in process of formation, with the coin to back the enterprise."

I noticed, as Saunders concluded his announcements, that Dame Sampson slipped in from the kitchen, and was fronting the platform immediately behind the chair occupied by Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Barlow, and Mrs. Wright, the doctor's wife. On the dame's broad English face there was an eloquent smile.

As the curtain raised, the platform revealed a single statuesque figure upon it,—evidently that of a Greek maiden. Parian marble could not have been whiter, while features and hands alike were chiseled to the life, so natural did they appear. With the head slightly lifted, and the face half averted, the figure's gaze seemed to be fixed upon a distant, radiant star. And so marvelously real did it seem that many an ah! fell from the lips of the lookers-on. As the curtain swiftly descended, Saunders announced that if Mrs. Walker wished to see her daughter Susie, she could, for she was there upon the platform.

So perfect, so statuesque was the posing, that even the mother did not recognize the figure as that of her own child; though candidly, it should be said, the face at quarter view and the silvery-powdered hair contributed much to the illusion.

As Mrs. Walker sprang behind the scenes, Dame Saunders cackled out: "I've 'ad the dear girl hat my 'ouse two blessed hours, so I 'ave; an' I could 'ardly keep the secret, Henglish though I be."

Then there was intense excitement, a breaking up of the audience, cheers and calls for Kindling Jerry, and finally the clearing out of the rooms for the banquet. To everybody, Jeremiah Haskins and his re-awakened social nature was a revelation. As a reticent recluse "Kindling Jerry" or "Crazy Jed" had been name enough. Saunders's San Francisco trip had been taken for the purpose of inquiring into Jerry's real financial standing, and to secure certain moneys long held for him on deposit at various banks. The fact of Jerry's having been, in early manhood, a suitor for the hand of Isabella Morton, came to Saunders's attention during a general outburst of confidence on Haskins's part.

And her presence at Mrs. Walker's as a seamstress and semi-recluse coming to Jerry's attention at the time of Saunders's absence, nearly dispossessed the fellow of his equipoise, so sudden was the discovery.

The banquet which followed the literary, though not imposing, was liberal, lasting until daylight, when Captain Willoughby steamed around the bay and out of the harbor with both bridal couples aboard his vessel.

To this day, in all that region, "Saunders's Social Yank" is remembered.

*Duane Morley.*





# THE PANGLIMA MUDA.

A ROMANCE OF MALAYA.  
BY ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN.

## V.

THE next morning as Beach descended the ladder he uttered an exclamation of surprise that caused the Doctor to pause in the midst of the inspection of his bottles, and put his head out the narrow window of his room.

Everything was changed within the little fort. The stockade had been closed on all sides, and trees fallen across the jungle path. The guns were being loaded, the boats sent up the river with the Orang Kayah's household and valuables, and the attap sheds were being pulled down.

Half a hundred men were outside in the open, driving aslant into the sandy soil and carefully concealing in the wiry lallang grass spikes of bamboo, which had been pointed and hardened in the fire.

"Nasty things to bark one's shins on," muttered Beach, as he realized their true import. "Ever meet anything like that, Doctor, at the front?"

"Never," replied the Doctor decisively. "They are enough to break one of Sheridan's charges. When I was in the Wilderness—" An explosion checked the Doctor's reminiscence, and a piece of shell cut through the woven sides of the house.

A small brass lelah had exploded in the act of loading, and torn two men to threads. The officer in charge cut down the remaining man and stalked off to the next gun.

The Doctor's face grew red with passion but before his wrath could find vent, a messenger sprang up the ladder and announced,—

"The Panglima!"

The Doctor planted his monocle firmly in his eye, and returned the Chief's pleasant "Good morning" with a wrathful stare. Beach watched the remains of the gunner go over the stockade. The Panglima glanced carelessly in the same direction.

"Ah, yes, a very annoying accident. One of our best guns burst. A brass lelah from the Sultan's prau. Its loss may turn the tide of battle."

"An innocent man was murdered," hissed the Doctor, never taking his eyes off the Malay's face.

The Panglima shrugged his shapely shoulders.

"Possibly! I am sent by His Excellency to request that you attend him at once. There may not be another opportunity. In the course of another two hours the fortune of war may send us into the jungle."

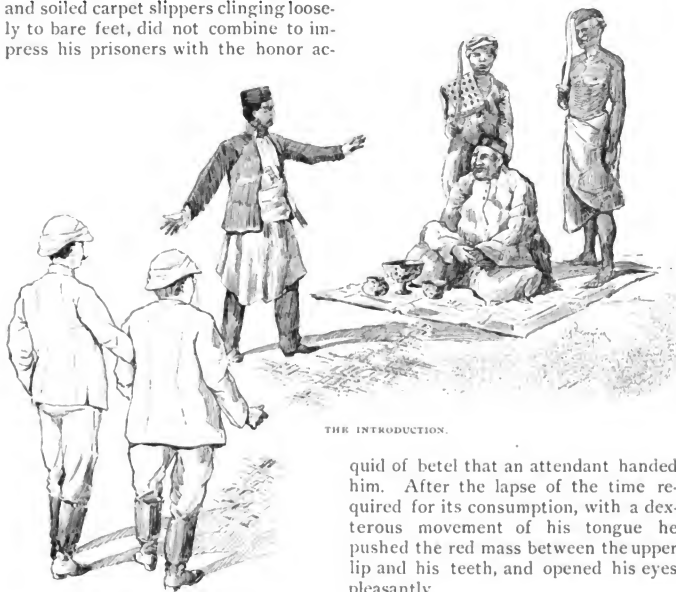
The two men bowed coldly, and followed the Chief down the main street to the audience chamber.

Going up the ladder of the only other bungalow but their own in the stockade, they were ushered without ceremony into the presence of a fat, kindly old

Malay, whose scanty white hair and mustache set off a deeply wrinkled face and brilliantly stained lips and teeth, and gave to his general air of insignificance a suggestion of dignity. A checked silk sarong which fell over a pair of soldier's coarse trousers, a faded cotton shirt, a British officer's tunic, and soiled carpet slippers clinging loosely to bare feet, did not combine to impress his prisoners with the honor ac-

Beach returned the smile, and repeated respectfully, "Tabek, Unku!" unmindful of the Doctor's snort of disgust.

There was a ceremonious hush while the old man, according to official etiquette, chewed, with mouth distended and eyes half closed, the neatly rolled



THE INTRODUCTION.

quid of betel that an attendant handed him. After the lapse of the time required for its consumption, with a dexterous movement of his tongue he pushed the red mass between the upper lip and his teeth, and opened his eyes pleasantly.

The Panglima cut any further exchange of civilities short by a few whispered words in the old man's ear, to which the Orang Kayah answered with a nod.

"His Excellency wishes me to express to you, in his presence, his great sorrow at having to detain you for even the space of an hour within his gates,—” The heavy boom of a great gong was heard outside, and one of the guards sprang to the window.

"And wishes me to assure you that you will be released as soon as we have

corded them. Around his wrists were heavy gold bracelets of native manufacture, and in the front of his rimless cap was a cluster of brilliants set in the form of his Sultan's coat-of-arms. Standing on either side was a guard holding a drawn kris.

The Panglima bowed low as they entered, and His Excellency took his hand out of a golden bowl from which he was eating curry, and gave it to him to kiss, and smiled pleasantly on his visitors.



MAIDA WAS HER DAILY COMPANION.

repulsed the attack which we have reason to expect at any moment. He makes one condition, which he puts in the form of a request."

Again the heavy boom broke in upon the Panglima's words. The Orang Kayah glanced uneasily at his guard, who was stationed at the window.

"He asks you to go to Johore, on your return to Singapore, and see His Highness, the Maharajah, the friend of the English and the once Emperor of Malaya, and lay his case before him, so that he may intercede with the English governor to forgive him for this rebellion, and take him back into his confidence. His Excellency awaits your answer."

Beach pushed in front of the Doctor before he could open his lips, and bowing, answered quietly and firmly,—

"We agree."

The Panglima started, and bit his lips angrily.

The Orang Kayah arose, and ended the audience.

"For heaven's sake," whispered Beach, as they returned to their bungalow, "keep your temper. Don't you

know the Panglima well enough to imagine that he has no intention of allowing us to escape, much less of permitting such a message to be taken to Johore? It would be death to all his ambitions. It is just as well to keep on the good side of the old fellow. He does n't seem to be a bad sort. Did n't you see that the Panglima expected us to refuse the Orang Kayah's offer? Hello! there goes the gong again!"

The Doctor watched a party of laborers crowd through the small river gate in moody silence. The deep boom of the gong sounded a warning to all stragglers outside the fort. Beach slipped his arm about his companion's shoulders.

"Don't take it to heart, Doctor. We have more important things to worry about. Come up on the veranda and watch the battle."

"Beach, I'm a hot-headed old ass!"

"I don't believe it. Up you go. Hello! they are at it!"

A few desultory shots greeted the sound of axes from the opposite jungle.

Suddenly the frantic beating of the gongs announced the approach of the

enemy. A file of red turbans issued from the jungle path, and a dozen tall Sikhs moved cautiously into the open.

Without waiting for the word of command, the Malays within the stockade began a furious fusilade. The Sikhs ran forward a few paces, dropped on their knees, and returned the volley. A

to bear, and a ball crashed through the stockade. At the same instant a brass lelah sent a shot into the midst of the gunners, and put to flight a party of police that were forming to storm the breach made by the single shot in the flimsy wall.

"What strikes me as peculiar," re-



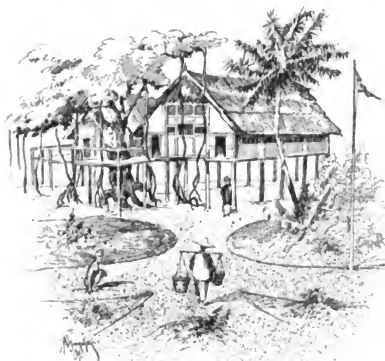
DASHED HIS BRAINS OUT AGAINST THE HOLE OF THE GREAT BANYAN.

Malay fell dead, another was wounded. More Sikhs pushed forward over the hidden obstructions, dragging a small field-piece. A half hundred Malay police came into sight, and received the jeers of their countrymen behind the stockade.

Four white officers in cork helmets and brown kaki uniforms were directing the attack. The gun was brought

marked Beach, surveying the interior of the fort attentively, "is that the Orang Kayah's people seem to take so little interest in the attack. There is a group over there squatting on their feet eating rice; farther on there is another. I can see a number bowing and kneeling in the mosque. Not more than half are on the defensive."

"That is our policy," answered the



A MALAY PRISON.

Panglima, joining them on the platform. "We cannot afford to be aggressive. If we were, we should be exterminated. We learned something in the Perak War. In it we made the mistake of killing the Resident at the start. In three days' time our coasts were lined with war ships, and our country filled with British regulars. Every rebel was hunted down,—not the greatest among them spared,—and the Sultan who had remained neutral was deposed for remaining neutral. So long as we don't kill a Resident or a colonel we are let alone, save for a poor little expedition like this one. The governor at Singapore is afraid of his money, and afraid of the glory his general would win in putting down the rebellion, and that charming gentleman, the Resident, is tied hand and foot by official red tape."

Turning to a Malay that stood below he spoke a few words in his native tongue. The soldier ascended the platform, raised his express, took careful aim, and fired. A white officer who was directing the firing of a gun threw up his arms and fell across it.

"You wretch!" exclaimed the horrified Doctor. "That was a cold-blooded murder,—yes, murder, and you will swing for it yet, do you hear!"

The Panglima only smiled.

"They expect it. He was probably only a police officer. It makes good reading for the Singapore papers,—something to telegraph home. That is the second one today. They won't fight much longer."

The Chief descended the ladder, touched his forehead with his finger and disappeared. In ten minutes the firing ceased. The attacking force, taking with them their dead and wounded, retreated unmolested into the jungle. The gongs became quiet and the gates were thrown open.

The thermometer stood at 158 degrees. The hard-packed soil of the stockade reflected the direct rays of the sun with a naked intensity. Not a breath of air relieved the relentless glare of the earth, the river, or the glazed sides of the jungle.

The Doctor clapped his hand to his eyes and darted inside. Beach followed.

"I wouldn't fight in that sun even under the stars and stripes, and with James G. Blaine looking on. I suppose it is all very interesting to an old soldier like you, but it reminds me of a bricklayers' strike in New York's eighth ward," the Doctor snorted disdainfully.

The week that succeeded the attack was one of hard work and keen enjoyment to the Doctor. He was relieved of the Panglima's calm, imperturbable face, and was given permission to hunt and botanize at will. His joy at snaring a glorious Argus pheasant was irritating to Beach, who chafed at his imprisonment, and would not take advantage of the offered parole.

Yet he could not restrain the pleasure he felt at the chieftain's return. The week's self-inflicted confinement had conquered his pride, and he would have

## VI.

welcomed the face of his worst enemy. The Chief recognized and acknowledged show of feeling.

"I am truly sorry for this miserable week," he said, extending his hand. "I, too, have been miserable."

Beach looked up quickly. There was a ring in the Chief's voice that recalled the story of his passion. The Panglima dropped his eyes before the close scrutiny of the man.

"Yes," he went on, "I hope it will be but a few days longer, this confinement of yours. We evacuate the fort tomorrow. There is a larger force under an Honorable Major from Singapore on its way up the river. It would never do to let them think that we dared to hold out against so large a force. A number of the Sultan's praus will come up stream tonight, as though on a trading voyage. We will attack and capture them, and go on up the river to another stockade. I have arranged to send our learned friend's zoological collection down to Temerloh, where it will be held until called for."

The Doctor bowed.

"Then I am to understand that we are to continue prisoners irrespective of our nationality and official positions," asked Beach, the color rising to his temples.

"You are my honored guests until such a time as I can send you on the mission to Johore, which you so very kindly offered to undertake for His Excellency," replied the Panglima, smiling sarcastically.

Shortly afterwards the Sultan's praus came laboriously up the stream. By dusk the campong was deserted. The Orang Kayah, his wives and attendants filled one prau. The Doctor, Beach, Wahpering, the Panglima, and the guards, another. The natives embarked in sampans and river boats, while more than half the force went across country, through the jungle.

THE sun went down, and the hot tropical day gave place, with a rapidity that was startling, to a breezeless, tropical night. The head praus fixed torches in their bows. The others followed in close file. The flames waved and danced and spluttered with the motion of the boats, barely making distinct the tunnel-like formation of the jungle-enclosed stream. Troops of monkeys clattered and whistled in the dense foliage, while hundreds of crocodiles sunk quietly beneath the current, or glided noiselessly among the dark labyrinth of roots.

A pair of eyes, like coals of fire, peered out from the darkened shore, and a low feline snarl caused the oarsmen to pull nervously at their paddles. The mosquitoes poured in on them in swarms, while the very darkness at times was luminous with myriads of fireflies, that darted from tree to tree, or for an instant settled in countless numbers among the varnished leaves, and then with a million throbs of light swept like a jeweled signal lamp along the surface of the watery trail.

"By George!" muttered Beach. "It is fairyland!"

The exclamation caused the Panglima to raise his head and glance to the right and left. The steersman caught his eye and spoke quietly to the oarsmen. The rowing almost ceased. One sampan after another passed, and gradually, without exciting remark, they took their place in the rear of the flotilla. Then the men lay back on their oars, and let the current carry them silently down the stream.

The faint, waxen glimmer of the rising moon found its way through the massy leaves, just making distinguishable the great boles of the encompassing trees, and dimming the corruscant lights of their convoy of fireflies.

The Panglima leaned over toward the prisoners and said, "I am very sorry

that I am forced to request you to let me blindfold you for a very few minutes."

Wahpering alone was bound hand and foot, and thrown down into the bottom of the boat. The prau turned swiftly around and headed down the stream. Then it stopped again, and they felt it turn once more against the current.

The Panglima whispered: "Lower your heads." The boat crushed slowly through a tangle of damp foliage, and a fresh, cool breeze fanned their faces.

They had emerged from the river and were in an open stream. The trees were tall and straight, and free from underbrush. The crescent moon played in checkered spots among their dim aisles, and covered the narrow river with a delicate tracery of sheen and shadow.

The chief removed the bandages with well-worded apologies.

"This is much pleasanter than the river?" he queried.

"Much," answered the Doctor, inhaling a deep breath of the cool, night air: "that river was like a cavern; the smoke of the torches would have asphyxiated me in another hour. But is it out of place to ask where we are going with all this secrecy?"

"Not at all. I am taking you to new fields and woods to conquer. To my summer house, if I may speak of a summer resort in this land of perpetual summer. I call it Sandringham. As you are not an Englishman, you will not resent it."

"I should think you would be the one to resent it," laughed the Doctor, quite contented at the thought of the plan-docks, the musangs, the boars, the tigers, and possibly the elephants he would bag.

The Panglima handed them a case of manilas and lit one himself.

"O, we feel no real ill-will toward the English, so do not object to adopting their names and customs. They are a great improvement over the Dutch, as masters. We were robbed under them

and driven to the sea. The Dutch are to blame for the somewhat sanguinary reputation that we have as a race. It is a wonder why your great nations of the earth allow such a hard, grasping, cruel little nation to hold and ruin such beautiful islands as Java and Sumatra. I don't love the English; they are vain-glorious, conceited, and bigoted: but they have some excuse for being so. The Dutch I despise and hate. Look at Acheen —"

Suddenly the boat paused.

The Panglima sprang up.

"I have quite forgotten myself. I must ask you to put on your bandages once more."

In a half hour the keel grated on a muddy shore. The Chief took the Doctor's hand, and aided first him and then Beach to alight.

After an hour's hard walk along a rough jungle path, they emerged once more into the cool night air. Torches flashed in their faces, and a sound of hurrying footsteps and a low hum of voices reached their ears. The deep baying of a pack of hounds blended with the shrill soprano of female voices and the rougher tones of their guides.

The two were left standing for some moments, as though forgotten in the general mêlée. The Doctor's hand sought that of his companion and gave it a reassuring shake.

Suddenly their bandages were stripped off from behind, and they found themselves in the midst of a scene so strange and fantastic that they could hardly believe their eyes. It was all too much like a bit of the Arabian Nights Enchantment, to step from the heart of a Malayan forest into the midst of far-reaching lawns, dimly-lighted tennis courts, and walks and roads that might have been on an English country place.

The moon was shining athwart the tops of the massive jungle that towered like a wall on all sides. Just out of its shadow rose a great attap bungalow.



built up ten feet from the ground, and surrounded on all sides by wide-spreading verandas. A mammoth banyan tree stood at one side of the structure, and the veranda, which ran out and enclosed it, seemed to cover fully a half acre. The pendant roots of the tree reached down through the platform like a maze of rustic pillars. Reflecting lamps and painted glass Chinese lanterns hung from this natural ceiling over a table spread with costly plate and glass.

Removed from the central bungalow, and partly wrapped in the shadow of the forest, were the dim outlines of several smaller bungalows.

A huge bonfire was burning in the plaza before the house and lights danced among the trees.

A swiftly flying night-jar dashed close to Beach's face, and the harsh cries of awakening peacocks recalled the prisoners from their absorption.

"Well, I'll be shot!" ejaculated the astonished World's Fair Commissioner.

"So—so 'll—I!" echoed the man of science, dropping the monocle in his effort to recover his senses.

"Sandringham, gentlemen. Welcome to the home of your humble servant, the Panglima Muda of Jempol!"

As neither answered, he went on. "May I show you to your rooms? I am going to invite you to a late dinner to-night. So will you kindly find your way out on to the veranda, under the banyan tree, when the gong sounds. Never mind the dress suits," he finished smilingly. "*Au revoir!*"

A guard conducted them with a surly "*Mari,*" (Come,) up the ladder, across the elastic veranda to the door of two small rooms that opened into each other, with partitions of attap heavily hung with Japanese draperies. The floor was of a black hard wood, oiled until every light or object cast flickering shadows along its gleaming surface.

Their boxes were awaiting them and their clothes were laid out on the bed.

"Humph!" assented the Doctor, as he ran his eyes over the lot. "Not a bottle broken!"

Beach threw off his soiled suit of linen and with a sigh of pleasure pushed aside the bamboo chicks that concealed an alcove bath room, and commenced showering himself with tins of water from the cool, small-necked Shanghai jar.

As the first douche of water fell with a splash on the open floor and down through it into the darkness below, he heard a muttered exclamation of wrath and a quick step. He whistled softly to himself, and went on with his bath.

As they stepped across the dimly lighted drawing-room that ran through the center of the house, Beach tripped over a heavy rug, and his hands came down on the key-board of a grand square piano, a discordant crash breaking the stillness of the room. Without a moment's hesitation he seated himself before this latest surprise, and commenced running over bits of the latest operas, popular songs, and waltzes.

The Doctor, whose taste for music never went beyond the "Star-Spangled Banner," or "Marching Through Georgia," looked curiously at the piano, and passed out on to the veranda.

"Let me know when the gong sounds," Beach shouted after him, and plunged into the woeful tale of Johnnie Jones and his Sister Sue.

The folds of the drapery rustled in the far end of the room. The heavy odor of Arab-essence filled the air. The draperies seemed to swell and fill out, as though some one was pressing against them. Once a shapely brown hand grasped a curtain, and drew it quickly to one side. Beach rather felt than knew that several pairs of eyes were watching him from the protecting darkness of the softly swaying hangings, and it excited him to dash from one brilliant instrumental to another.

"If I'm playing to his Nibbs's ha-

rem," he thought, "I'll have them all out here waltzing in another five minutes."

Forgetting himself in the execution of a difficult passage of music, he neglected for a moment the shadowy forms to watch the keyboard. Something white lay at his feet and attracted his attention. He stooped and picked it up. It was a small cambric handkerchief. In one corner was written in a fine hand, "Gladys Mead."

The deep, clear tones of the gong came booming up from below. Crushing the handkerchief in his hand he stepped out on to the veranda. The blood surged to his head, and an unaccountable excitement took possession of him. He could barely control his voice as he addressed some commonplace to his host. The Panglima regarded him intently, and waved his hand gracefully toward the table.

They dined under the great banyan tree, and the cooling swish of the broad punkah. It was an ideal night, and a perfectly served dinner. The Doctor almost forgot his humiliating position, and allowed himself the luxury of a time-worn joke, at which the Panglima laughed politely.

Beach was preoccupied. The finding of the handkerchief had altered the course of his plans. He had thought only of his own safety,—now he must think of that of another. He was in the same house with the kidnaped girl. She was probably listening at that moment to their laughter and talk,—wondering whether they were friends or foes, dreading the hour when they should finish, living a whole life of anguish while they calmly mixed their curry and sipped their claret. All his chivalrous instincts were up in arms. He could hardly retain his seat during the platitudes of his companion and the polite rejoinders of their host. At times he felt that he must spring to his feet, and demand an explanation and the

girl's release. And then he thought sardonically of what the answer would be.

He worked his hand softly into his pocket, and felt the delicate threads of the handkerchief.

"Your fair owner may come high, but we must have her!" he muttered inwardly, clothing his heroic resolve in the expressive slang of the day.

"The Queen!" proposed the Panglima, rising, and the three men emptied their glasses in unison.

## VII.

THREE weeks had passed since that eventful ball at the Residency.

The time seemed like one long, horrible nightmare to Gladys Mead. She had hardly realized what was occurring during the journey that followed her capture. She had sunk from one half conscious state to another. She dimly remembered the regular splash of paddles, of being placed in a litter, of the springy motion and long, rapid strides of her bearers, of a moon high above her, and of her thankfulness to some one who sat over her and fanned her for hours at a time.

When she awoke for a moment on a bed in a strangely beautiful room, the kind brown face of the fanner was bending over her, trying to make her drink from a cup. She only realized that it was night, and that she was very tired. She drank from the cup and turned on her pillow.

THE sun shining through a low, barred window across from her bed fell full on her face, and she raised herself and looked about her in wondering surprise.

A young Malay girl, dressed simply in a silken sarong and kabaya, opened the door of the mosquito-house, approached noiselessly, and then impulsively knelt down and kissed her hand.

"I am Maida," she whispered, in the soft, liquid accents of her people.

Gladys gazed inquiringly into the sweet young face. She saw that the girl's teeth were unfiled, and her lips unstained with betel-nut, and asked weakly,—

"You are not a wife?"

"No," she answered, blushing through her brown skin. "I am to be married in two months to His Highness the Crown Prince. I am the sister of Omar, the Panglima Muda of Jempol," she finished, raising her head proudly.

"The sister of Omar Rahman!" exclaimed Gladys, springing to her feet. "Is this is house?"

"Yes," replied the girl, looking up, her eyes filled with mingled surprise and admiration."

"Yes," she repeated, "this is Sandringham. Dress and come with me. It is very lovely."

"Where is Omar? Who brought me here?" she demanded fiercely.

"I do not know. Hadji Mat, the punghulo, said they found you in a boat floating on the river. Were you?"

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know! I must have been!" And she sank back on the bed, the tears rushing into her eyes.

"Don't cry," crooned Maida, gathering up the mass of black hair that fell over the girl's shoulders, and touching the damp cheeks with her brown fingers. "Don't cry. When Omar comes he will take you home, or—" and she paused and clapped her hands. "You are very beautiful. Maybe he will love you and marry you, and then you will be my sister. I will ask him."

"Marry me!" the sobbing ceased in an instant. "Never: I have told him no, over and over." A look of hate and defiance came into her eyes.

The maid shrunk from her. Gladys put out her hand, but the girl only drew farther back. Her great brown eyes seemed to burn.

"You have said no to Omar! You call Omar a villain. Omar shall not

marry you. I will tell him, and he will make you his mistress. You shall live with Fatima, Zella, Kisha, and the rest, and they will paint your white skin and dress you in a sarong, and tear your black eyes out. I will call Mamat, and you will see!"

She sprang toward the door.

"Maida," said Gladys beseechingly, "come back. Forgive me. I am very sad. Be good to me. I danced with Omar at the Residency. He could not have done this!"

Maida paused irresolutely. Curiosity triumphed, and she came back.

"Did you dance with Omar? O how I should love to. When I am married to Prince Abdullah I shall give a ball at the *Istana*, and you shall come and dance with Omar. You shall dance with Abdullah, if—if—you promise not to make love to him."

Maida was the prisoner's daily companion. Save for the servants that brought their meals, and Mamat the eunuch, who accompanied them on their walks, she saw no one. They roamed at will over the big bungalow, played tennis after the sun had lost some of its fierce intensity, dined on the veranda under the curious old banyan tree, and spent hours before the piano in the dimly lighted drawing-room. Zella, Fatima, and the women, would glide noiselessly along the veranda, and listen from behind the bamboo chicks, and glide away as noiselessly as they came.

The grounds of the great compound outside had been laid out by the *Kebun Besar* of the Sultan's gardens at Pekan. Softly mottled cotons, whose leaves were a perpetual reminder of the maples in the autumn at the old Rectory at home; bourgainvilliers,—one vivid mass of solferino; hibiscus, convolvulus, and alamander bushes dotted the beautifully kept lawns, and stood out in grateful relief to the dark green background of the jungle.

A row of flamboyants and spathodias

lined the circling walks and littered the red earth with their red petals.

It was a botanic chaos. Banyan and sacred waringhan trees, covering great stretches of ground, dropped their fantastic roots into the steaming earth like living stalactites. Ponds were covered with the sacred lotus, blue lilies, and the flesh-colored cups of the superb *Victoria Regia*. Monkeys swung from the rope-like tendrils of the rubber vines, and spotted deer gamboled beneath the shade of the mango trees. The heavy odors of the gardenia and the dragon orchid filled the air, and mingled with the perfumes that came sweeping from a plantation of pepper, coffee, and pine-apples.

For a week Gladys almost forgot her troubles in the surprise of her surroundings. She convinced herself that she had really been picked up by Omar's men, that perhaps she had been rescued by them from the dreaded Orang Kayah and brought here for safe keeping, that her brother would soon join her and take her back. She even felt a twinge of remorse at her treatment of the Panglima.

She could never marry him. She had only been nice to him to please her father. She hated his selfish, oily, cat-like ways, and yet he had been very kind to them. Sometimes she would sit for hours and dream of what her life would be as his wife, and then with a shudder of disgust would go to the piano and play until the hateful dreams had passed.

Maida humored her fair companion's spells of despondency, and in her own simple mind ascribed them to a secret longing for Omar's presence.

The Panglima appeared before them one day, as they were seated on the veranda playing with a pet *wah wah*. She looked up and smiled sweetly, while Maida ran and threw her arms about her brother's neck. He came close up to Gladys's side, and stroked the silken head of the monkey.

"Is my brother here?"

"No," he answered briefly, looking steadily down into her face.

She blushed angrily under his gaze and arose.

"Have you come to take me back?"

"Are you not contented here?" he asked, ignoring her question.

She looked at him in amazement, her eyes flashing, her lips quivering with excitement. "Contented here?" she echoed. "Please explain yourself!"

He glanced uneasily from her to his sister.

"You may go, Maida. Will you come into the drawing room, Gladys?"

"No! Don't call me Gladys. You presume on a childish acquaintance. Explain yourself here."

"As you will!" he answered, speaking slowly with a distinctness that caused the girl to listen in spite of herself.

"Your lightest wish has always been my law. I brought you here—"

"Oh, you brought me here!" she sneered. "I did not credit you with so much courage. Proceed, pray."

"I brought you here where you could be away from the influence of that gossiping station,—with its old women, disgruntled men and beardless subalterns. I brought you here where I could have your society once more as in the days when we were school children together. I hoped that once away from lying tongues you would look kindly on my suit and leave here as—my wife."

The girl staggered back and threw up her hands as though to protect herself. The blood left her face as she stood looking into the eager, cruel eyes before her; then she sank down on a bamboo seat and broke into an uncontrollable flood of weeping.

"As your wife!—Never—I would rather—die!"

The silver *wah wah* pressed close to his mistress's skirts and chattered and whistled with fright.

The Panglima's hand sought the handle of his kris, and then with a mut-

tered curse grasped the leg of the pet, and with a lightning-like movement dashed his brains out against the bole of the great banyan.

A week later he came to her again, and told her of a battle with the English, of how he had captured two Americans, whom he promised to bring to Sandringham to enliven her visit.

She listened with averted face and downcast eyes, until suddenly in a burst of passion he grasped her hand, bore it to his lips, and pleaded for her love with a fervor that overwhelmed her. He turned from pleading to threats and from threats to entreaties, with a rapidity that allowed no answer.

Once she had tried to escape. She found the entrance of a path that led into the jungle. It was well hidden by a network of rubber vines and a great bourgainvillier bush. Without a moment's thoughts he darted into it, while her companion's back was turned, and ran on and on down a long, dusky aisle until she arrived breathless and faint at the shore of a narrow river. Nothing but the black mud-covered form of a crocodile sleeping in the sun could she see on either bank. The path ended in the river and the impenetrable sides of the jungle.

She sat down and pressed her hands to her burning face. A feeling of utter despair came over her, that for the first time made her almost long for death, so hopeless did it seem for her to try to hold out against the powerful chief who was determined to make her his wife. She could not weep, only rock back and forth and call over and over,—"My brother—I want my brother—where is my brother?"

So she sat for an hour until the eunuch came and raised her and carried her back to her room.

Afterwards the days had been passed in moody silence. Plans of escape were constantly in her mind. Her little companion despaired in her attempts to

make her cheerful, and would leave her alone for hours at a time.

The arrival of the Americans had brought fresh hope. She had seen the flare of torches that announced their approach and had heard the loud orders. She had caught glimpses of dark forms, and her heart had throbbed wildly when she found that they were to be domiciled in the same bungalow with herself, only to have it sink with a sickening foreboding, as the gay ball-room airs came floating to her ears from the dimly lighted drawing-room.

"A prisoner would never play like that," she thought, as she pressed her face close to the bars of her window.

She watched them at dinner until she saw one of them arise and go staggering across the veranda; then she drew back with a shudder of disgust, threw herself on her bed and tried to sleep, fearing the Panglima, flushed with wine, would come to renew his entreaties.

A moment later Maida entered, and went softly across the heavily rugged floor.

"Lady sleep?" she asked quietly, as she stood gazing tenderly on the pallid face and closely shut eyes of the prisoner.

Going to the night lamp she turned it down and went as quietly out, leaving the door ajar.

## VIII.

IF IT would have aided the fair prisoner's cause to have sprung on the Chief, as he sat back in his chair smoking his choice manila and listening with a smile to the Doctor's garrulous talk, Beach would not have hesitated. At times it was with difficulty that he restrained himself.

The Doctor at the end of one of his long stories suddenly blurted out:—

"Oh, I say, Chief, what have you done with that girl you were telling us about?"

The Panglima glanced quickly at Beach and noted his expectant look, and said slowly, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar,—

"Married her."

"Ho! Ho!" shouted the Doctor, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes sparkling from the effects of the wine.

"So the minx could n't resist you, hey! They're all alike, Chief,—hic!—all alike, only want a little—hic!—urging." And the Doctor rose unsteadily from the table.

"Why don't you—hic!—congratulate him—hic!—Commissioner? Can't you present me—hic!—to what do you call her?—hic!—Mrs. Panglima?"—he went on, steadying himself on the railing of the veranda. "Sh—No?—hic!—well, then, guten Abend,—I—hic!—feel a little shaky. By-by—hic!"

The Panglima laughed, and nodded good night.

Beach did not look up. He felt mortified and outraged, that his old, cool-headed companion should play so easily into the enemy's hands.

"The boasting old fool!" he muttered, as he drew fiercely at his cigar and gazed out into the night. "He is not even a gentleman."

The Doctor stumbled into the great drawing-room, talking and hiccupping to himself. As he passed a divan in a darkened corner he dropped down on it and listened. He heard some one speaking in Malay behind the curtains. Then the speaker parted them and came softly through, and passed so closely that the skirt of her sarong brushed his knees, out on to the veranda and down the ladder.

In an instant the Doctor was on his feet, and had drawn off his boots. Tip-toeing to his own room, he stood them up by the side of the door, and then felt his way carefully among the mass of furniture to the end of the room. Opening the curtains that stood in his way, he found himself in a darkened vesti-

bule, at the opposite side of which a slightly opened door allowed a feeble line of light to escape. He moved slowly toward it, examining the passage carefully, foot by foot. Once the harsh cry of a parrot, from a cage over his head, caused him to crouch among the folds of the silken drapery.

As he neared the door, and his eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness, he perceived that what he had taken for a rug was the body of a sleeping Malay stretched across the threshold. The blade of his kris shone dully in the line of light. It had fallen from his hand.

"Humph! I'll take that little weapon, in case of accidents, and add it to my Smithsonian collection," muttered the Doctor, as he stepped over the sleeper and pushed open the door.

The light from a heavily shaded lamp behind an Indian screen revealed a mosquito-house at one end of the room, while it blended the rugs, screens, divans, and book-case, in the other end into one composite mass. He did not hesitate, but went directly toward the lamp to the door of the mosquito-house, and peered in.

He could just distinguish the gracefully rounded outlines of a sleeping form, and hear its soft, regular breathing.

For a moment he stood irresolute, with his hand on the latch.

"I'm an old man and she'll forgive me, I reckon," and he took down his monocle slowly, pressed his kindly old face to the netting, and whispered,—

"Miss Mead, Miss Mead!"

The form stirred uneasily.

"The deuce! I hope she doesn't scream."

The Doctor paused and wiped away a few drops of perspiration that had gathered on his forehead.

"If she does, I'll have to play drunk again. Miss Mead!"—he repeated more distinctly,—*"Miss Mead! It is a friend."*

The girl sprang up and reached for a kimono that was thrown across a chair by her side.

"Is it you, Maida?" she asked with a frightened quaver in her voice.

"S-s-h, Miss Mead," whispered the Doctor again, "do not speak aloud. I am Doctor Poultney, a fellow-prisoner. I have stolen in to tell you that we know of your d— barbarous confinement, and to tell you to be ready when we come to rescue you."

Gladys gasped.

"Rescue me! O, you must leave the room. You will be killed! How did you get by the guard? Is that not Omar's voice outside? O, leave me!"

The Doctor turned his head discreetly to one side as the hysterical girl buried her face in her bare arms.

"There, there, there,—little dear," he answered soothingly. "Don't worry—that is, not out loud," and he glanced uneasily at the door.

"I came by the guard all right, and here is his tooth-pick. Now—now—that's right—I must go. Don't forget."

"But how can you rescue me?" sobbed the girl.

"Never you mind, little one. You just dry those pretty eyes and leave that to us. We are Americans, and we'll know all about it by tomorrow night."

"O I must tell you,—I am so glad I thought. Behind the great bourgainvillier that stands close to the jungle opposite the front of the bungalow is the only path out. It is the one you came by. I found it one day and tried to escape, but it came to an end on the bank of a river, and there was no boat."

A snore from outside caused them to cease and listen.

"How can I get out of here? The room is barred and a Malay lies before the door night and day."

"And sleeps," commented the Doctor dryly. "O, we will find a way." And he stepped across the floor to the

low window and laid his hand on the bars.

"They are only wood. Have you a knife?"

She shook her head.

"Well, here is mine. I'll trust you to make the best use of it. Now good night. My name is Jonas Poultney, Ph. D., representing the Smith —"

The men outside on the veranda pushed their chairs back from the table, and the Panglima said distinctly, so that they both heard.

"Good night. I will find a bungalow that you can have all to yourselves, in the morning. I think you will find it pleasanter. Embrace Herr Doctor for me."

"The dev— I beg pardon," exclaimed the Doctor excitedly, "that complicates matters. Never mind, brace—that is to say, cheer up." And he slipped out the door and over the Malay hurriedly, for fear he should commit further lapses of speech.

As he moved along the wall of the drawing room he unbuttoned his vest, disarranged his collar, and then threw himself on the divan that was directly in line with Beach's return.

"Hello!" growled the younger man, "the old fool was n't able to get to his bed!"

The Doctor hiccupped strenuously, arose with a show of dignity, and staggered into his room.

"I have seen her," he whispered between hiccoughs, as Beach helped him off with his coat.

"Keep it up," he cautioned, with a warning kick and a glance at the open spaces in the floor beneath.

"Yes, I've seen her. She's as pretty as a picture! Told her we'd stand by her like true Americans. There—there. No questions now! I'm tired, if I'm not drunk!" And in spite of all the younger man's impatience he threw off his clothes, and disappeared under the silken meshes of his mosquito curtain.

*Rounsevelle Wildman.*

## IN APOLOGY.

Is it but folly the livelong day  
To sit in the sun and sing,  
Haply contented to tune the songs  
To the anvil's nervous ring—  
The ring of the anvil another strikes—  
Or the far-off slumberous hum  
Of the whirling spools and the shifting looms  
Where the shuttles go and come?

Folly to echo the pattering rain,  
Or fix with a living word,  
The flash of the scythe, the drift of a leaf,  
Or the sudden call of a bird?  
Folly because on the lower ground  
The wheat stands yellow and tall,  
And the others, afield since the lambent dawn,  
Have been reaping, one and all?

Daily I see them in silence pass,  
Brawny, and bent, and slow;  
With pitying looks that within my yards  
The garners no fuller grow.  
Brawny, and stolid, and slow, and dull,—  
But yet, at some sudden note  
Of my foolish songs, I have seen them stop  
And listen, with eyes remote,—

Remote and wistful,—as if a chord,  
Silent perchance since youth,  
Had caught and re-echoed some quickening thrill  
Of sweetness, and hope, and truth.—  
Gone, I grant you, as quick as it came,  
And they turned with vision blurred  
To stolidly plod as before,—but yet,  
It was something that they were stirred.

*Francis E. Sheldon.*





## BUILDING A STATE IN APACHE LAND. II.

## EARLY MINING AND FILIBUSTERING.



IN 1855, when I arrived in Washington as an amateur delegate from the new Territory, the "Gadsden Purchase" did not attract much attention. They had something else to do. President Pierce, the most affable of Presidents, was very polite, and asked many questions about the new acquisition. The Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, promised to order an exploration of the Colorado River as soon as he could get an appropriation from Congress, and to send troops to the new Territory as soon as they could be spared.

During the winter General Heintzelman came to Washington, and as the town was crowded, and he could not find suitable accommodations, I had an extra bed put in my room at the National, and we messed together. It was an advantage to have an officer of the Army who had been in command at Yuma to give information about the country, and the association thus formed lasted through life.

There was not much to be done in Washington, so I went over to New York, the seat of "The Texas Pacific Railroad Company." This company had been organized under a munificent land grant from the State of Texas. The capital stock was a hundred million dollars. The scheme was to build a railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean on the proceeds of land

grants and bonds, and make the hundred millions of dollars stock as profit, less one tenth of one per cent to be paid in for expenses and promotion money. The President of this company was Robert J. Walker, Secretary of the Treasury under President Polk; Vice-President, Thomas Butler King, of Georgia, late Collector of the Port in San Francisco, my recent superior; Secretary, Samuel Jaudon, late Cashier of the United States Bank. Mr. Walker, the President of the company, received me at dinner at his mansion on Fifth Avenue, and my acquaintance with Thomas Butler King was renewed over sparkling vine-tages.

This company had parcelled the world out among its officers. Robert J. Walker was to have the financial field of Europe. Samuel Jaudon, the secretary, was to display his financial ability in New York and the Atlantic cities. Edgar Conkling, of Cincinnati, was agent for the Mississippi valley. Thomas Butler King was allotted the State of Texas, and I, being the junior, was to have country between the Rio Grande and the Colorado.

I told them all I knew about the new Territory,—and a great deal more,—and enlarged upon the advantages that would accrue to the railroad company by an exploration of the new Territory and a development of its mineral resources. They inquired how much it would cost to make the exploration. I replied that I would start with a hundred thousand dollars if there was a million behind it.

A company was organized with a capital of two million dollars, and shares sold at an average of fifty dollars. General Heintzelman was appointed presi-

dent, and I was appointed "manager and commandant." The office was located at Cincinnati, for the convenience of General Heintzelman, who was stationed at Newport Barracks, Ky. William Wrightson was appointed secretary.

As soon as the necessary arrangements were made I started west on this arduous undertaking. The arms and equipments had been shipped to San Antonio, Texas, and I proceeded there to complete the outfit.

San Antonio was the best outfitting place in the Southwest at that time. Wagons, ambulances, mules, horses, and provisions, were abundant, and men could be found in Texas willing to go anywhere.

At San Antonio I met the famous George Wilkins Kendall, who advised me to go to New Bramfels, where I could find some educated German miners, and as he was going to Austin I accompanied him as far as New Bramfels, and received the benefit of his introduction. There were plenty of educated German miners about New Bramfels, working on farms and selling lager beer, and they enlisted joyfully. The rest of the company was made up of frontiersmen (buckskin boys), who were not afraid of the devil.

We pulled out of San Antonio, Texas, on the first of May, 1856, and took the road to El Paso, or Paso del Norte, on the Rio Grande, 762 miles by the itinerary. The plains of Texas were covered with verdure and flowers, and the mocking birds made the night march a serenade.

I carried recommendations from the War Department to the military officers on the frontiers for assistance, if necessary. The first military post on the road was Fort Clark (El Moro), about sixty miles west of San Antonio, and a beautiful location. The post was at that time under the command of the famous John Bankhead Magruder, whom I had known in California.

Magruder had recently returned from Europe, bringing two French cooks; and as he was a notorious bon vivant, it was not disagreeable to accept an invitation to dinner.

After breakfast next morning I went to take my leave of the officers, but Magruder said:—

"Sir, you cannot go. Consider yourself under arrest."

I replied, "General, I am not aware of having violated any of the regulations of the Army."

"No, sir, but you are violating the rules of hospitality. You shall stay here three days. Send your train on to the Pecos, and I will send an escort with you to overtake it."

So I remained at Fort Clark three days in duress, and never had a prisoner of war more hospitable entertainment. Texas overflows with abundant provisions, if they only had French cooks.

After a toilsome and dangerous march through Lipans and Comanches we arrived on the upper Rio Grande, at El Paso, in time to spend the Fourth of July. El Paso at this time was enjoying an era of commercial prosperity. The Mexican trade was good. Silver flowed in a stream.

After recruiting at El Paso we moved up to the crossing of the Rio Grande at Fort Thorn, and prepared to plunge into Apache land. Doctor Steck, the Indian agent in New Mexico, kindly offered to accompany us on a visit to his wards, the Apaches. Camping the command on the green-fringed Mimbres I took five men, and with Doctor Steck and his interpreter made a visit to the Apaches in their stronghold at Santa Rita del Cobre.

There was an old triangular-shaped fort built by the Spaniards which afforded shelter. There were about three hundred Apaches in camp,—physically, fine looking fellows who seemed as happy as the day was long. The agent distributed two wagon loads of corn, from

which they made "tiz-win," an intoxicating drink.

Their principal business, if they have any, is stealing stock in Mexico and selling it on the Rio Grande. The mule trade was lively. They proved themselves expert marksmen; but I noticed always cut the bullets out of the trees, as they are economists in ammunition if nothing else.

Deer and turkeys were plentiful, and we feasted for several days in the old triangular fort and under the trees. Doctor Steck told the Apaches that I was "a mighty big man," and they must not steal any of my stock nor kill any of my men.

The chiefs said they wanted to be friends with the Americans, and would not molest us if we did not interfere with their "trade with Mexico."

On this basis we made a treaty and the Apaches kept it.

I had a lot of tin-types taken in New York, which I distributed freely among the chiefs, so they might know me if we should meet again. Many years afterwards an Apache girl told me they could have killed me often from ambush, but they remembered the treaty and would not do it. I have generally found the Indians willing to keep faith with the whites, if the whites will keep faith with them.

After leaving the camp at the Mimbres, we crossed the Chiricahua Mountains, and camped for noon on a little stream called the San Simon, which empties into the Gila River. We had scarcely unlimbered when the rear guard called out, "Apaches!" and about a hundred came thundering down the western slope of the mountain, well mounted and well armed. Their horsemanship was admirable, their horses in good condition, and many of them caparisoned with silver-mounted saddles and bridles, the spoil of Mexican foray.

A rope was quickly stretched across the road, the ammunition boxes got out,

and everything prepared for a fight. The chief was a fine-looking man named Alessandro, and as a fight was the last thing we desired, a parley was called when they reached the rope.

When asked what they wished, they said they wanted to come into camp and trade; that they had captives, mules, mescal, and so on. We told them we were not traders, and had nothing to sell. They were rather insolent at this, and made some demonstrations against the rope. I told the interpreter to say that I would shoot the first man that crossed the rope, and they retired for consultation. Finally they thought better of it, or did not like the looks of our rifles and pistols, and struck off for their homes in the north.

I had a stalwart native of Bohemia in the company who was considered very brave; but when the attack was imminent he was a little slow in coming forward, and I cried out somewhat angrily, "Antón, why don't you come out?"

He replied, "Wait till I light my pipe." And that Dutchman stalked out with a rifle in his hand, two pistols on his sides, and a great German pipe in his mouth.

The Apaches did not trouble us any more, and after crossing high mountains and wide valleys we arrived on the Santa Cruz River, and camped at the old Mission Church of San Xavier del Bac.

Three leagues north of the Mission Church of San Xavier del Bac (Bac means water) is located the ancient and honorable pueblo of Tucson. This is the most ancient pueblo in Arizona, and is first mentioned in Spanish history in the narrative of Casteñada, in 1540. The Spanish expedition of Coronado in search of gold stopped here awhile, and washed some gold from the sands of the Cañon del Oro on sheep-skins. It is well known that that expedition drove sheep. The Spaniards, from this experience, remembering the island of Colchis, named the place Tucson,—Ja-

son in Spanish. The "ancient and honorable pueblo" has borne this name ever since, without profound knowledge of its origin.

The patron saint of Tucson is San Augustine, and as it was now the last of August the fiesta in honor of her patron saint was being celebrated.

As we had had a long march and a dry time, the animals were sent out to graze in charge of the Papago Indians living around the Mission; two weeks' furlough was given to the men to attend the fiesta, confess their sins, and get acquainted with the Mexican señoritas, who flocked there in great numbers from the adjoining State of Sonora.

Music and revelry were continued day and night, with very few interruptions by violence. The only disorder that I observed was caused by a quarrel among some Americans, and the use of the infernal revolver. There were not more than a dozen Americans in the pueblo of Tucson when we arrived, and they they were not Methodist preachers. The town has grown with the country, and now contains a population of nearly ten thousand people, of many shades of color and many nationalities.

The first question to be settled was the location of a headquarters for the company. We had come a long way, at considerable risk and expense, and fortunately without disaster. We were now encamped in view of the scene of our future operations, and the exploration and settlement of a territory of considerably over a hundred thousand square miles was before us, and the destiny of a new State was in embryo. It would not be prudent to expose the lives of the men and the valuable property we had hauled so far to the cupidity of the natives; and therefore a safe place for storage and for defense was the first necessity in selecting a headquarters. We had some hundred and fifty horses and mules, wagons, ambulances, arms, provisions, merchandise, mining mate-

rial,—and moreover, what we considered of inestimable value, the future,—in our keeping, and a proper location was a grave consideration.

The Spaniards had located a presidio at the base of the Santa Rita Mountains, on the Santa Cruz River, a stream as large and as beautiful as the Arno, flowing from the southeast, and watering opulent valleys which had been formerly occupied and cultivated. This presidio was called Tu-bac (the water). The Mexican troops had just evacuated the presidio of Tubac, leaving the quarters in a fair state of preservation, minus the doors and windows, which they hauled away.

The presidio of Tubac was about ten leagues south of the mission church of San Xavier del Bac, on the Santa Cruz River, on the high road (camino real) to Sonora and Mexico; consequently we struck camp at the Mission San Xavier del Bac, and pulled out for the presidio of Tubac to establish our headquarters and future home.

There was not a soul in the old presidio. It was like entering the ruins of Pompeii. Nevertheless we set to work, cleaned out the quarters, repaired the corrals, and prepared to make ourselves as comfortable as possible.

The first necessity in a new settlement is lumber, and we dispatched men to the adjacent mountains of Santa Rita to cut pine with whip-saws, and soon had lumber for doors, windows, tables, chairs, bedsteads, and the primitive furniture necessary for housekeeping. The quarters could accommodate about three hundred men, and the corrals were ample for the animals. The old quartel made a good storehouse, and the tower on the north, of which three stories remained, was utilized as a lookout. The beautiful Santa Cruz washed the eastern side of the presidio, and fuel and grass were abundant in the valley and on the mountain sides. It was not more than a hundred leagues to Guaymas, the sea-

port of the Gulf of California, where European merchandise could be obtained. There were no frontier custom houses at that time to vex and hinder commerce.

In the autumn of 1856 we had made the headquarters of the company at Tubac comfortable, laid in a store of provisions for the winter, and were ready to begin the exploration of the country for mines. When you look at the Santa Rita Mountains from Tubac, it seems a formidable undertaking to tunnel and honeycomb them for mines. Nevertheless, we began the attack with stout hearts and strong arms, full of hope and enthusiasm. The mines in the Santa Rita Mountains had been previously worked by the Spaniards and Mexicans, as was evident by the ruins of arrastres and smelters. Gold could be washed on the mountain sides, and silver veins could be traced by the discolored grass.

As soon as it was known in Mexico that an American company had arrived in Tubac, Mexicans from Sonora and the adjacent States came in great numbers to work, and skillful miners could be employed at from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a month and rations. Sonora furnished flour, beef, beans, sugar, barley, corn, and vegetables, at moderate prices.

A few straggling Americans came along now and then on pretense of seeking employment. When questioned on that delicate subject, they said they would work for \$10 a day and board; that they got that in California, and would never work for less. After staying a few days at the company's expense they would reluctantly move on, showing their gratitude for hospitality by spreading the rumor that "the managers at Tubac employed foreigners and greasers, and would not give a white man a chance." They were generally worthless, dissipated, dangerous, low white trash.

Many Mexicans that had been formerly soldiers at the presidio of Tubac had

little holdings of land in the valley, and returned to cultivate their farms, in many cases accompanied by their families.

By Christmas, 1856, an informal census showed the presence of fully a thousand souls (such as they were) in the valley of the Santa Cruz in the vicinity of Tubac. We had no law but love, and no occupation but labor. No government, no taxes, no public debt, no politics. It was a community in a perfect state of nature. As "syndic" under New Mexico, I opened a book of records, performed the marriage ceremony, baptized children, and granted divorces.

Sonora has always been famous for the beauty and gracefulness of its señoritas. The civil wars in Mexico, and the exodus of the male population from Northern Mexico to California, had disturbed the equilibrium of population, till in some pueblos the disproportion was as great as a dozen females to one male; and in the genial climate of Sonora this anomalous condition of society was unendurable. Consequently the señoritas and grass widows sought the American camp on the Santa Cruz River. When they could get transportation in wagons hauling provisions they came in state,—others came on the hurricane deck of burros, and many came on foot. All were provided for.

The Mexican señoritas really had a refining influence on the frontier population. Many of them had been educated at convents, and all of them were good Catholics. They called the American men "Los God-dammes," and the American women "Las Camisas-Coloradas." If there is anything that a Mexican woman despises it is a red petticoat. They are exceedingly dainty in their underclothing,—wear the finest linen they can afford; and spend half their lives over the washing machine. The men of Northern Mexico are far inferior to the women in every respect.

This accretion of female population added very much to the charms of frontier society. The Mexican women were not by any means useless appendages in camp. They could keep house, cook some dainty dishes, wash clothes, sew, dance, and sing,— moreover, they were expert at cards, and divested many a miner of his week's wages over a game of monte.

As Alcalde of Tubac under the government of New Mexico, I was legally authorized to celebrate the rites of matrimony, baptize children, grant divorces, execute criminals, declare war, and perform all the functions of the ancient El Cadi. The records of this primitive period are on file in the Recorder's office of the Pueblo of Tucson, Pima County.

Tubac became a kind of Gretna Green for runaway couples from Sonora; as the priest there charged them twenty-five dollars, and the Alcalde of Tubac tied the knot gratis, and gave them a treat besides.

I had been marrying people and baptizing children at Tubac for a year or two, and had a good many godchildren named Carlos or Carlotta according to gender, and began to feel quite patriarchal, when Bishop Lamé sent down Father Mashboef, (Vicar Apostolic,) of New Mexico, to look after the spiritual condition of the Arizona people.

It required all the sheets and tablecloths of the establishment to fix up a confessional room, and we had to wait till noon for the blessing at breakfast; but worse than all that, my commadres, who used to embrace me with such affection, went away with their reybosas over their heads without even a friendly salutation.

It was "muy triste" in Tubac, and I began to feel the effects of the ban of the Church; when one day after breakfast Father Mashboef took me by the arm, (a man always takes you by the arm when he has anything unpleasant to say,) and said:—

"My young friend, I appreciate all you have been trying to do for these people; but these marriages you have celebrated are not good in the eyes of God."

I knew there would be a riot on the Santa Cruz if this ban could not be lifted. The women were sulky, and the men commenced cursing and swearing, and said they thought they were entitled to all the rights of matrimony.

My strong defense was that I had not charged any of them anything, and had given them a marriage certificate with a seal on it, made out of a Mexican dollar; and had given a treat and fired off the anvil. Still, although the Pope of Rome was beyond the jurisdiction of even the Alcalde of Tubac, I could not see the way open for a restoration of happiness.

At last I arranged with Father Mashboef to give the sanction of the Church to the marriages and legitimize the little Carloses and Carlottas with holy water, and it cost the company about \$700 to rectify the matrimonial situation on the Santa Cruz.

An idea that it was lonesome at Tubac would be incorrect. One can never be lonesome who is useful, and it was considered at the time that the opening of mines which yielded nothing before, the cultivation of land which lay fallow, the employment of labor which was idle, and the development of a new country, were meritorious undertakings.

The table at Tubac was generously supplied with the best the market afforded, besides venison, antelope, turkeys, bear, quail, wild ducks, and other game, and we obtained through Guaymas a reasonable supply of French wines for Sunday dinners and the celebration of feast days.

It is astonishing how rapidly the development of mines increases commerce. We had scarcely commenced to make silver bars—"current with the merchant"—when the plaza at Tubac

presented a picturesque scene of primitive commerce. Pack trains arrived from Mexico, loaded with all kinds of provisions. The rule was to purchase everything they brought, whether we wanted it or not. They were quite willing to take in exchange silver bars or American merchandise. Sometimes they preferred American merchandise. Whether they paid duties in Mexico was none of our business. We were essentially free traders.

The winter was mild and charming, very little snow, and only frost enough to purify the atmosphere. It would be difficult to find in any country of the world, so near the sea, such prolific valleys fenced in by mountains teeming with minerals. The natural elements of prosperity seem concentrated in profusion seldom found. In our primitive simplicity we reasoned that if we could take ores from the mountains and reduce them to gold and silver with which to pay for labor and purchase the productions of the valleys, a community could be established in the country independent of foreign resources. The result will show the success or failure of this Utopian scheme.

The usual routine at Tubac, in addition to the regular business of distributing supplies to the mining camps, was chocolate or strong coffee the first thing in the morning, breakfast at sunrise, dinner at noon, and supper at sunset.

Sunday was the day of days at Tubac, as the superintendents came in from the mining camps to spend the day and take dinner, returning in the afternoon. One Sunday we had a fat wild turkey weighing about twenty-five pounds, and one of my engineers asked permission to assist in the *cocina*. It was done to a charm, and stuffed with pine nuts, which gave it a fine flavor.

As we had plenty of horses and saddles, a gallop to the old Mission of San José de Turnucacori, one league south on the Santa Cruz River, afforded exer-

cise and diversion for the ladies, especially of a Sunday afternoon. The old mission was rapidly going to ruin, but the records showed that it formerly supported a population of 3,500 people, from cultivation of the rich lands in the valley, grazing cattle, and working the silver mines. The Santa Cruz valley had been and could apparently again be made an earthly paradise. Many fruit trees yet remained in the gardens of the old mission church, and the "Campo Santo" walls were in a perfect state of preservation.

The communal system of the Latin races was well adapted to this country of oases and detached valleys. Cæsar knew nearly as much about the government machine as the sachem of Tammany Hall, or a governor in Mexico. At least, he enriched himself. In countries requiring irrigation the communal system of distributing water has been found to produce the greatest good for the greatest number. The plan of a government granting water to corporations, to be sold as a monopoly, is an atrocity against nature; and no deserving people will for long submit to it. The question will soon come up whether the government has any more right to sell the water than the air.

In the spring of 1857, a garden containing about two acres was prepared at Tubac, and irrigated by a canal from the Santa Cruz River. By the industry of a German gardener with two Mexican assistants, we soon produced all vegetables, melons, etc., that we required, and many a weary traveler remembers, or ought to remember, the hospitalities of Tubac. We were never a week without some company, and sometimes had more than we required; but nobody was ever charged anything for entertainment, horse-shoeing, and fresh supplies for the road. Hospitality is a savage virtue, and disappears with civilization.

As the ores in the Santa Rita Mountains did not make a satisfactory yield,

we turned our explorations to the west of the Santa Cruz River, and soon struck a vein of petanque (silver copper glance) that yielded from the grass roots seven thousand dollars a ton. This mine was named in honor of the president of the company, "Heintzelman," which in German mining lore is also the name of the genius who presides over mines.

The silver bullion over expenses, which were about fifty per cent, was shipped, via Guaymas, to San Francisco, where it brought from 125 to 132 cents per ounce for the Asiatic market.

Silver bars form rather an inconvenient currency; and necessity required some more convenient medium. We therefore adopted the Mexican system of "boletas." Engravings were made in New York, and paper money printed on pasteboard about two inches by three in small denominations, twelve and one-half cents, twenty-five cents, fifty cents, one dollar, five dollars, ten dollars. Each boleta had a picture, by which the illiterate could ascertain its denomination, viz: twelve and one half cents, a pig; twenty-five cents, a calf; fifty cents, a rooster; one dollar, a horse; five dollars, a bull; ten dollars, a lion. With these "boletas" the hands were paid off every Saturday, and they were currency at the stores, and among the merchants in the country and in Mexico. When a run of silver was made, anyone holding tickets could have them redeemed in silver bars, or in exchange on San Francisco. This primitive system of greenbacks worked very well,—everybody holding boletas was interested in the success of the mines; and the whole community was dependent on the prosperity of the company. They were all redeemed. Mines form the bank of Nature, and industry puts the money in circulation, to the benefit of mankind.

In the autumn of 1857 a detachment from the regiment of First Dragoons arrived in the Santa Cruz Valley, for

the purpose of establishing a military post, and for the protection of the infant settlements. The officers were Colonel Blake, Major Stein, and Captain Ewell. The first military post was established at Calaveras, and the arrival of the officers made quite an addition to the society on the Santa Cruz.

Incident to the arrival of the military on the Santa Cruz was a citizens' train of wagons laden with supplies,—twelve wagons of twelve mules each,—belonging to Santiago Hubbell, of New Mexico. While he was encamped at Tubac I inquired the price of freight, and learned it was fifteen cents a pound from Kansas City. I inquired what he would charge to take a back freight of ores, and he agreed to haul them from the Heintzelman mine to Kansas City and a steamboat for twelve and a half cents a pound, and I loaded his wagons with ores in rawhide bags,—a ton to the wagon. This was the first shipment of ores, and a pretty "long haul."

Upon the arrival of these ores in the States they were distributed to different cities for examination and assay, and gave the country its first reputation as a producer of minerals. The average yield in silver was not enormous, as the ores contained a good deal of copper, but the silver yield was about fifteen hundred dollars to the ton.

In December, 1856, I purchased for the company the estate of "La Aribac," or Arivaca, as it is called by Americans. This place is a beautiful valley encompassed by mountains, and containing only a few leagues of land. It was settled by Augustine Ortiz, a Spaniard, in 1802, and title obtained from the Spanish government. The ownership and occupation descended to his two sons, Tomas and Ignacio Ortiz, who obtained additional title from the Mexican Republic in 1833, and maintained continuous occupation until 1856, when they sold to the company for a valuable consideration.



The validity of the title has been denied by the United States, notwithstanding the obligations of the treaty, and is now pending before the United States Land Court, with the prospect of an appeal to the United States Supreme Court, with a fair prospect of the ultimate loss of the property. The company conveyed the property with all mines and claims in Arizona to the writer, on the 2nd January, 1870,—a woful heritage.

In the early months of 1857, everything was going very well in the Santa Cruz valley. The mines were yielding silver bullion by the most primitive methods of reduction. The farmers were planting with every prospect of a good crop. Emigrants were coming into the country and taking up farms. Merchants were busy in search of the Almighty Dollar or its representative.

The only disturbing element in the vicinity was a little guerrilla war, going on in Sonora between two factions for the control of the State government. Gaudara was the actual governor, and had been so for many years, during which time he had accumulated a handsome fortune in lands, mills, mines, merchandise, live stock, and fincas. He was a sedate and dignified man, much respected by the natives, and especially polite and hospitable to foreigners. Pesquiera was an educated savage, without property or position, and naturally coveted his neighbors' goods. Consequently a revolution was commenced to obtain control of the governorship of the State; and just the same as when King David sought refuge in the cave of Adullam, all who were in debt, all who were refugees, all who were thieves, and all who were distressed, joined Pesquiera to rob Gaudara. This is all there was,—or ever is, to Mexican revolutions.

On the discovery of gold in California, many Mexicans went from Sonora to California and remained there. Among

these was one Ainsa, of Manila descent, married to a native of Sonora, who migrated to California with a large family of girls and boys in 1850, and had a Bank and Mexican Agency on the northwest corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, where there was the usual sign,—

### SE COMPRA ORO

UP STAIRS.

The girls of the Ainsa family grew to womanhood, and carried the beauty and graces of Sonora to a good market. They all married Americans, and married well.

As Helen of Sparta caused the Trojan War, and many eminent women have caused many eminent wars, there was no reason why the Ainsa women should not take part in the little revolution going on in their native State (Sonora.) Their husbands could then become eminent men, annex the State of Sonora to the United States, and become governors and senators. It was a laudable ambition on the part of the Ainsa women, and their husbands were eminently deserving,—in fact, their husbands were already the foremost men in California in political position. One of them had been a prominent candidate for the United States Senate, and the others had occupied high positions in Federal and State service, and were highly respected among their fellow citizens. In this state of affairs the eldest brother,—Augustine, was despatched to Sonora, to see what arrangements could be made with Pesquiera if the Americans would come from California and help him oust Gaudara.

Pesquiera was in desperate straits, and agreed to whatever was necessary; the substance of which was that the Americans should come with five hundred men, well armed, and assist him in ousting Gaudara and establishing himself as governor of Sonora. After that the Americans could name whatever

they wanted in money or political offices, even to the annexation of the State, which was at that time semi-independent of Mexico.

Augustine, the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, returned to California with the agreement in writing; and the Americans immediately began to drum up for recruits; but the prosperity of California was so great that but a few could be persuaded to leave a certainty for an uncertainty. The Americans in California actually started for Sonora with less than fifty men, with vague promises of recruits by sea. The records of the ferryman on the Colorado River show that they crossed that river with only forty-two men and a boy.

With this meager force these infatuated and misguided men pushed one hundred and thirty-two miles across a barren desert to the boundary line of Mexico at the Sonoita (Clover Creek), where there is a little stream of water struggling for existence in the sands. At the Sonoita the invaders were met by a proclamation from Pesquiera, forwarded through Redondo, the Prefect of Altar, warning them not to enter the State of Sonora. When men have resolved upon destruction, reason is useless, and they paid no attention to the order, and crossed the boundary line of Mexico with arms and in hostile array. When they reached the vicinity of Altar they diverged from the main road to the west, and took the road to Caborca.

The only possible reason for this movement is that they may have expected reinforcements by sea, as Caborca is the nearest settlement to a little port called Libertad, where small ships could land. Be this as it may, no reinforcements ever came; and this handful of Americans soon found themselves hemmed in at the little town of Caborca without hope of succor. They were the very first gentlemen of the States, mostly of good families, good education, and

good prospects in California. What inhuman demon ever induced them to place themselves in such position, God only knows. Many of them left their wives and families in California, and all of them had warm friends there.

Pesquiera issued a bloodthirsty proclamation, in the usual grandiloquent language of Spain, calling all patriotic Mexicans to arms, to exterminate the invaders and to preserve their homes. The roads fairly swarmed with Mexicans. Those who had no guns carried lances, those who had no horses went on foot. Caborca was soon surrounded by Mexicans, and the forty-two Americans and one little boy took refuge in the church on the east side of the plaza.

This proved only a temporary refuge. An Indian shot a lighted arrow into the church and set it on fire. The Americans stacked their arms and surrendered. My God! had they lost their senses? These forty-two American gentlemen, who had left their wives, children, and friends, in California a month or two before under a contract with Pesquiera, were butchered like hogs in the streets of Caborca, and neither God nor man raised hand to stop the inhuman slaughter.

They had not come within two hundred miles of my place, and nobody could have turned them from their purpose if they had. Many of them were old friends and acquaintances in California, and their massacre cast a gloom over the country.

There was only one redeeming act that ever came to my knowledge, and I know it to be true. When Pesquiera's orders to massacre the invaders were read, Gabilonda, second in command, swore he would have nothing to do with it, and mounting his horse swung the little boy Evans behind him and galloped away to Altar. The boy Evans was the only one saved. Gabilonda carried him to Guaymas, from where he was afterwards sent to California.

It has been stated that the corpses were left in the streets for the hogs to eat; but the curé of Caborca assured me that he had a trench dug and gave them Christian interment. I never saw nor conversed with any of the leaders, but a detachment came up the Gila River to Tucson and Tubac, enlisting recruits, but could only raise twenty-five or thirty men. The invasion was generally discouraged by the settlers on the Santa Cruz. When they passed by Sopori on their way to join the main body, I remember very well the advice of old Colonel Douglas, a veteran in Mexican revolutions. He said,—

"Boys, unless you can carry men enough to whip both sides, never cross the Mexican line."

I was at Arivaca when the Santa Cruz contingent returned, badly demoralized, wounded, naked, and starving. The place was converted into a hospital

for their relief, with such accommodations as could be afforded. Pesquiera was well aware of the adage that "dead men tell no tales." Crabb was beheaded, and his head carried in triumph to Pesquiera, preserved in a keg of mescal, with the savage barbarity of the days of Herod. The contracts which would have compromised Pesquiera with the Mexican government were destroyed by fire. So ended the Crabb Expedition, one of the most ill-fated and melancholy of any in the bloody annals of Mexico.

The result of this expedition, commonly called "Crabb's," was that the Mexican government laid an embargo upon all trade with this side of the line, and business of all kinds was paralyzed.

Under these circumstances I crossed the desert on mule-back to Los Angeles, with only one companion, and went to San Francisco to take a rest.

*Charles D. Poston,*

*President Arizona Historical Society.*

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



### L'ENVOI.

BECAUSE we may not speak from heart to heart,  
 Because we must be evermore apart,  
 I interlock for thee white wreaths of thought  
 And lay them softly on the sea of sound,  
 That wave on wave, feeling their light caress,  
 May break about thee gently, blossom-crowned.

*Alice Evans Stone*

## AMONG THE BELMONT HILLS.

TOWARD twilight time we slowly passed  
Along a road whose winding turns  
Were decked with dainty wild-wood flowers,  
With trailing vines and graceful ferns;  
Along a rail fence ran a quail,  
A blue-bird darted through the trees,  
And cow-bell echoes, dimly heard,  
Were wafted on the evening breeze.

Beside the edge of Crystal Lake  
We watched the June sun slowly fall,  
While o'er the mountains crept the fog,  
Like white smoke, through the redwoods tall;  
The waters, rippled by the wind,  
In pearl-tipped wavelets kissed the shore,  
And Fancy's ear caught dreamy hints  
Of hillside tale and lakeside lore,

Our way led where moss-covered oak,  
Bright bay and buck-eye charmed the glade,  
While through the leaves the low sun glanced  
With rare effects of shine and shade;  
We passed the lovely woodland homes  
That bask in San Mateo's smile,  
Where dales and dells and dingles dim  
With dreamful rest the heart beguile.

Gray gloaming falls from darkening skies,  
Toward home we swiftly make our way,  
And San Leandro's lights gleam out  
Across the blueness of the bay;  
Adieu to tranquil paths of peace,  
"Goodnight" we say to scenes so bright,  
And down the cañon's star-lit slope  
A wood-bird softly calls, "Goodnight!"

Clarence Urmy.



## EGYPTIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

UNDER the shadow of the Pyramids, even in Egypt's newer civilization, each incident in every day life has its special significance and superstition. The Musulman that fails to wash his hands and face on arising from his night's rest, sees in this carelessness or forgetfulness an indication of bad luck to follow him in all that day's doings.

Egypt is not alone among nations in such superstitions. Like the worship of fetishes or charms, they obtain in every quarter of the globe, gradually disappearing when disclosed by the advancing light of civilization. Some of these are here illustrated.

## I.

"FROM ONE GALLOWS TO ANOTHER THE GREAT ALLAH WILL REDEEM."

ONCE upon a time, long ago, the Governor of Assouan — or, in the vernacular, the Moudir — condemned a murderer to be hanged. There were seven gallowses in the court, numbered for the seven days of the week.

Sunday is the first day of the week, and Friday the Sabbath, according to Mohammedan faith. Moslem superstition has decreed that the unlucky days are Monday and Wednesday. It has been a long-established custom in the land of the lotus, the crocodile, sacred hippopotami, and the ibis, to grant a murderer three favors previous to the execution of sentence.

The Moudir sentenced the murderer to hang on gallows number two, the execution thus falling on an unlucky day. The murderer requested, as a favor, that he be hanged on gallows six, and the gracious Moudir granted the condemned man's request, and asked why he made such a strange one.

"Why," replied the man, "do you not know the proverb, 'From one gallows to another the great Allah will redeem or save'? And so it may be with you, O gracious Moudir; while they take me from one gallows to another you may change your mind."

And so, through the murderer's quick wit, he was saved, and the Governor pardoned him for the sake of the great Allah, the day of execution falling on Friday, or the Sabbath.

Thus, it is shown that superstition once saved a man's life.

## II.

## THE UNLUCKIEST FACE.

SULTAN MOURAD BEY made it his custom as a good Mohammedan to ride to the mosque every Friday. A gayly caparisoned company of cavalry formed his body guard. The people flocked to the windows, and hung out their prettiest rugs and their most gorgeous streamers. The children were dressed in their best, and along the line of march the street was in a grand holiday attire. From minaret and from latticed window smiling faces were turned toward Sultan Mourad, the Mameluke, and his company.

One Friday on a balcony sat a Turk looking at the parade. At his side was his chibouck. The balcony was rich in color, and rare rugs and tapestries hung from it. This Turk had a very large nose. The Sultan was attracted by the peculiarity of this, and as the Turk retired from the balcony he turned to get another look at the big-nosed man. In doing this, however, Mourad's turban fell off.

This unlucky accident wounded the Sultan Mourad's pride, and in his super-

stition he deemed the Turk the cause of it. He immediately gave an order to have the man hanged.

Previous to execution of the sentence, as is the custom, the big-nosed Turk was asked if he had any request to make.

The Turk cried bitterly and demanded of his guards upon what grounds he was to be so cruelly dealt with. The soldiers told him that it was by order of the Sultan.

"Take me then to the Palace," said the Turk. "Let me talk with the Sultan. I cannot understand this at all. I decorate my balcony with my best stuffs, and dress myself in my most gorgeous costume, all in honor of our Sultan, and now, O woe is me, I am to hang!"

Wailing and bemoaning his hard fate, the big-nosed Turk was escorted to the Palace. After conferring with the *gellad*, or hangman, he who pulls the rope, the Turk was admitted to the audience chamber. The hangman explained to the Sultan that the Turk wanted to know the reason for his hanging.

From behind portières of rich texture came the proud voice of Sultan Mourad in answer to the gellad's explanation.

"I have no desire to look upon this man's face again. You will repeat this to him. Today in going to the mosque I saw his most unlucky face, and my turban fell into the street. His face carries misfortune to all beholders, hence have I condemned him to death."

The Turk, who had been weeping and screaming all the way, now began to laugh. He laughed loud and long, and he cried: "*Allah, Allah, Doniah aghibah!*" which means, "O God, O God, what a wonderful world it is!"

The Turk said to the Sultan, who still hidden behind the curtains had been much astonished at his laughter:—

"Your Highness, may Allah prolong your life, may you have much joy and happiness. You told your gellad I had an unlucky face, and that for this rea-

son your Highness's turban fell off into the street. And for this I am to hang. Pardon me, your Highness, for what I am about to say. Your Highness saw my face, and your turban fell off. I saw your Highness's face, and I am condemned to hang! Now tell me which of us owns the unluckiest face?"

The Sultan laughed; he admired the man's talk and his diplomacy. He marveled at his argument, and the gellad was instructed to say to the big-nosed that he was forgiven, but on one condition. He was not to look through the windows, nor was he to sit on that balcony again.

The Turk went home radiant and happy. He removed the balcony, he barred the windows with thick boards, leaving not a chink or hole to look through, fearing that he might be tempted to look at the Sultan again. The big-nosed man thus saved his life by his diplomacy.

### III.

#### THE SUPERSTITIOUS UNCLE AND THE CLEVER NEPHEW.

THE inferior class in Cairo does not believe in the healing of the sick by doctors or medicine. Its sick are left entirely to the care of nature. If the patient be not seriously ill he will recover. Sometimes he dies, and then it is with these people, "Allah gave him, Allah took him."

Four miles out of Cairo, in Boulack, once there was a sick man. This man was very superstitious; he did not believe in physicians, but was a firm believer in fortune-telling, written charms, and in burning incense.

After practising these things for some time, it was plain that the sick man was rapidly growing worse. One day a young man, a distant relative, who had been educated at the American Mission in Cairo, grieving over the illness of the man, offered to bring in a doctor.

HADJI RAPHAEL.<sup>1</sup>

"Stop, don't talk any more," said the sick one, "I want no doctor. I want for nothing at all!"

The young man inquired of the sick man's wife, "Why is it your husband does not desire a doctor?"

The wife, looking at her relative with

reproach, said: "We want no doctors; whosoever gives himself into a doctor's hands dies! I don't want my husband to die!"

The young man understood the superstition of these people, and set about to solve the difficulty in another way.

<sup>1</sup> Hadji Raphael was born in Cairo, Egypt, in October, 1862. Four years later he lost his mother, and he came under the care of his grand-aunt, who loved him tenderly because he was named for his grandfather, her brother, who was killed at Sebastopol. His father took up his residence in Lahore, India. When thirteen years old Hadji began a correspondence with his father, hoping to bring him back to the land of his birth. To this correspondence he lays the foundation of his taste for literature.

He received the rudiments of an education at Ismailia, Egypt, continued it at the "Frère" College, in French, and in "Kootab" Arabic, and finished it at the University at Cairo. His grand-aunt's husband became blind, and his business went to ruin. Hadji was compelled to leave his studies and turn his attention to trade. He

married an Egyptian lady, whose father was one of the most prominent merchants in the Soudan. This was before the celebrated Mahdi Rebellion. He then traveled, visiting Constantinople, Smyrna, Greece, Palestine, Rhodes, and many other places. He later made voyages to Paris, by the advice of wealthy Frenchmen who had visited him in his bureaux at Cairo.

While in Paris he met Mr. Melville E. Stone, the Chicago journalist and banker. It was the outgrowth of a correspondence between them that induced Hadji to go to the Columbian Exposition, where he had some forty stores on Cairo Street. He came to San Francisco for the Midwinter Fair, and has been prominent in Cairo Street enterprises. He finds the climate of California so nearly like that of Egypt that he has pitched his tent, and says proudly, "Here is my home!"

He went back to the wife later in the day, and smiling at her, he said he did not believe in doctors.

The poor little woman with tears in her eyes replied :—

"I don't know about that ; you came this morning and you talked so much about doctors I thought I could see in your eyes an intention to kill my husband. He has done no harm to you or to your father ; he used to go to the mosque every day, and he always fasted

a book, and taking the hand of the sick he writes charms and gives them a bottle of healing water from the blessed well of Zam-Zam, which is near Mecca."

The little woman was delighted.

"Can you bring this fortune-teller here to cure my husband ? I want to see him well again ; it would be the happiest day of my life to see him hearty and well, able to attend to his business, to go to his farm, which sadly needs his attention."



"WHO HAS THE UNLUCKIEST FACE?"

the whole month of Ramazan, and I am surprised that you treat us in this way. Today is neither Monday or Wednesday, that we may say it is our bad luck."

She seemed greatly excited. The young man explained he had been trying their faith in the country's ancient traditions, and soothing the woman with smooth talk and a smiling face, he told her that whenever his mother was sick he applied to a certain famous fortune-teller.

"This fortune-teller by the burning of incense drives out all evil. He opens

The young man explained that the fortune-teller was Sharif, and that he wore a green turban and was a descendant of Mohammed's family.

"You tell your husband, my good woman, that, if he obeys the orders of my fortune-teller strictly, he is sure to get well."

The young man then went to the best doctor in Cairo, an intimate friend. This doctor was an Egyptian. He had graduated and obtained his diploma in Paris.

The young man told him the sad story





IBRAHIM AGA, SO-CALLED BECAUSE HIS HEART IS YOUNG.

of his uncle (in Egypt it is the custom to call any distant male relative "uncle"); that the man was sick, rapidly growing worse, and that if he continued without medicine he surely would die; that he was a believer in incense burning, charms, and howling dervishes.

Hassan Bey, the Doctor, replied: "What can I do? Let him look to the great Allah to cure him."

Mustapha — for the young man was so called — began to weep. "Because this man is superstitious and uneducated is no reason he should be left to die; give me but three hours of your valuable time, and I will be satisfied."

The Doctor considered well, being a busy man, but out of compassion for Mostapha he granted him his request.

Mostapha pledged himself at any future time, should occasion arise, to return this great favor to Hassan Bey, the Doctor, or to Hassan's people.

In the great bazaar of Khan Halil, the largest in Cairo, under the awnings and roofs of houses where the hot sun never beats down,—in the quiet and the cool of the shops, where surrounded by rugs and embroideries the Oriental smiles his hospitality, when the coffee or tea is passed, and the nargileh, the chibouck, and the Egyptian cigarettes perfume the air; where the merchant knows not the worry or the care of Western civilization, because there are no banks or bank presidents, where the savings of a lifetime find their hiding place in a hole in the ground, a simple-minded community observes the usages of an antique etiquette, and a long conversation of flattering import takes place before each sale. There it was Mustapha found the old man Ibrahim Aga,—his fine old face belying his ninety-five years. Ibrahim Aga, so called because his heart is young.

"*Salaam alecoum, Ibrahim Aga,*"—meaning "Peace be with you,"—said Mustapha.

The other responded, as is the custom, "*Alecoum al salaam,*"—"And Peace be with you, too!"

Then followed the complimentary conversation, so full of amusement to the foreign visitor. After this they proceeded to business, and Mustapha

physician. His sense of compassion and humanity were appealed to, however, and after some time he entered into the proceedings with quite as much enthusiasm as the rest of them.

The writer of this article, Hadji Raphael, was one of the party. Hassan Bey, as the fortune teller, carried on his person a rosary, for the purpose of repeating the prayers of the Moslem faith.

Mustapha preceded the party to the sick man's house, and when he went into the man's room found him saying to himself that he was possessed of devils,—"*affarit,*"—and that soon they were to take him.

After exhausting himself with a long talk, or rather a fight, with the devils, he sank down on the bed, crying to Mustapha to bring him the fortune-teller. As soon as he mentioned the words "fortune-teller" the troop of imps that seemed to people his brain disappeared, and his mind was clear again.

Mustapha smiled at the sick one, and told him that the presence of the dervishes and the fortune-teller in the house was the reason for the disappearance of the devils. He then explained that the fortune-teller had to be obeyed in all things, even when it took great patience in a sick man to do so, for does not the Arabic proverb say, "Patience is a remedy where all other remedies fail"?

Then the Hadji began to burn the incense, and the Doctor took his place to the right of the bed. Young Mustapha introduced the physician as the celebrated seer and fortune-teller, "Sheick Mohammed."

The sick one seemed quite happy after his long neglect. Sheick Mohammed examined the poor weak creature, and found the nature of the disease. He ordered the door open. He decided the patient could stand the howling.

A large rug was placed in the next room, and the dervishes and Sheick Mohammed in a praying posture recited verses from the Koran.



IN A PRAYING POSTURE.

bought from the reverend Ibrahim one costume and a green turban for a fortune-teller, and the proper vestment for six dervishes.

Mustapha met his friends in his private apartment. These friends, on account of their devotion and love of religion, consented to take the part of the dervishes. The Doctor had not been apprised of the part he was to play, and much argument was necessary to cause him to dress as a fortune-teller, as he considered it beneath his dignity as a

After that the Doctor gave the sick man his medicine, and it was swallowed without questioning its taste as long as it came from the far-away and blessed Zam-Zam well near Mecca.

"Allah, Allah, Allah!" came in a swelling chorus from the next room, accompanied by the noise of the peculiar instruments; and then louder swelled the howlers' voices, "Allah hoo! Allah hoo! Allah hoo!" and the horrible cadence rose and descended in an anthem of praise to the Moslem God. Now the instruments piped a wild treble and a shrieking and the voices droned a low chorus. Now the voices reached a yell and the instruments sang a monotonous bass.

The dervishes, becoming excited by their songs and the wild music, with a waving of the arms and the swaying of their bodies cast weird shadows on the opposite wall. One by one becoming exhausted, they dropped to the rug in an almost unconscious condition,—for he who faints first is the chosen and the most pure.

The rites were concluded by the reading of verses from the Koran and religious poems.

Fatmah, the sick one's wife, prepared supper. This consisted of a large bowl of rice and lentils cooked with onions, a feast among people of this class. The company sat on the floor around a large brass tray. There was plenty of dry brown bread; no spoons or forks, Mohammedans believing in the priority of invention of fingers,— "or everlasting forks."

The Hadji was uncomfortable, because he had adopted European manners at his own house, and was now eating after the style of "fellaheen" from a common bowl.

The medicines and weariness had put the sick one to sleep. The Doctor read a long prayer over a bottle of medicine, and then handed it to the wife.

The party called at the house for sev-

eral nights, and although the patient was a very sick man, the doctor's science and his own latent strength saved his life, and he recovered. His first visit was to the Sultan Hassan's mosque. On his way he found he was still weak, and the donkey boy had to hold him. He prayed long and fervently. On his return home, Fatmah, his wife, received with,—

"*Ahlan Wi-Sahlan.*"

"*Wi-Sahlan,*" that is, "Good, welcome, good!"

Mustapha's uncle was now well enough to work his farm and come in to Boulack every Friday. Mustapha arranged so that the Doctor should visit him on a Friday and meet his uncle.

During the meal the Doctor complimented the uncle upon his prompt recovery. Mustapha inquired if he still wore the charm which the famous fortune teller gave him.

"Of course I wear it,—if I should take it off, I should die at once."

"Be not afraid to take it off," said Mustapha.

"Take it off? why how you change! you go to all extremes to cure me, and now you are advising my death."

"Why, Uncle! You know the famous fortune-teller told you you never would die on a Friday. Take it off; and then you can put it on again. It is not sunset yet."

As the poor man, convinced against his will, removed the charm from his neck with shivering hands, he remarked, "If it were any day but Friday, nothing could prompt me to do this."

Opening the little silver charm box, Mustapha extracted a piece of paper written by Doctor Hassan Bey, and from it read the following:—

"Written charms, fortune-telling, and howling dervishes will never do you good; you can only be cured by my prescriptions and by proper medicine. Your wife must take good care of you according to my orders, and you will come out all right. As soon as you are well we will arrange a meeting, and

open and read this charm. I am sure you will be converted, and will believe in doctors and not in superstitions.

دوكتور حسن بيك

"HASSAN BEY,  
Doctor."

When the uncle heard what the charm consisted of he could not help believe

that he had been wrong, but so strong was the essence of superstition in him that he said: "I am convinced, but I do not believe that my wife is or ever will be. If she should fall sick, and then have the same deception practised on her, it might convince her; but should she die and you fail to cure her, I will be convinced that you are wrong and go back to my old faith in superstition.

*Hadji Raphael.*



IN THE course of human events and modern fairs the OVERLAND MONTHLY has become the proud possessor of another medal. In the July number we made record of the fact that the World's Columbian Exposition had not overlooked us.

Now by this token we make haste to record the same measure of kind fortune from the California Midwinter International Exposition.

It has never been clearly settled whether prizes of merit or otherwise, won at fairs, no matter of what dimensions, aid materially in keeping the metaphorical pot boiling, but many worthy authorities have agreed that the possession of such distinctions forms a proper subject for self gratulation.

So be it known by all whosoever it may concern that the OVERLAND MONTHLY is a prize winner, and sees no reason why the fact should be concealed. Selah!

#### Afloat.

Two little boats are floating  
Upon a summer sea;  
One little boat bears up my love,  
The other, me.

Two little boats sway gently  
Floating upon the sea;  
A dainty hand is clasped in mine;  
Ah me! 'Ah me!

Our world is here, about us  
Nothing but sky and sea;  
No sight or sound of other world,  
And naught care we.

So on we float together,  
And sing a song of love,  
Without a thought of days to come  
Or clouds above.

#### Some Modoc History.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY:—

In the early spring of 1873 I was called to the Lava Beds as correspondent for the *New York Times*, and devoted the summer to writing up the campaign, with incidents of the trial of Captain Jack and his companions. Under the title of "Klamath Land," I

wrote the facts of Modoc history for the OVERLAND twenty years ago. These facts were derived from an interview with the Modoc chiefs, on their reservation at Yainax, a historic butte that rises in Sprague River Valley, in Southern Oregon, near the California line.

I wish to correct—in the interest of history—a statement made in the July number of this magazine, in Mr. Hamilton's account of "The Lava Beds Revisited, that Captain Jack," the Modoc leader in the War of 1873, was "a young chief." The account given, that the "greater part of the tribes under Captain Jack, a young chief," refused to give up their old home, is very misleading, and has a tendency to idealize and place in heroic light a villainous band of renegades, who rebelled against all their own chiefs and the great majority of their own tribe, for as vile a purpose as can be conceived, and committed murder most dastardly and foul, as introduction to the campaign they so fearfully waged later in the lava beds.

I visited Yainax in company with my friend, Mr. O. C. Applegate, who was then Indian Agent at Yainax, and interpreted for the chiefs at our interview. I had every advantage to know all the facts that caused the war, for I lived at headquarters, and knew Frank Riddle well, and his wife Toby. The tribe occupied the best lands on Sprague River, and possessed the classic and historic butte—Yainax—that had been for immemorial time the annual meeting-place for all the tribes, from the headwaters of the Columbia to the Ocean, and as far south as the tribes of Northern California. All the Modoc chiefs were present and told their story. They made no complaint: the lands allotted them were a paradise compared to Tule Lake and the lava region, and the

far greater portion of the Indians were content and remained at peace.

Captain Jack was an intriguer, and obtained a great influence over a disaffected few who became his followers; but he was not a hereditary chief, or recognized as a leader, save by the renegades that banded together for the ignoble right to roam where they could prostitute their women and live upon that privilege. That was all they had to complain of, and as at that time Yreka was still a center for mining operations, and the best field for their unsavory trade, they undertook to conquer peace on those terms. It is even true that the best element of the Modoc tribe entirely disapproved of such immorality, and had no sympathy in the contest. Captain Jack was ambitious, desired to rule, and possessed a personal magnetism that drew off some good Indians,—like Scar Face Charley,—but it is a slander to the tribe to claim that a "majority were hostile."

With Captain Jack was Sconchin, whose brother was head chief of the Modocs. The chief was a very good man, as Indians go, and had no hostile feeling; his brother was of a surly and implacable nature, and carried out his instincts.

One reason why I think it worth while to notice this matter is, that I am told that a gentleman of some literary pretensions, in Philadelphia, has a mind to write a volume to glorify Captain Jack, and rouse the sympathies of a world in behalf of the oppressed race he represented. Such a waste of sympathy—to say nothing of talent—is to be deplored. The Modocs and Klamaths live contented and reasonably prosperous, on a reservation that is far too large for their needs, and are treated kindly. They never had serious cause for complaint.

S. A. Clarke.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

### Some Recent Stories.

*The Stickit Minister*,<sup>1</sup> we think, was Mr. Crockett's first book, and like many another author's first-born, seems destined to hold a first place in the thoughts of his public in spite of later and more ambitious ventures. *The Stickit Minister*, which has given its name to the volume, is but one of the fourteen short tales of life among the Presbyterian Scots. The tales have the merit of shortness, and taken alone each has the further merit of novelty. As a collection, however, they are apt to prove tiresome, being too much alike in treatment and in plot. The heroine

<sup>1</sup>*The Stickit Minister*. By S. R. Crockett. Macmillan & Co.: New York and London: 1894.

or hero, if we remember correctly, dies at the close of each and every story. However, *The Stickit Minister* is enjoyable, especially after reading the author's second novel,—*The Raiders*,—which is almost unintelligible from its superabundance of Scotch brogue. The *Raiders* tired its reader unspeakably, and he took up the clear, almost unmixt English of *The Stickit Minister* with a sigh of relief. An English writer of today has no right to expect an English reader to get caught twice amid such a tangle of dead phrases and provincial words as were massed between two covers, as in *The Raiders*.

Of the tales in *The Stickit Minister*, *The Stickit Minister*, *The Heather Lintie*, and *The Split in*

Murrow Kirk,<sup>2</sup> are best. A number of them, which shall be nameless, are only interesting as samples of what Robert Louis Stevenson, by his own confession in the preface, enjoys reading between the time of the publishing of one of his own novels and the beginning of another.

Mr. Crockett of Penicuik has lately become the father of a third novel. It is to be hoped that he has learned English in the meantime, and that his admirers will not be forced to learn ancient Scotch in order to follow his erratic career.

*The Gun-Bearer*<sup>1</sup> is an account of Sherman's March to the Sea, and certain other campaigns during the Civil War, as told by a private soldier in the front ranks. The book bears the stamp of truthfulness, and an intimate familiarity with camp life. It is a soldier tale, told in a quiet, sober, earnest fashion, without a particle of the spirit of romance, as far as the war record goes, and is interesting as a personal statement of how any educated citizen might feel under fire and enduring all the hardships of the marches and poor rations, if he was called suddenly from his home to the front. The book is worthy, and will undoubtedly find a warm spot in many an old soldier's heart.

*Joanna Traill, Spinster*,<sup>2</sup> is another hysterical book by a hysterical female, and the rather twice-told tale of an imaginary case of individual rescue work on a fallen woman. The scene is in England, a country that has been worn threadbare for plots by ambitious novelists for generations. The characters are Spinster Joanna Traill; a Philanthropist, who is on the outlook for some one to save in the slums of London, and a girl on whom Miss Traill and the said Philanthropist operate with the desired effect. The girl was saved after many and devious struggles, and to the surprise of the reader does not die or go back to her former haunts, but marries in the good old fashioned way. The book is not worth reading.

### Briefer Notice.

CHARLES FREEMAN JOHNSON, the official reporter of the Midwinter Fair, is the publisher of *Intellectual California*.<sup>3</sup> It is in three volumes,—"History of the Midwinter Fair," "Midwinter Fair Congresses," and "Conventions and Reports."

Nearly every county school superintendent endorsed the work in advance, and the County Commissioners backed the scheme by appointing committees to see to the sale of the work, and to assist in compiling the matter.

The American Medical Association, the Dental Congress, the A. O. U. W. Convention, the Woman's Congress, and other notable gatherings, such

<sup>1</sup> *The Gun-Bearer*. By E. A. Robinson and G. A. Wall. Robert Bonner's Sons: New York: 1894.

<sup>2</sup> *Joanna Traill, Spinster*. By Annie E. Holdsworth. Charles L. Webster & Co. New York: 1894.

<sup>3</sup> *Intellectual California*. Edited and Published by Charles Freeman Johnson. San Francisco: 1894.

as the Theosophical Society, and the Woman's Board of Missions, are to have a complete and exhaustive illustrated report. The fine series of astronomical photographs shown in the lectures delivered by Professors Barard and Campbell, of Lick Observatory, at the Midwinter Exposition Congresses will be reproduced in half-tone plates in Vol. II, together with the lectures as they were delivered, and with other illustrations and special articles showing the status of astronomical science on the Pacific Coast. This forms a valuable permanent reference and text-book.

W. B. Bancroft's handy little book, *All About the Midwinter Fair*,<sup>4</sup> is virtually a compact guide book of the city and a brief resumé of its history. The book contains nearly two hundred pages of well edited letter press, and is well illustrated by numerous half-tones of buildings, scenes, and prominent citizens. In the department devoted to the newspapers and magazines of the city the editor very aptly remarks of the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, "For twenty-six years it has been the unswerving exponent of the West Coast. . . . It has truly been said that no history of the State can be written without referring to its columns."

THOSE persons interested in the commerce of the port of San Francisco,—and in fact of the whole North Pacific Coast,—will find much of value and interest in the *Twentieth Annual Review* of the *Commercial News and Shipping List*. All the shipping news of the year closing with June 30th, 1894, statistics in neat tabulated form, of the principal articles of export, with the values given for the year, and comparative statements for several of the past years, are the main features of the work. There is an article on "Water Transportation," which conveys to the reader an immense amount of information on the subject not otherwise obtainable, and which is illustrated by maps and a number of remarkably fine half-tone illustrations. The work is published in neat and convenient form, and as a specimen of typographic art is highly creditable to the publishers.

### Books Received.

*The Honest Dollar*. By President Andrews. Brown University: Providence: 1894.

*The Pocket Homœopathist*. By D. A. Baldwin, M. D. Rochester, N. Y.: E. Darrow & Co.: 1894.

*Roses and Thistles*. By Rufus C. Hopkins. San Francisco: William Doney: 1894.

*Evolution*. By David Starr Jordan. Palo Alto: Leland Stanford Jr. University Press: 1894.

*The Sorrows of Werther*. By Goethe. Mascot Publishing Company: New York: 1894.

<sup>4</sup> *All About the Midwinter Fair*. 2nd Edition. Taliesin Evans. W. B. Bancroft & Co. San Francisco 1894.

<sup>5</sup> *Commercial News and Shipping List*, Annual Review for 1894. The Commercial News Publishing Company: San Francisco.

# Overland Monthly

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## AS TALKED IN THE SANCTUM.

BY THE EDITOR.



PERIODICALLY there comes a newspaper cry for the replacing of the so-called "spoils system" in our Consular Service, with a regular "Civil Service," following the models laid down by France and Great Britain. During the last season a New York and a Boston magazine resurrected this century-old-district-school-debating-society "everlasting," by publishing a series of solicited letters from a number of distinguished "Ex's," all of whom agreed with the magazines that our Consular Service, as it now is, is badly manned and recklessly managed, modestly admitting that it could be greatly improved if certain suggestions of theirs were followed. Whereupon they set about to submit the said suggestions to their admiring readers. They compared the service disadvantageously with our Army, Navy, and Judicial Service, and seemed to think that all that is necessary to make it as perfect is the introduction of examinations, promotions, and pensions.

Had these magazines appealed to an equal number of ex-Consuls for suggestions as to what reforms are needed, or are possible, in this little understood and much misrepresented Service, these Chamber of Commerce and National Board of Trade reformers would have received a mass of information that would have startled their faultlessly laundried complacency into the realization that there might be points in the subject that had escaped the all-absorbing ken of the ex-diplomatic ornaments.

The Parson. "Let there be peace. Our Ex speaketh."

The Ex-Consul. "For one I am glad to testify; even if my words are never heard outside the Sanctum, that taking everything into consideration,—what the everything is I will specify later,—I am in favor of the spoils system, rather than the milk-and-water service advocated by a party of theorists.

"To begin with, I, as well as the ex-Ministers that railed against the present system in the New York magazine, owe the honor of being able to sport an

"Ex" before our names entirely to the spoils system ; but for it we should never have been in office."

The Parson. "And being once in office you would never have had the strength of character or the good sense to have given some other free-born citizen a chance at the flesh-pots, but for this same baneful system and its Siamese-twin,—the ax."

The Ex-Consul. "My experience and acquaintance with the United States Consular Corps, as I came in contact with its members in three continents, brings me to but one conclusion : it is superior in every respect but one to the boasted Consular Services of any other country. It is composed of men who, in nine cases out of ten,—although it is the tenth case we usually hear of,—have made a success in life in their own country before going abroad. They must necessarily have made something of a name for themselves, or they could never have aspired to or achieved a consular position, which is equal in rank in its highest grade to a Brigadier-General in the armies and a Commodore in the navies of the world. They are men of broad views, who carry with them the practical methods of the counting house, or the law or editorial office, to the responsible positions which they are to fill. They are fully aware they can hold the office but four years at the outside, and go abroad on that understanding, so it is no hardship for them when the term of office expires. They are prepared for it and expect it. During their four years they make a study of the country in which they live, and any one who takes the pains to glance over the Consular Reports from month to month, can readily appreciate how much they do and how much they accomplish that is beneficial to our trade and commercial relations, with no thought of reward or future promotion. In one city where I had the honor to represent our government, I had seventeen foreign colleagues, all of whom belonged to the regular Civil Service of their respective countries. With the exception of one consul who wrote a yearly trade report, I was the only member of the corps that felt called upon to keep my country regularly posted on the commercial status of my district. They had life positions, promotion was slow but sure, and a pension would come when they were too old to go on with their mechanical duties,—while I, like every other American in a like position, felt that I owed it to my country which had honored me, and to myself, to give as big a return as possible for these favors, and to be able to retire, when the time came, with the 'thanks of the Department' and a consciousness of duty done.

"A successful banker, a successful lawyer, editor, or farmer, will in every case make a successful consul,—he may not make a successful diplomat at the French Court, or as successful a ladies' man,—but where the duties are strictly commercial, judicial, and executive, I will stake him any time against his trained machine-made colleague from Great Britain or Spain. A big consular office is no sinecure. With an accounting of exports and imports that run up into the millions, with seamen's accounts that are multitudinous as they are vexatious, with daily questions of policy and expediency to settle, courts to hold, and cases to try, an American consul in these McKinley Bill and Wilson Bill times must be an entire system of government within himself."

The Contributor. "Save the Treasury Department."

The Ex-Consul. "Save the Treasury Department : and that brings me to



my point. If the reformers wish to reform the Consular Service, let them begin with reforming Congress and the Treasury Department. Make our consulships worthy of good men from a financial point of view, and then set about to weed out the few unworthy, yes, and the few disreputable officials, and fill their places with good men. There is not enough glory in a fifteen hundred dollar office to hold out any inducement to a five thousand dollar man. You will get a fifteen hundred dollar man every time for a fifteen hundred dollar office. Take the leading cities abroad, London, Paris, Hong Kong, Singapore, and Berlin: the salaries of our consuls in them range from three thousand to five thousand dollars. If it were not for the fees, which are not half as large as the newspapers pretend, the consul could not begin to live in any way befitting his position. If our government owned its own consulates it would be different; but when every new consul has to rent his house and furnish it, and entertain all stray Americans, it is a horse of quite another color.

"Our scheduled consular salaries were made up in the early days of the nation, when an income of twenty-five hundred dollars a year was quite a princely revenue; since then living has doubled, but the salaries have been cut down. When a Congressman is anxious to get a bill through for a five hundred thousand dollar post-office for Squedunk, he looks around for some appropriation he can attack and cut down, so as to get a reputation as a 'watch-dog of the Treasury.' He gets his half million for Squedunk, and some hard-working fifteen hundred dollar consul in Java or South Africa suddenly awakens to find his salary cut in two."

The Parson. "No doubt you are right; but to return to the original question. Would not the personelle of the service be bettered by adopting the Civil Service system?"

The Ex-Consul. "There is no excuse for a President's appointing a disreputable character to office in any department of the government, or under any system. If he does, he and he alone is to blame. I have met men in the Army and Navy, as I have in the Consular Service, that were objectionable. Who's to blame? The man that put them in office. What we need is gentlemen and ladies in all departments of life. If we place a premium on gentlemen and ladies there will be more of them. If it is but once known that none but gentlemen need apply, then it would be very easy for a President or Secretary of State to pick out gentlemen with the proper requirements that are essential to a good officer."

The Contributor. "I opine that the definition of a gentleman would differ with each administration. May we have yours?"

The Ex-Consul. "By example, I can give you the negative side. The last administration appointed a faithful henchman to a consular office in Germany. He was a prosperous merchant, and the leader of the German element of his district. He asked to be appointed to his own native city in Germany. By the right of his commission he could associate with the old aristocratic society that he found there, but because of his youthful vocation, a pack peddler, he was excluded. The old Grafs and Vons refused to associate with their quondam countryman, whom they remembered as selling braid and pins to their servants. He was a *persona non grata*. In the eyes of his fellow townsmen in America he was undoubtedly a 'gentleman,' but in the eyes of his ancient betters he was

not. The government should have known these facts, and not sent him where it did. He might have been acceptable in Russia or France, but he could never have made his traveling countrymen proud of their representative."

The Parson. "I see you would institute a sort of 'horizontal reform' in our Consular Service, and not a sweeping one."

The Ex-Consul. "In brief, I do not believe that an honest or just Civil Service is possible in a republic that elects its rulers and law-makers every few years. Taking which belief for a fact, and leaving the Consular and Diplomatic Service at the mercy of the President, as provided by the Constitution, I would commence my reform as follows:—

"First. Making the salaries at all important points not less than the salary of a Congressman,—in other words, worthy of the best men.

"Second. Insisting that every appointee should have a clean public and private record.

"Third. That he should in no way be objectionable to the countries to which he is accredited. Austria is no place for a Jew, England for a Fenian, or China for a 'Sand-Lotter.'

"Fourth. "That the man should know enough to enter a drawing-room and wear a dress suit, as becomes a gentleman of any nation.

"I might go more into detail,—suggest that he be allowed by our great and rich nation an appropriation large enough to procure dignified offices, not over a Belgian livery stable, or in the sixth floor of a French *mansarde*, a stove, carpet, lamps, and window-shades, for same, all of which is not considered necessary by our present legislators,—but I do not care to risk too much at the start. I take it for granted that a man meeting these specified requirements will be capable of conducting the affairs of his office, and be able to speak his own tongue grammatically."

The Parson. "Our Ex's reform is unpatriotic,—it would take our brains abroad, and leave us at the mercy of the men who could not satisfy a censorious President of their private and public records."

The Contributor. "It would foster the upbuilding of an office-holding aristocracy."

The Poet. "And worst of all, it would take the service above the power of the professional reformers to reform."

The Reader. "I propose, as an amendment to your list of Medean tenets, that every member of Congress who wished to serve on the Committee of Appropriations, and every Secretary and Assistant-Secretary of State should be required to qualify by passing a ninety per cent examination on the contents of the late Eugene Schuyler's history of 'American Diplomacy and The Furtherance of Commerce.' The writing of the book cost Mr. Schuyler the Assistant-Secretaryship of State, but it has been worth more to the government than any of the paltry offices within its gift."

The Ex-Consul. "The amendment is accepted and the discussion closed, as I see the Parson has just made a trip to the encyclopedia."

The Parson. "I was about to add —"

The Office Boy. "Proof."



## I.

ZEE-WEE and her twin sister, Wauska, resembled each other like two peas. They were the daughters of the Dacotah chief, Don't Know How. Their mother was named Minona, and she was the favorite wife of her husband. Altogether, she was the prettiest squaw in the village, and there were those who declared that her match for beauty was not to be found in the whole Dacotah nation. Much was said, too, about the exorbitant price that was paid for her,—being a fleet horse, a six-barreled Colt revolver, and three blankets. She was, indeed, a woman of rare worth.

Twins are infrequent in the Dacotah nation, and Don't Know How was none too well pleased when Minona presented him with two girls. One of them always seemed to him superfluous, but he could never decide which, as he had no way of telling them apart. Even the mother had her doubts as to which was Zee-Wee and which Wauska, until they were four or five years old, and the dominant spirit of the one differentiated her from her gentle sister. It may have been Wauska who was the enterprising one, and Zee-Wee who imitated her; but the mother, either by chance or guided by a deeper instinct, decided differently. The name Zee-Wee gradually attached itself to the adventurous maiden, and the shy and docile sister became identified as Wauska.

Two more children were born to Minona in the course of years, and they were both girls. Then Don't Know How

became seriously alarmed, and took unto himself two more wives. These were much cheaper than Minona had been, so he could afford to indulge himself. But when they had borne each a man-child, and felt their position assured, they leagued themselves together against the favorite and drove her out of the tepee. There was a hot battle outside, and the chief sat calmly and looked on, while Minona was beaten, scratched, torn, and finally knocked down and trampled upon. It was not his habit, he said, to mix in women's business. Even when Minona arose, bruised and bleeding, from the snow, he sat imperturbable, with crossed legs, and made no motion to help her. Her children were thrown out to her, one after another, by her victorious rivals, and she picked up the youngest in her arms, and gathering the rest about her, wandered away to the nearest government agency. There the doctor put plasters and salves upon her wounds, and she was well cared for. The white folks were kind to her, and she was warm and comfortable. When, therefore, the missionary asked her for one of her little girls, promising to have her educated like the pale-faces, she pushed over to him the one she believed to be Wauska; and it was not until the next day she discovered that it was Zee-Wee with whom she had parted. She wanted to rectify her mistake, (for Zee-Wee, in spite of the confusion of identity, was the apple of her eye,) but it was too late. Zee-Wee had been sent with a dozen other children to the Lyleham Institute, in charge of the missionary.

The next day Don't Know How came to the agency and demanded his wife. She was reluctant to go with him, until he guaranteed her revenge and protection. But back she went at last; and she sat perfectly unmoved, with her feet drawn up under her, while the two cantankerous wives got their beating. She was not a little afraid that she might be called to account for parting with Zee-Wee without his consent. But her mind was soon at rest. A month elapsed before her husband referred to Zee-Wee's absence, and when she explained, somewhat timidly, what had become of her, he only said, "How," and never referred to her again.

## II.

FOURTEEN years had passed, and Zee-Wee was twenty years old. She was the cleverest Indian girl that had ever been graduated from the Lyleham Institute. During the last year of her stay she had acted as a teacher to the younger children of her race; and she had been so successful in this work that there was a prospect of her obtaining a permanent engagement. But Zee-Wee's heart yearned for her own people. Her mission, she said, was to spread the light of civilization among the Dakotahs. Her father, the chief, of whom she had scarcely the dimmest recollection, appeared to her fancy as a stern and noble savage, sage and eloquent, of kingly mien and bearing, ruling his tribe with paternal despotism. She identified him in turns with Powhatan, Black Hawk, and Tecumseh, and contemplated him proudly in the Bengal illumination of Cooper's romances. She would go back to this father, who must have sorely missed her during all these years, and would be a daughter to him in very truth, guessing his desires and ministering to his wants. She felt herself as a princess of the forest, and there was something touchingly pa-

thetic in her situation which appealed mightily to her. Not once, but a hundred times, had the teachers of the Institute impressed upon her and her fellow pupils their solemn responsibility to their savage kinsmen. They were to be the torch-bearers of light in the dusk of the primeval woods, and the future of the whole Indian race (which otherwise would be doomed to extinction) depended upon them.

There was to Zee-Wee something ennobling and uplifting in this mission. It invested her with an importance in which girlishly she exulted; and it stimulated her fancy to an unwonted activity for the benefit of her race. Her little head was filled early and late with schemes for the amelioration of the Red Man's lot, and his preservation, in spite of the relentless law that seems to tie his fate to that of the coyote and the buffalo. She read books on sociology and political economy, and heroically persuaded herself that she understood them; and she occasionally made quotations from them in her letters to her sister Wauska. She was a little puzzled, to be sure, that these letters always remained unanswered; but she was not half so puzzled as Wauska was at receiving them. They were read to her by the wife of a trader at the agency, whose opinion of the writer was not a flattering one. But Wauska, who was too humble a creature to have an opinion, only sat and stared blankly before her; and as it did not occur to her that letters were necessarily meant to be intelligible, she soon ceased to wonder.

There was among the teachers at the Lyleham Institute an enthusiastic young lady named Marion Gallaudet, who had conceived a passionate friendship for Zee-Wee. She was one of those restless women who are always hungering for a mission, and professing a great contempt for those who have none. Zee-Wee was not deep enough, perhaps, to be aware that she herself presented her-

self to Miss Gallaudet in the light of a mission. Far less could she make allowance for the exaggeration of a mind thus constituted. It was to Miss Gallaudet's unwearied efforts that she owed her own mission — her resolution to devote her life to the redemption of her tribe from the degradation of savagery. She began, like her instructress, to contemplate the Red Man more and more in a sort of tragic stage illumination; and she looked forward with a panting impatience to the day when she should enter upon her work of heroic self-sacrifice and renunciation. The story of Father Damien and his martyrdom among the Hawaiian lepers, and that of the Jesuit Father Marquette among the Canadian Indians, fired her blood, stimulating her to noble emulation. Many and many an evening she sat with Miss Gallaudet in her neat and pretty little room, weaving the romances of their futures, embellishing them with fresh touches, borrowed from Cooper, Chateaubriand, and Longfellow. Zee-Wee would marry, of course, an Indian chief, and the more savage the better, in order that she might lift him up to her level, or, as her friend phrased it, permeate his savage nature with the sweetness of her pure womanhood. But she dreamed of being wooed and won in the style of Hiawatha; though, when Miss Gallaudet raved over Chateaubriand's novel, she was almost tempted to prefer the tragic fate of Atala. Her instructress, too, had made up her mind to bestow her precious self upon a proud son of the forest; and while she sat in her luxurious easy chair, toasting her toes before her grate fire, would descant in enraptured tones upon the soul-expanding freedom of woods and prairies, and the wholesome discipline of hardship. Zee-Wee, who usually sat upon the bed, with her hands folded in her lap, listening admiringly to her friend's discourse, soon ceased to regret her red skin, as she saw her face reflected in the glass opposite, and even

began to regard it as a title to distinction. Truth to tell, she contributed herself but little to the prophetic romance, being a receptive rather than an inventive mind; but she possessed a veritable genius for listening, and her silence was not unresponsive. It was intelligent — resonant. She caught, by reflection, the radiation of her friend's warmth; she glowed with her enthusiasm, and reverberated with her eloquence.

### III.

THE Indian village, consisting of forty or fifty wigwams, was pitched about four miles from the government agency. It was early in September, and the heat was oppressive. As far as the eye could reach, the rusty brown prairie was covered with dry, dusty sage-brush, enlivened here and there with a patch of scarlet bull-berries. The long drought had singed the grass so that it crumbled under foot, and imparted an ominous, threatening undertone to the whirling of the locusts. Reddish buttes rose on the horizon against the fiery saffron sky. A sultry silence weighed like a nightmare upon the prairie. This silence, however, was not mute, but it seemed to be made up of innumerable tiny sounds, which buzzed and whizzed and whispered mysteriously in the air, in the grass, and in the sage-brush.

In the Indian village everybody seemed asleep. Even the dogs were disinclined to stir; only now and then one of them rose, with lolling tongue, stretched himself lazily, and after a sleepy survey of the surroundings, lay down again with his head between his fore-paws. Smoke rose only from a single wigwam, over the entrance to which was an unpainted board, bearing an inscription in lamp-black,—

D. K. HOW, TRADER.

The article which D. K. How traded in (though only surreptitiously) seemed

to have affected his powers of locomotion; for he lay, snoring heavily, in the hot sun, in front of his tepee, in a place and position which he scarcely would have chosen with deliberate intent. The mosquitoes were feasting upon him, and the crickets crawling over him; but D. K. How was blissfully unconscious of all earthly woes. His savage, smoky-brown face, with the high cheekbones and cruel mouth, exhibited that perfect tranquillity,—that total relaxation,—in which the profoundest philosophers have found the nearest approach to happiness in this world of worry and unrest. His attire consisted of a very dirty shirt, which was worn as an outside garment, covering in part a pair of brown fustian trousers of uncertain shape and color.

The sound of hoof-beats upon the prairie startled the dogs, and half a dozen of them, conquering their lethargy, began to bark in a languidly perfunctory fashion. The hoof-beats came nearer, and some more dogs awoke and joined in the chorus of salutation. A well-grown and rather good-looking Indian girl put her head out of the opening of D. K. How's wigwam, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. What she saw was a young woman of her own race on horseback, accompanied by a sergeant in uniform from the government post. She rode on a side-saddle, and was dressed like a white lady, with shoes on her feet and a straw hat with feathers on her head. There was something dainty and neat about her which greatly impressed the occupant of the wigwam.

"Do you know where I can find the chief, Don't Know How?" she asked, vigorously smoothing down her skirts (for she was not in a riding habit) and fidgeting with a parasol which she had apparently been using as a whip.

The savage maiden, whose scant attire revealed a good deal more of her person than fashion prescribed, stared

with frank immodesty from the sergeant to her questioner, as if she did not comprehend.

"Why, miss," the sergeant exclaimed, as he caught sight of the sleeping figure at his horse's feet, "that's him; that's Don't Know How."

Zee-Wee, who had carefully backed her pony in order to avoid stepping on the sleeper, leaped from the saddle, and stood long regarding him with a look of anxious scrutiny.

"Is he ill?" she asked.

"No; only drunk," replied the sergeant reassuringly.

Zee-Wee had flown, as it were, on the wings of expectation to this ardently desired reunion with her kindred. She had alternately glowed and shivered with excitement, at the thought of their astonishment at seeing her like a white lady, in the garb of civilization. She had pictured to herself with irrepressible joy the scene of recognition, and resolved to resist the temptation to dazzle them, in the prospect of which she had, at first, innocently exulted. No, she would scrupulously avoid showing them her superiority. She would try at first to share their habits and sympathize with their feelings. For only in this way, Marion Gallaudet had told her, could she hope to benefit them. In fact, Miss Gallaudet had accompanied her as far as the agency, and was waiting there for the outcome of the expedition. It was her own life mission, no less than Zee-Wee's, which was at stake in the issue.

Zee-Wee had told herself many times on the way that she must not pitch her expectations too high; she had tried to prepare herself for a possible disappointment. But how far were all her imagings from the reality that confronted her. With a sinking heart she stooped over the prostrate man, and gently shaking him, cried in his ear, "Father! It is I—Zee-Wee—who have come back to you."



AN INDIAN HAGAR.

With an embroidered handkerchief (which was a present from Miss Gallaudet) she brushed the mosquitoes from his face, and wiped away the beads of perspiration from his forehead. She could not repress a little shiver of disgust at the alcoholic fumes which enveloped him. She saw his heavy drunken eyes open, with a look of sullen stupor; but she bravely conquered her impulse to run, and kneeling at his side she repeated sweetly:—

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"Father! It is I—Zee-Wee. Don't you know me?—Zee-Wee, your daughter?"

Don't Know How gave a savage growl, as if he resented being disturbed, then raised himself into a sitting posture and began to rub his eyes with the backs of his grimy hands. The sergeant, who had lost all patience with the brute, gave him a kick, and cried, "Get up there, quick. You'll get the jimjams, if you go to sleep in the sun, like a pig."

The chief gave another sullen growl, and discarding Zee-Wee's proffered hand, struggled into an approximately perpendicular position. Thus he remained for a minute or more, swaying slightly to the right and to the left, doubtful whether to trust his legs in an experiment of locomotion. His features wore a boozily meditative air, which made the sergeant laugh and Zee-Wee shudder. The former, as his presence definitely penetrated Don't Know How's consciousness, aroused in his mind a dim suspicion. Pulling himself together, he reeled past him, and making a random dive for the entrance to the tepee, disappeared in the dusk within.

A grayish pallor suffused Zee-Wee's brown cheeks. Her breath came in spasmodic gasps, her eyes dilated, and from her lips issued a half stifled sound, which was half a moan and half a sigh. She looked forlorn, forsaken, bitterly disillusionized. The sergeant felt sorry for her, and remarked by way of consolation : —

"Could have told you before, miss, that that Indian trash was n't worth looking up. Get into the saddle again, and we'll ride back to the agency."

He held out his hand to swing her into the saddle ; but she stood gazing at him dismally, and made no motion to accept his aid. Her limbs seemed numb, her faculties paralyzed. She was afraid to think, and bit her lips in the effort to keep the thoughts at bay. Where was now the beautiful dream she had dreamed? Her sublime mission, her heroic martyrdom,—where was it all? And the noble chief, her father,—the proud son of the forest,—where was he? A deadly fatigue overcame her ; and in spite of the heat she could not conquer a disposition to shiver. She took a step toward the pony and leaned against it. With a desperate effort to clear her thoughts she clutched her head in her hands, and stared at the entrance to the wigwam. Presently, the same face that

ten minutes ago had obscured the opening re-appeared ; and the same comely Indian girl, in scant attire, stood eying Zee-Wee with an air of timid deprecation. Half of her bust was bare, and a much dilapidated garment of some cheap striped stuff hung, loosely suspended, from her left shoulder. The dull fatigue in Zee-Wee's glance suddenly vanished at the sight of her ; a new emotion flared up and visibly struggled in her features.

"Wauska?" she asked, a little awkwardly, "Are you my twin sister, Wauska?"

She was obviously afraid of being rebuffed, and therefore strove to restrain her agitation.

"Wauska,—yes. Me Wauska," answered the other, nodding vigorously.

"I am Zee-Wee. You know Zee-Wee?"

Wauska sent a wary glance back over her shoulder, as if she were afraid of committing herself to so hazardous a proposition. Turning her head, she rapidly surveyed the inside of the wigwam, and having made sure that the object of her apprehension was beyond hearing, she replied in a whisper,—

"Me know Zee-Wee,—yes."

But she made no motion to extend the hospitality of the tepee to her returned sister ; and it did not apparently occur to her that Zee-Wee had come back to make her home with her family. Accordingly, another awkward pause occurred, during which the sergeant repeated his offer to lift Zee-Wee into the saddle. But Zee-Wee, disheartened though she was and ill at ease, could not yet abandon her cherished mission.

"Where is my mother, Wauska?" she asked tremulously.

Wauska looked blank, and only nodded vaguely, when the question was repeated.

"Where is Minona—*my* mother—*your* mother?" Zee-Wee reiterated slowly and with emphasis on each syllable. Wauska, without a shadow of emotion,





WAUSKA.

turned to the sergeant, addressing to him a few strangely guttural sounds in her own language.

"Wauska says that her mother has been dead for many years," explained the latter in English. "She wants to know whether her sister has forgotten her Indian speech."

"I am sorry to say, Wauska, that I have," waived Zee-Wee.

An oppressive sense of helplessness, of boundless impotence and weariness, crept over her like a sneaking chill, which was now followed by a dull, stinging pain in the region of the chest. Her heart felt heavy as lead. She was too sad to weep. Should she return with the sergeant to the agency, and weakly abandon her mission? There was a position open to her at the Institute, and Miss Gallaudet would receive her with open arms. She thought of her pretty little room with its mirror on the wall, and the simple pictures in which she had taken so much delight. And the bed, with its white sheets and tidy counterpane, how beautiful it seemed,—how suggestive of comfort, refinement, and civilized habits!

Zee-Wee tried to summon again the old exaltation of spirit which had animated her in her conversations with her friend. She strove to arouse the fine courage of those days, when martyrdom had seemed the consecration to a higher life and self-immolation had been an ardent need of her soul. It was her baser self which was now shrinking from the battle,—and she could not afford to yield to it. It was a bitter fight she fought in those few moments of silence, while she stood wringing her hands in front of the sergeant, and with her eyes imploring him to be gone. But her face betrayed to him but little emotion, and when, to precipitate the issue, he mounted his horse, she still stood irresolute.

"Well, Zee-Wee," he said, seizing the bridle of her pony, "toss up a penny. Head, Indian; tail, white."

Suiting the action to his words, he flung a cent-piece into the air; but the horse, mistaking the meaning of the gesture, backed and stepped on the coin. "Sure, it was tail," he cried, "come along now, or you'll regret it."

He looked at her with cheery encouragement; but as she slowly shook her head, he whipped up both horses and rode away.

#### IV.

As soon as the sergeant was out of sight Wauska stepped out from the teepee, and with true Indian stolidity stood staring at her sister. It was a summer wigwam, about twenty feet wide, and surrounded by a raised platform, the width of which was about six feet. Two mongrel dogs, which had been viewing Zee-Wee with suspicion, now came up and smelt her; and having made sure of her respectability, withdrew, peevishly stretched themselves, yawned, and lay down to resume their slumber in the shadow of the lodge. Two naked children of five or six years had also discovered Zee-Wee, and stood in the middle of the road regarding her, like images of stone, with imperturbable composure. There was a wild crescendo in the singing of the locusts, and the chirrup of the crickets sounded in Zee-Wee's ears with a strange, alarming rhythm. The sense of oppression, anxiety, nay, of helpless fright, which had hovered with its icy breath on the outskirts of her mind, now reasserted itself, and a sudden faintness came over her. Her knees tottered, her head was in a whirl. She staggered toward the platform where the dogs were lying, and sat down on the edge of it. Now that she had cut off her retreat, she felt as if she had surrendered herself to some terrible unknown power, from which no mercy was to be expected. Again she clasped her head tightly in her hands, and strove

"CROOKED GUN—THAT HIS SQUAW—SMALL PIGEON."



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desperately to conquer her fear. Looking up, she saw Wauska seated on the ground before her; but her placid features evinced neither curiosity nor interest, far less, sympathy or affection. Her black, head-like eyes glittered un-easily, as if she, too, had some apprehension of danger. For fully an hour they sat thus, silently gazing at each other, each trying to explore the other's soul. The two naked children had in the meantime lost their patience, and were rolling over each other in the road, like kittens; and one of the dogs rose repeatedly as if with the intention to participate in their play, but after a moment thought better of it, and lay down again.

Meanwhile the shadow of the tepee had swung around, until the platform was exposed to the full glare of the sun. Zee-Wee arose. She had fought the battle to the bitter end. Her mind was clear and calm. "Wauska," she said, "I am going to speak to my father."

The uneasy light in Wauska's eyes brightened, and she sprang up and grasped her sister's hand.

"Zee-Wee, no go," she ejaculated, in a breathless staccato. "Chief drunk now,—Zee-Wee wait! Chief sober—"

"No," Zee-Wee answered, turning her unfaltering eyes upon her astonished sister, "I must go now."

The old heroism had come back to her. Doubt and weakness had fled. She could have gone to the stake unflinchingly, cheerfully; torture and death had lost their terrors.

Don't Know How had awakened from his drunken sleep, and sat peevishly scratching his head, when his daughter confronted him.

"I have come home to stay with you, father," she said with lofty serenity; "I have been away from you for fourteen years. Now I want to be a help and comfort to you, if you will let me."

The chief sat with his immobile face peering into the dusk, in which the

figure of his daughter dimly defined itself against the uncovered opening.

"How!" he exclaimed, whether by way of greeting, or as an expression of surprise, she could not determine,—  
"how!"

"You surely remember Zee-Wee, your daughter?" she continued, in a voice of entreaty; "Zee-Wee, Minona's child, who went away with the white missionary to be educated? Now she has come back, and wants to teach her Indian kin."

"Zee-Wee come back,—Minona's papoose," he jerked forth. The memory of the half-forgotten incident was obviously revived, and a vague expression of intelligence passed over his features.

"Yes, yes," cried Zee-Wee, delighted; "and you are glad to see Zee-Wee again,—glad that she has come back?"

"Wehakha not like Zee-Wee. Wehakha beat Zee-Wee; Wehakha drive Zee-Wee away," he observed, after a meditative pause.

"Wehakha?"

She was about to add, "Who is Wehakha?" when it dawned upon her that Wehakha was probably her father's wife. The presence of a stepmother, and especially one who might be expected to beat her, was not an agreeable prospect to Zee-Wee, but she conquered herself and answered in her sweetest tones, "But my father will protect Zee-Wee. Zee-Wee will not provoke the anger of Wehakha."

The chief plainly regarded this as a problematic proposition. He vouchsafed no reply, but began to scratch his head once more, with a look of sulky preoccupation. The heat within the wigwam and the foul odor which pervaded the air made Zee-Wee anxious to terminate the interview, and she seized this opportunity to withdraw and rejoin Wauska on the outer platform. Two young lads, fourteen or fifteen years old, had just returned from somewhere, dragging a huge dead rattlesnake between them.



"ZEE-WEE WAS SITTING WITH HER EAR PRESSED AGAINST THE WALL OF THE WIGWAM."

Their faces were stolid, ugly, almost brutish. They displayed neither pleasure nor surprise at seeing Zee-Wee, but stared at her with scowls of vague hostility and suspicion. Except for a breechcloth they were naked.

"What are their names, Wauska?" asked Zee-Wee, approaching the two lads with the friendliest interest.

"Rotten Tooth," answered Wauska.

The glaring inappropriateness of the name was not what impressed Zee-Wee, but rather the cruelty of burdening a human creature with so hideous an appellation.

"Which of you is Rotten Tooth?" she queried, extending her hand to the nearest boy. She looked inquiringly from the one to the other, but not a gleam of a response could she discover. Their features expressed nothing but wild wide-awake wariness, like that of some beast of prey which sniffs danger in the wind. It occurred to Zee-Wee that perhaps they did not understand English, and from the bottom of her heart she regretted her loss of her Indian mother tongue. The few half-forgotten phrases which lingered in her memory seemed wholly unavailable in gaining her the confidence of the boys; and she determined forthwith to set about the re-acquisition of the language of her childhood.

Rotten Tooth (for Zee-Wee readily guessed which was he) slowly withdrew before her advance, dragging his rattlesnake after him, and his brother suddenly took to his heels, and ran to meet a wrinkled and untidy-looking Indian woman, who was coming along the path carrying a bag of corn. Zee-Wee needed no further assurance that this was Wehakha. She became conscious of a violent acceleration of her heart-beat, as the ominous figure approached; and she felt so utterly helpless in her ignorance of Indian etiquette, that she scarcely knew whether to volunteer a greeting, or wait until she was addressed. Wehakha,

if she perceived her embarrassment, was in no haste to relieve it. She had evidently received some information from her son, and had had time to determine upon her line of behavior. She utterly ignored Zee-Wee's presence, walking straight into the tepee with her bag, and flinging it with a thump upon the ground. Sounds of conversation were presently heard within, growing more and more animated, until they assumed the character of angry altercation. Wauska was listening sedulously; and now and then a slight intensification of her expression would indicate that something had surprised her.

"What is it, Wauska? What is it?" cried Zee-Wee, in vague alarm.

"Wehakha no like Zee-Wee," Wauska answered, but beyond that self-evident proposition she could not be made to commit herself.

## V.

ZEE-WEE had been five or six hours in her father's wigwam before food was set before her. When, tortured by hunger, she had asked Wauska about the time for dinner, she had learned that there was no definite hour for any meal, but that people ate when they were hungry. It was at six or seven o'clock in the evening, when the sun was near setting, that food was offered her, consisting of hominy and dried beef. As the rank odor inside of the tepee almost nauseated her, she begged leave to sit on the outer platform, and as her father nodded his head in token of assent, she made her escape as quickly as possible, and with difficulty forced down the unappetizing morsels. It was while she was thus occupied that she became aware of a broad-shouldered, squat young Indian, of a stocky build, who was standing before the opening of the opposite lodge, regarding her with the sort of attention with which a cat watches the movements of a bird up in

a tree. She felt the intensity of his gaze as one feels an invisible spider-web in the air, of which it is impossible to rid one's self. She glanced up, because she could not help it, and fancied that she had never in her life seen a more forbidding face. There was something hard, wooden, impenetrable in its stolid inexpressiveness; and yet there seemed to be lurking in his eyes a feline alertness which made her shiver. He wore trousers with ornamental fringes, and a striped shirt which came down to his knees. A young squaw, who looked cowed and frightened, came out of the wigwam and spoke to him, and Zee-Wee seemed to feel that he was inquiring about her. She heard repeatedly the word, "How! how!" and though she could understand nothing, she yet listened with a nervous tensiety, as if her own fate in some way were involved in that conversation. An insidious chill stole over her, and her former visions of frenzied dances, accompanied by savage yells, tortures, and agonized screams, returned to her. She felt so small, weak, and desperately helpless. What foolish courage, what misguided enthusiasm, was this, which had induced her to abandon her comfortable place among kind, civilized people, and cast her lot with her savage kin, who would never know, far less appreciate, her sacrifice!

Zee-Wee was interrupted in her reflections by Wauska, who came out and again seated herself on the ground in front of her, with her feet pulled up on the right side. The two sisters gazed at each other regretfully, each yearning to confide in the other. There was tenderness in Zee-Wee's glance, and in Wauska's a dawning light of admiration and half-embarrassed affection. She extended her hand repeatedly with the desire to touch the little gold cross which depended from a string of amber beads about Zee-Wee's neck; but each time her embarrassment got the better of her courage, and she slowly withdrew her

hand, with a smile of sheepish deprecation.

"Wauska," said Zee-Wee, when this pantomime had continued for several minutes, "who is the man that stands before the wigwam opposite?"

She made a slight motion with her head to indicate the direction.

"Crooked Gun," answered Wauska.

"Crooked Gun,—is that his name?"

"Crooked Gun,—that his squaw—Small Pigeon," she added, by way of amplification.

Whether Crooked Gun divined that he was the subject of discussion, or he had a definite errand, he presently crossed the road and paused in front of the sisters. He addressed some questions in the Indian tongue to Wauska, glancing sideways at Zee-Wee, whose heart began to beat with so tumultuous a throb that she wondered whether he could not hear it. Twice she lifted her grave eyes to his face with a mute appeal, but each time she recoiled from the sight, and the pitiless immobility of his features again chilled her blood with fear. It was especially his low, beetling brow and his evil, thin-lipped mouth, that repelled her; while his narrow, gleaming eyes, surlily fixed upon her, filled her with a nameless apprehension.

When Wauska had satisfied his curiosity, Crooked Gun slouched his heavy shoulders forward, and turning upon his heel, entered the wigwam. Instantly the conversation, which had recently flagged, revived, and the harsh croak of Wehakha's voice was heard above the quiet deliberations of the men. A dull flush of excitement glowed upon Wauska's dusky cheeks, and her eyes began to glitter with an unnatural brightness.

"What is it, Wauska?" asked Zee-Wee anxiously.

Wauska responded with a lively mimic injunction to keep silent. She sat immovable, with her hand to her ear, a dilated stare in her fixed, bead-like eyes.

"O, Wauska, Wauska, what is it?"

cried Zee-Wee, with a thrill of panic; "does he want to kill me?"

"Crooked Gun—he marry Zee-Wee," Wauska replied in a whispered staccato.

"Oh, my God, no, Wauska! it is n't possible! He has a wife already."

"Indian have two wife—three wife—as much wife he like," Wauska obligingly explained.

"But he does n't know me, Wauska. He has never seen me until today. You are mistaken, surely. It is you he wants to marry."

Wauska was too much absorbed in listening, to pay any heed to these exclamations; and it was not until her sister had repeated them in a voice of tremulous entreaty, that she observed placidly, "Crooked Gun no marry Wauska."

Zee-Wee sat long,—stunned, bewildered. She felt wounded in her pride, revolted in her sense of propriety, outraged in her womanhood. Should she permit herself to be disposed of like a chattel to the first savage who made a bid for her? She writhed with an anguish of humiliation at the thought of all the sentiment she had wasted upon this father who was now bartering her away for a horse, or a rifle, or half a dozen of blankets. She could hear within the bargaining of the two men, and the occasional fleeing squawk of Wehakha, who was either objecting to the price or urging its acceptance.

There are no wounds more stinging than those of vanity. Zee-Wee's self-esteem shrank wofully during that torturing half hour. She felt in one moment paltry, cowed, and insignificant; but in the next, wrath came to her rescue, and her courage rebounded. She would fight to the last ditch. She would never, never, never submit.

## VI.

CROOKED GUN looked, if possible,

even more forbidding to Zee-Wee when, at the end of a long discussion, he left the wigwam. He paused again in front of the two girls, and scrutinized Zee-Wee's face and form with a sort of commercial interest, as if he were appraising their value.

"Zee-Wee no speak Indian," he said in a tone of neutral comment.

Zee-Wee palpably started at the sound of his voice; but her tongue seemed thick and unwieldy,—she could not articulate a syllable. Wauska, pretending to believe that the remark had been addressed to her, made a voluminous reply in the Indian tongue.

"Zee-Wee learn to speak Indian," the young brave continued, with stern insistence. Her failure to answer evidently displeased him.

There flared up an uncertain light in Zee-Wee's eyes,—half fear and half bravado,—and she mastered herself sufficiently to say, "No, I do not intend to learn Indian speech. I shall return to the white people who have been kind to me. I have lived too long among them ever to be happy among my own people."

Crooked Gun seemed to be pondering this declaration with obvious dissatisfaction; but evidently thinking that Zee-Wee was not the proper person to discuss it with, he only said, "How," and returned to his own wigwam.

The sun had long since set, and it was time for retiring. Zee-Wee would have made her bed on the outer platform, if it had not been for the swarms of insects that filled the air, and made even breathing a laborious exercise. She therefore took courage and entered the wigwam; but the stifling odor, which no one but herself appeared to perceive, again drove her out.

"Father," she said, addressing the chief, who was about to roll himself up in his blanket, "will you not permit me to clean up here a little? I could not sleep in this air."

Don't Know How's countenance dark-



ened; the large vein upon his forehead swelled, and there was an ugly gleam in his eye, as he answered: "Me move tepee, no. Tepee move three weeks."

Zee-Wee did not exactly comprehend, but she was too afraid to question further. Fully five minutes elapsed before it dawned upon her that her father's idea of cleaning was to move the wigwam to another place.

She did not dare repeat her suggestion. The two youths, Rotten Tooth and his brother, were lying sound asleep on the ground, wrapped in their blankets, and Wehakha, with her lean, vulture-face, and skin like brown parchment, was sitting near the door, grinding corn between two stones. She appeared not to see Zee-Wee, but with a sedulous show of unconcern prosecuted her task, bending low over the mill, and giving little grunts of angry self-communing. But Zee-Wee fancied that there passed over her features, when she thought herself unobserved, a look of crafty watchfulness and malicious satisfaction. She began to suspect that Wehakha was at the bottom of the plot to marry her to Crooked Gun.

The minutes dragged themselves slowly along, until the old woman ceased from her labor, and lay down in the corner next to her lord. Wauska, who had been sitting motionless, regarding her sister with the demure attention of a vigilant mouse, now got up and pointed to a clotted and filthy buffalo hide which she had spread out upon the ground. There were no pillows, no sheets; and the odor that rose from the hide was sickening. Zee-Wee, whose refined habits had become a second nature, shrank from contact with it with an instinctive aversion. To lie down upon it seemed to her a very degradation. All the poetry that had invested the free life of prairie and forest was transformed into the harshest prose. A sense of misery, of utter desolation, stole over her. She felt alone, helpless, forsaken. An intoler-

able heart-ache kept burrowing in her breast. Not a soul in whom she could confide; not a soul that could understand her or sympathize with her distress. She raised her eyes to the face of Wauska, and detected in it a dim yearning—a mute, regretful intelligence. She had done Wauska injustice. There was a dawning compassion in her glance, and sorrow at her powerlessness to express it. It was as if a light were struggling to penetrate an opaque window. And Zee-Wee's heart, overflowing with tenderness, went out to her savage sister. There they stood, face to face, bound together by the strongest ties of blood; but, alas, there was a yawning gulf between them!

Bursting into sobs, they rushed into each other's arms, and wept as if their hearts would break. They had yet one language in common—the language of tears. And thus they sobbed themselves to sleep, the civilized sister pillowing her head upon her savage sister's bosom.

## VII.

ZEE-WEE was curtly informed by her father that she was to marry Crooked Gun that very day; and she learned incidentally from Wauska that the price her suitor was to pay for her was a Winchester rifle, a powder-horn, and five blankets. He had ridden to the agency early in the morning, for the purpose of procuring the rifle by theft or by barter, and he was expected back at noon. Zee-Wee walked about, dumbly wringing her hands in tearless torture and shivering apprehension. She was well aware that she was watched, and that an attempt at escape would be futile. She implored and entreated her father to be permitted to return to the government post, and pledged herself to send him handsome presents from the Institute, where she would be able to earn money; but he evidently distrusted promises ex-

torted by fear, preferring one modest bird in the hand to ten gorgeous ones in a very remote bush.

It was two hours past noon when Zee-Wee's suitor presented himself in front of the wigwam, followed by his squaw, Small Pigeon, who was carrying the purchase price of her future rival. The rifle was duly delivered, and was found to be in good order; likewise the five blankets; but the powder-horn was missing. Crooked Gun offered some excuse, asserting that it was an oversight, and promised that, if the bride was sent to his wigwam, he would make good the deficiency on the morrow. But Don't Know How was not to be fooled by such subterfuges. He insisted upon the literal fulfillment of the contract; and when the brave began to bargain afresh, declaring that he had but one powder-horn, which he could not spare, the chief returned the accepted goods, and gave him twenty-four hours in which to meet his obligations, or to take the consequences.

It was in no amiable humor that Crooked Gun turned his back upon Don't Know How's wigwam, and beckoning to Small Pigeon wended his way back to his own domicile. He cast a glance of suppressed cupidity at Zee-Wee, who was sitting at Wauska's side, embroidering a pair of moccasins in colored beads. She looked trim, fine, dainty, and even to his crude sense, wonderfully attractive. He did not perceive the wild light in her eyes, the defiant set of her mouth, or the trembling of her hands as she wielded the needle. Far less did he dream that she was at that moment nursing a desperate resolution to end her life rather than submit to the degradation of a bigamous marriage.

The heat had grown sultrier and more oppressive during the afternoon, and a fantastic play of heat-lightning was fitfully illuminating the western horizon. The sun had set in a sanguinary blaze of colors; the clouds sent long phantas-

mal arms toward the zenith, and the first premonitory mutterings of thunder were heard on the outskirts of the wide plain. A great hawk, sweeping majestically along, struck a sudden squall, and rode upon it up into the vast blackness, where he vanished. Gradually, as the dark curtain spread northward, southward, westward, a desolating wind began to wander over the prairie, making all sorts of aimless excursions, marked by the bending of the sage-brush and the faint whistling of the arid stalks. A few hesitating drops of rain fell, big and heavy; and in a trice the heavens were blotted out in a mighty downpour, which swept with a splendid impetuosity across the sun-parched plain.

Zee-Wee was sitting, with her ear pressed against the wall of the wigwam, listening to the rhythmic roar of the storm and the wild rhetoric of the thunder. With one eye she was also observing Wehakha, who was squatting before the fire, shelling corn, while with the other she was keeping watch of the door, through the crack of which the rain was beating in, forming a large, slowly widening puddle. Though this puddle seemed for the moment a matter of much interest to Zee-Wee, it was merely her external sense which was occupied in its contemplation. Out of her soul there arose an anxious query, which was repeated and repeated with a quivering intensity, until it became half mechanical, and she had to rouse herself again, in order to realize that happiness or misery—life and death—depended upon it. She had spent the whole afternoon in tremulous excitement, asking herself with a wearisome reiteration, "Will he come back? Will he give up the powder-horn?"

It was too ludicrously absurd, and yet tragically humiliating, that her fate, in this moment, depended upon a powder-horn.

It was three hours after sunset. The chief and his sons were snoring peace-

fully in their corners; and beside Zee-Wee, only Wehakha and Wauska were awake. The fire in the middle of the wigwam was flaring up fitfully, only to lapse again into a slumberous flapping about the glowing coals. The raindrops which fell through the open smoke-hole sizzled in the smoldering embers, and the smoke writhed tortuously along the floor. Then all of a sudden, there was a shriek,—a loud, wild, frenzied shriek! Something dashed down the smoke-hole,—a fierce, phantasmal something,—whirling live coals and cinders in a maddening dance through the air; then all was still. The fire was out. Darkness and confusion filled the wigwam. It took a long while before a light could be struck, and when the fire once more blazed up, the chief discovered that Zee-Wee was gone. Wrapping a blanket about him, he was about to plunge out into the night, but bumped in the doorway against Crooked Gun, who stood, dripping wet from top to toe, triumphantly lifting above his head a powder-horn. Without a word, Don't Know How pushed past him and ran toward the end of the village, where the horses were grazing. Wehakha roused her sons and bade them join in the search; and Wauska, smothering a shout of joy, slipped out of the door and was swallowed up in the abysmalgloom. In an instant she was drenched from head to foot; her hair became a wet mat, which sent shivering rivulets down her back; and her single skirt clung about her limbs, impeding her motion. She stood for a moment, with her hand to her ear, listening; but a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a crash of thunder, jumbled earth and sky into one uproarious chaos, and sight and hearing forsook her. Wauska ran a few steps, and then flung herself flat upon the ground. She could hear the frightened trampling of the horses, and concluded that her father and Crooked Gun were having trouble in capturing their ponies;

for it was not the rhythmic gallop of one or two animals, but the continuous trooping hither and thither of a panic-stricken herd.

Cautiously she raised her head again and called "Zee-Wee!" She knew her sister could not be far away; and she knew, too, that unless she could find her and show her the way to the government post she would surely be captured. Wauska crawled along for some minutes on hand and feet, feeling the soil with her fingers, and finally found the path. She did not mind the rain, and the lightning was welcome, as it might help her to find Zee-Wee. Five minutes elapsed, during which the storm swept over her with its grand commotion, and the rain lashed her face, until it felt sore and bruised. Ten minutes elapsed, and Wauska stood swaying in the clutch of the blast, and calling out with all the force of her lungs, "Zee-Wee!"

She listened with quivering intentness. A strange, faint wail was borne toward her. It seemed as if nature in its mighty uproar dwarfed every other sound; and even the lonely bark of the coyote had an unearthly, ethereal quality, as if it were floating about in mid air. Wauska plunged with heedless speed into the dark, in the direction from which she fancied that the voice came. A momentary flash on the horizon revealed to her, under a clump of sage-brush, a crouching form, which moved and half rose up, only to cower again in helpless terror.

"Zee Wee," she cried, flinging herself down upon the prostrate form, "Zee-Wee!"

"Wauska," screamed Zee-Wee, clutching her in a smothering embrace, "You will not betray me?"

"No. Wauska help Zee-Wee."

And lifting her up by main force, she started forward again, trusting to an instinct in her feet, rather than to intelligence. "Zee-Wee, hurry," she whis-

pered breathlessly, "Don't Know How hunt Zee-Wee."

She paused to listen for the sound of hoof-beats ; but hearing none, she broke again into a swift, impetuous flight, which took small note of obstacles. The arm which was wound about Zee-Wee's waist was scratched and bleeding ; and often her bare feet slid over toads and vermin which the rain had lured out from their holes. There was something in this rapid, sure, silent run which, instead of exhausting Zee-Wee, by reviving her courage restored her vigor. She was about to open her mouth to speak, when suddenly she heard voices behind her, and the hoof-beats of horses. But before a sound escaped her lips the heavens were rent from zenith to horizon by one fierce, straight, terrifying blast of flame, followed in the same instant by an ear-splitting crash,—dead, flat, unresonant, stupefying. Wauska had dropped to the ground like a stone, pulling her sister with her. For two or three minutes she lay tremulously still, while the aerial artillery overhead discharged a series of deafening salvos. There was a sulphurous smell in the air, and little tongues of sulphurous fire seemed to tip the topmost branch of the sage-brush where they were lying. Suddenly Wauska, who had been cautiously groping with her fingers, exclaimed, "Me help Zee-Wee. Wauska hide Zee-Wee quick."

And giving her an admonitory nudge, she crawled eagerly forward in the dark intervals between the flashes of lightning, dropping quickly upon the ground at the first hint of an illumination. It was a hazardous experiment, and not always successful ; but she had reason to hope that they were yet undetected, when at the end of five minutes' laborious progress they tumbled into a deep hollow. It was an excavation recently made by a party of emigrants that had crossed the plains, when a season of bad weather had prevented their traveling. It was more than half full of water ; but

up under the edge of the projecting turf there was a dry and comparatively sheltered nook, into which the two girls shiveringly wedged themselves. Through the perpetual rumble of the thunder they could distinctly hear the shouts of men and the galloping hither and thither of horses. They recognized plainly their father's voice, and that of Crooked Gun calling to him from the distance. They seemed all to have taken different directions, beating systematically over the prairie, so that no inch of ground should escape them. Zee-Wee held her breath ; she heard her heart hammering in her throat. She was by turns burning hot and shivering. Nearer and nearer came the hoof-beats ; a horse whinnied frantically ; another answered far away in the gloom. The thunder rolled with remoter reverberations ; but the perpetual shimmer of the lightning spread an unsteady illumination over the plain, tracing the myriad slanting lines of the rain with startling distinctness against the black background. Wauska, whose eyes were peeping out from under the roof of sod, stared for a while with anxious watchfulness into the storm. Suddenly she became aware of two figures on horse-back at the edge of the pool ; it was her father and Zee-Wee's discarded wooer. Swiftly she withdrew her head, and clutching Zee-Wee in her arms, shut her eyes tightly. She could hear the turbulent heart beat within the breast that was pressed against her own, and almost the surging of the hot blood, as it sped through the veins with the impetus of fright. Zee-Wee knew by Wauska's abrupt movement and by the tightening of her clutch that they were on the verge of being discovered. She heard the sound of voices ; but could comprehend nothing. An icy thrill of terror rippled down her spine ; a sound of rushing water filled her ears. She expected every moment to feel a rude grip on her arm ; nay, she felt it again and again ; and shuddered.

It seemed an infinitely long time she lay thus. The sound of hoof-beats which dimly penetrated her sense receded farther and farther. Then she felt a chill stream of water steal down her back; and she had a sensation that her hair was full of earth, which the rain trickling through the turf was changing into mud.

"Are they gone, Wauska?" she whispered.

"Zee-Wee wait!"

It must have been fully half an hour before she dared repeat her query. Then Wauska cautiously descended into the pool, the water of which reached to her hips, and creeping up to the edge, endeavored to take a survey of the prairie. But it was now pitch dark, except for an occasional faint flash of lightning on the western sky-line.

"Zee-Wee come," she said, and grasping her sister's hand she pulled her up the steep bank of the excavation.

"Why did they go away?" asked Zee-Wee, when the fresh air restored her respiration; "how was it that they failed to find us?"

"Crooked Gun, he say 'Water.'"

"They did n't think we could be there, because the excavation was full of water."

As Wauska made no objection to this theory, Zee-Wee concluded that it must be correct.

They had walked perhaps two hours, groping their way over the trail; dropping flat upon the ground whenever their agitated vision conjured a horseman out of the gloom; hearing the dismal howls of the coyote, singly and in chorus; struggling with the pestiferous sagebrush which threatened to put out their eyes whenever they strayed from the path. But it was yet long till dawn; and Wauska, who had often heard of Indians being shot by sentries, did not dare approach the agency until morning. Being weary unto death, they lay down at the roadside, watching the eastern hor-

izon for the first flicker of the light. The rain had now ceased, and a chill night wind was careering over the prairie. In their wet clothes they shivered until their teeth shattered. Zee-Wee was numb all over, and the black insects that swarmed in the grass filled her with disgust. Another hour and another they waited. Then the east brightened into a translucent gray, which became faintly flushed with pink and green and saffron. The government post (which was a dismantled fort) lay before them, with its large barn-like barracks enclosed within a tall, adobe wall. Wauska warily scanned the plain, before she rose from her recumbent position. The chances were ten to one that their father, anticipating their intention, would attempt to intercept them before reaching the agency. While she was cautiously lifting her head, her large deer-like eyes suddenly dilated. She saw in the gray twilight two horses grazing scarcely a mile away. It was better to trust to the mercy of the sentries than to that of the Indians. Beckoning to Zee-Wee to follow her, she began to creep on hands and feet toward the gate. But scarcely fifty rods had they advanced, when a wild yell rent the air, and the dusk seemed to throb with a vague, rhythmical thud.

"Run, Zee-Wee, run!" cried Wauska, grabbing her sister's arm as she rose, and dashing forward in the direction of the gate. The ground billowed under Zee-Wee's feet, and the prairie seemed suddenly alive, flying past her with a fierce, dizzying haste. Faster they ran, and faster, the stronger sister's right arm wound about the weaker one's waist and her left hand clutching the other's right; but with threatening crescendo the hoof-beats sounded. Nearer they came and nearer. Zee-Wee felt her knees tottering, and strange noises rang in her ears. But yet her feet moved with a wild, nightmarish speed; and it seemed as if, in spite of weakness and

fright, they must keep on thus,—running, running,—faster and faster,—forever. Now she swayed, and was on the point of falling; but something upheld her; her breath stuck in her throat; and all things seemed blurred to her sight. Wauska screamed aloud, screamed madly, frantically, to some one who appeared to be moving on the top of the wall; but behind her came a wilder scream, a terrible, blood curdling yell, which made her heart stand still. The hoof-beats were now close behind her, or in front of her,—all around her. But just as they seemed about to trample her

down a great black something swung open, and she fell in a heap, with Wauska on the top of her, within the gate of the United States agency.

There was a great commotion about her; strange and familiar voices commingled, now very near, now far away. She was carried by strong men, and when she opened her eyes, she lay upon a beautiful white bed. Some one was sitting at her side, gazing at her with affectionate solicitude. Her heart gave a bound of joy as she recognized Marion Gallaudet, and she flung herself weeping into her arms.

*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.*



### SUMMER-NOON IN THE SISKIYOU.

HERE in this high-swung cradle of the hills  
 The languorous breezes all are lulled to sleep;  
 And the great trees a whispering vigil keep,  
 While Mother Earth some insect ditty trills.  
 Now falls a veil of haze, and lightly fills,  
 With its voluptuous folds, from steep to steep;  
 Save where some sunbeam lifts an edge to peep,  
 Or tears the tender fabric as he wills.  
 Dost hear the baby-breathings of the breeze?  
 And see! how lifts the silken sheen awhile  
 Where yonder one hath waked, and turned him o'er:  
 Even the whispers cease among the trees,  
 And the sly sunbeams, with approving smile,  
 Let all the lifted edges fall once more.

*Robert Whitake*

## TSZ' FÁ, OR "WORD BLOSSOMING."

A LOTTERY AMONG THE CHINESE IN AMERICA.

IT was my impression that I had quite exhausted the subject of the gambling customs of the Chinese in the United States, when my attention was attracted by certain curiously imprinted sheets of orange-colored paper, posted on the walls of Chinese shops in Philadelphia, which I was told were connected with a lottery that was then carried on in that city. These paper tablets, Fig. 1, bear

a rude wood-cut about eight by nine inches, comprising the figure of a man, inscribed at all points with Chinese characters, and surrounded with carefully ruled divisions, within which are the names of men and animals.

Over the man's head is the legend *Shang ts'oi*, "producing wealth," but neither this nor the popular name of the personage, *T'ung Yan*,—meaning "composite man," or composed of many men,—threw any light upon the purpose or significance of the sheets. No informa-



FIG. 1.

tion could be obtained about them other than that they were used in a lottery called the *Tsz' Fá*, concerning which those interested appeared to be more than ordinarily secretive. These tablets were only displayed for a short time, and I have not seen them since in Philadelphia.

I had almost given up the hope of learning anything more about them, when, one day, happening to be in the Chinese quarter of New York City, I encountered an old acquaintance, a Chinese man of superior intellect and accomplishments, of whom I inquired about the *Tsz' Fá*. He in turn wanted to know how to make green ink, which he had been unable to purchase, for the duplicating instrument called the hektograph. Upon my telling him, for I happened to think that a solution of green aniline might serve his purpose, he not only answered my questions, but at last reluctantly informed me that he himself was the manager of such a lottery in New York City, and it was for use in this very enterprise he wanted the green ink.

The pressure of circumstances had been too much for him, although his early training so constantly reasserted itself that his life was a constant struggle between his ideas of propriety and his necessities. In addition to his literary education, meager enough from a Chinese point of view, although in advance of any of his countrymen with whom I am acquainted, and ample and amazing to the Western scholar, he possessed a vivid imagination and a refined and cultivated mind. These qualities, however, especially fitted him for his position, as it will be seen that the manager of the *Tsz' Fá* must be a man of superior intelligence and ability.

The ruled divisions of the sheet are classified under nine categories:

1. The four *Chong ün*.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>The name given to those who take the highest degree at the examination for the Hanlin.

2. The seven successful merchants.
3. The four Buddhist priests.
4. The five beggars.
5. The five generals.
6. The four ladies.
7. The four destined to good fortune.
8. The Nun.
9. The two Taoist priests.

Each of these divisions, of which there are just thirty-six, is subdivided by horizontal lines into three parts, of which the upper contains a name and surname composed of three characters; the center part two names,—one in most cases that of an animal; and the other, of some historical personage,—while the third part contains the last two characters of one of the names in the upper part of one of the other divisions.

The figure of the man is entirely covered with the thirty-six pairs of characters, which are identical with the pairs of characters last referred to, and serve to indicate the relations that are assumed to exist between them and the various parts of the body.

The thirty-six proper names form the lots upon which the bets are made. One of them is selected by the manager of the lottery for each drawing, and the players who bet upon this number receive thirty times the amount of their stakes. The drawings are held twice daily, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at ten in the evening, in a room used especially for the purpose. Here the players assemble somewhat before the appointed hour, and make their bets upon the thirty-six numbers.

The last two characters of the winning name for the drawing have been written upon a piece of white paper, which, securely rolled within a piece of black cloth, hangs upon the wall. When all is ready, the manager slowly unrolls the cloth and reveals the winning name. This probably explains the peculiar name, *Tsz' Fá*, or "Word Blooming," which is given to the game.



So far, the utility of the pictured sheet has not been apparent. Upon examination, it appears that the names contained in the middle space of each of the thirty-six divisions are those of birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles; of common occupations, as tailor and go-between; of noted characters in the popular romances and histories, and of miscellaneous objects, such as "jade," a "corpse," and the "Tutelary Spirit." This heterogeneous collection, which somewhat resembles the lists of objects in the dream-books sold in our shops for the use of "policy" players, is employed by some of the gamblers for a similar purpose. The picture of the man forms part of the scheme, so that if a person dreams of the right hand or the left hand, the stomach, or any part of the body, he plays the name which stands written upon that particular organ in the diagram.

It is my opinion that the pictured sheet was originally designed for the purpose above described. However that may be, among the Chinese in America such employment is usually secondary to one in which superstition has no part,—to one in which the literary talent and ingenuity of the writer of the lottery are matched, at what appear to be heavy odds, against the quick wits of numerous players. The writer of the lottery must compose an original ode for each day's drawings, which must contain, either directly or by implication, some demonstrable reference to one or more of the objects mentioned by name in the middle space of the division in which is found the proper name he has selected for the drawing, or some reference to the part of the body upon which the name appears. The lottery's chances are increased through the writer's being permitted to select as the winning name either the name in the upper space, or its alternate in the lowest space of each of the thirty-six divisions. The manager of the

lottery hands each player a copy of the ode referring to the next day's drawings at the conclusion of each day's business.

The odes that I have seen consisted of two measured couplets, each composed of lines of three and five characters, printed in blue or green ink upon a small strip of white paper. The first couplet on the right of the slip must contain a reference to the afternoon drawing, and the other to the one that takes place in the evening. The following (Fig. 2) is a specimen:—

FIG. 2.

*K'wok yau lò,*  
*Man man chim ü lò.*

*Kun ün yung,*

*Pak sing ch'ung wo fung.*

"The country has the (right) way.

All the people with rain and dew are moistened."

"The officers all forbear.

The people spread abroad with favorable winds."

It is the practice of the writer of the

元貴	攀桂	日山	有利	只得	太平
吉品	榮生	天良	志高	必得	三槐
合同	逢春	天申	月寶	茂林	光明
艮玉	占魁	井利	漢雲	福孫	合海
明珠	青元	安士	坤山	江祠	火官
上招	元吉	青雲	正順	萬金	九官

FIG. 3.

lottery to mislead the players as far as possible by means of his verses, but he must always be able to give a satisfactory explanation of their connection with the name which he displays. The diagrams I have described are sold in the Chinese shops in New York City, and are to be found in possession of those who patronize the game. The writer of the lottery frequently has another and much larger printed sheet, which contains all that appears upon the small one, with the addition of other names in the middle spaces of the thirty-six divisions, to which he may refer in his poetical compositions.

An explanation of the origin of the Tsz' Fú lottery, and incidentally of other lotteries, is suggested to me in the Chinese money-lending clubs. I am informed that in Korea there are no lotteries, the nearest thing to them being found in the *kyei*, or associations for lending money. One hundred or one thousand persons will join, and each contribute so much per month. The sum thus contributed will be drawn by lot every month, the fortunate member

receiving an advance of the sum he<sup>3u</sup> must ultimately contribute. The names of the members are written on slips of paper, one being drawn each month. The Tsz' Fú may be regarded as simulating such an organization, composed of thirty-six persons, whose names and titles are given.

J. D. Vaughn has given in his "Manners and Customs of the Chinese of the Straits Settlements," published in Singapore in 1879, the following account of a Chinese lottery similar to the Tsz' Fú, in the Straits Settlements: "The game of 'Wah Way,' a lottery, is indulged in by all classes in Singapore to a fearful extent.

Thirty-six different animals may be staked on: Cock, Cat, Civet or Musk Cat, Tortoise, Snake, Pelican, Boa Constrictor, Pig, Duck, Frog, Elephant, Bee, Pigeon, Swallow, Butterfly, Fish, Deer, Goat, Lobster, Crab, Tiger, Dragon, Buffalo, Turtle, Rat, Lion, Dog, Leopard, Sea Dog, Goose, Peacock, Land Shell, Wild Duck, Horse, Monkey, and Sea Serpent.

The prize is thirty times the amount of the stake. The Wah Way is supposed to be drawn at Johore, fourteen miles from Singapore, just across the old Straits of Malacca, where the principal office is, having branch offices in all parts of the town, where the player pays his stake in with a piece of paper containing the name of the animal or other thing he stakes on, and the amount of the stake he ventures on each. About three o'clock in the afternoon, whatever is the winning object out of the thirty-six is announced in the town, and then the lucky ones who have staked on it are punctually paid at the branch offices.

The owners of the lottery, having so many chances in their favor, must make a great deal of money each day. Women

將	車	居	帥
士	馬	媽	仕
象	色	砲	相

FIG. 4.

are the principal supporters of this game, and it is said many ruin themselves and their husbands by staking all the money they can get hold of at these Wah Way offices. In the collection of the Sultan of Johore, at the Columbian Exposition, there was an outfit for this lottery, which was catalogued under the name of "Wah Wai" (Chinese *fáui*, literally, "Flower Association"). It consisted of a board about three feet square, painted white, upon which were written the characters drawn in the lottery, Fig. 3. These consist of thirty-six pairs of characters having felicitous meanings, as *Tai'ping*, "Great peace"; *Tsing wan*, "Azure clouds"; *Sám wai*, "Three Cassia trees," etc.

They bear no relation to each other, and appear to have been selected from among many similar phrases.

The players are said to be influenced by dreams in playing, choosing a lot which they fancy to have been suggested to them by their dreams. A box painted red, containing thirty-six tablets of wood painted white, each inscribed with one of the characters to be drawn, a small box with a sliding lid, similar to the preceding, in which one of the blocks may be concealed, and a bag, *pepundi*, completes the paraphernalia. The method of conducting the lottery is evident. The players bet on the characters which are exposed on the large board, the win-

ning number being concealed, with the aid of the bag, in the small box.

Another similar lottery in the same collection was called the game of *Chap jiki*. Two boards, one of which is represented in Fig. 4, were shown, upon which were written the words used as lots. They are:

<i>tséung</i>	<i>kū</i>	<i>kū</i>	<i>shui</i>
<i>sz'</i>	<i>má</i>	<i>má</i>	<i>sz'</i>
<i>tséung</i>	<i>páu</i>	<i>p'au</i>	<i>séung</i>

It will be seen they are the names of certain pieces of the Chinese game of chess. The boards were accompanied by a box of blocks written with one of the characters of the chess pieces, there being two blocks of each of the men that were inscribed on the boards. There was also a small box in which one of the blocks might be concealed. The game is practically one of guessing which man has been withdrawn and hidden from a box of chessmen. A number of packs of Chinese chess cards (Fig. 5) were included, which I understand are used by players in making their bets.

The Siamese lottery, according to Dr. Bastian, is derived from the Chinese, and the implements for a Siamese lottery game, exhibited by the government of Siam in my collection of games at the Columbian Exposition, consisted of thirty-six wooden tablets, painted black and inscribed in gilt with as many letters of the Siamese alphabet. The winner receives thirty for one. The blocks



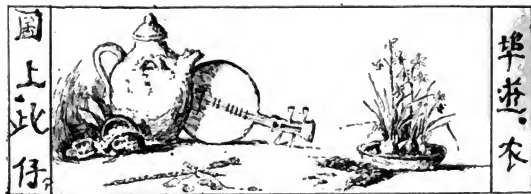
FIG. 5.

appear to be used in the same manner as the blocks from Johore, and the name of the game, "Huay," goes to confirm its Chinese origin.

Dr. Gustav Schlegel, in his suggestive and valuable paper on "Chinese Cus-

toms and Games in Europe," enumerates numerous games for which we are indebted to the Chinese, and from the many resemblances of the Chinese lottery to that of Europe it would appear that it too may be added to the list.

*Stewart Culin.*



### BY THE PACIFIC.

FROM this quaint cabin window I can see  
 The strange, vague line of ghostly driftwood, though  
 No ray of silver moon or soft star-glow  
 Steals through the summer night's solemnity.  
 Pale forms drive landward and wild figures flee  
 Like spectres up the shore; I hear the slow,  
 Firm tread of marching billows, which I know  
 Will walk beside the years that are to be.  
 Sweet, gentle Sleep is banished from mine eyes,  
 I lie and think of wrecks until the sobs  
 And groans of drowning sailors lost at sea  
 Come mingled with the gray gull's haunting cries,  
 And those tumultuous, incessant throbs—  
 The heavy heart-beats of Eternity!

*Herbert Bashford.*

## PULQUE,

THE NATIONAL DRINK OF MEXICO.



HE inhabitants of almost every country in the world, while not disdaining entirely the tipples of the denizens of other lands, have some intoxicant peculiarly their own. The Chinaman has his arrack, the Rus-

sian his vodka, the German his lager beer, the Britisher his ale and stout, the Frenchman his absinthe, and the Irishman his whisky redolent of peat smoke. To the native of Old Mexico, God—or the devil—has vouchsafed pulque, a very curious and interesting beverage, the origin and invention of which are lost in the mists of antiquity. It is so ancient that even the meaning of its name is unknown, and around its early manufacture a mass of fable is woven.

In the annals of the Toltecs, who occupied Mexico before the Aztecs came in, the tale of the first introduction of pulque runs as follows: Papantzin, a Toltec noble, having extracted the juice of the maguey, and having by trial found that the drinking of it was not followed by sudden death, but by a certain exhilaration, sent some of it as a present to his king. The messenger employed was Papantzin's beautiful daughter, Xochitl. The natural and obvious results followed. The king fell in love both with the liquor and the maiden, and the offspring of Xochitl and the monarch succeeded to the Toltecthron. But liquor and love proved the ruin of the Toltecs, as of so many other good men before and since, and led eventually to their destruction by the Aztecs. The

taste for pulque, however, has never died out, but has rather grown stronger with each succeeding generation.

The plant from which pulque is prepared is the *Agave Americana*, the maguey, or century plant. Though it also grows in the United States, it is native to Mexico, and its real home is on the highlands of that country, at an elevation of from seven thousand to eight thousand feet above the sea. If you go over the old "Mexican Railway," the pioneer road of the republic, from the City of Mexico to the port of Vera Cruz, you pass over these highlands, and through almost limitless areas covered with the maguey. Though the origin already ascribed to pulque is merely legendary, it is at least certain that the Spanish conquistadores, when they landed in Mexico under the leadership of Cortez in 1519, found the natives cultivating the maguey for the sake of the liquor extracted from it. There are said to be more than thirty varieties of the maguey in Mexico, and from most of them pulque and other beverages may be made. About two thirds of the number yield *agua miel* or honey-water, and from about one fifth of the varieties of the plant the best liquor—called *pulque fino*—is produced.

The maguey is to the native Mexican what the cocoanut tree is to the South Sea Islanders,—it yields food, drink, clothing, shelter, and useful things of all sorts. The fibers of the leaf are used as thread and twine, and by breaking off one of the sharp thorns in which the leaves terminate, and rolling and twisting together the fibers attached to it, you have a needle and thread ready for use. Ropes made of the fibers are strong

and lasting, though they are not quite so good as hempen ones. The pulp of the leaves furnishes a writing material like that prepared from the Egyptian papyrus. The earliest Mexican manuscripts, adorned with drawings and illuminations, were written upon maguey paper. The large, strong, glossy leaves of the plant are also used to roof the houses of the poor, and from a leaf folded down its length spouts to conduct away the rain from the roofs are made.

The maguey is a plant of a striking and handsome appearance, and a great plain covered with row upon row of magueys at regular intervals, stretching uninterruptedly till the horizon or the boundary mountain range is reached, is a sight that cannot fail to impress the spectator. The leaves are eight or nine feet long, a foot wide, and eight inches thick near the root. After several years there springs from the heart of the plant a great central shaft, upwards of twenty feet in height, and bearing many yellowish green flowers. But this exhausts the strength of the plant, and it soon afterwards dies. As the maguey flowers but once in its life, and that only after many years of preparation, it is commonly known in the United States as the century plant, the notion being that it blooms only once in a hundred years.

The magueys on a pulque estate are planted in lines, with intervals of three yards between them. In suitable soil they require no attention until the period of productiveness is reached. This is by no means to be regularly calculated on; but it is believed that ten years may be taken as about an average time. By long and careful observation the natives have learned to know almost the exact time at which the great central flower-stem is about to appear. Just before this happens they cut into the plant and extract its heart, leaving only a thick outside rind serving as the wall

of a reservoir, about two feet deep and eighteen inches across. Into this receptacle the sap intended by nature to supply nourishment for the tall-flowering stem continually oozes. In order to enable the native pulque gatherer to approach conveniently near to the reservoir to draw off its contents, the leaves on one side of the plant are cut off. To extract the sap the Indian employs a long gourd, to one end of which a horn tube has been fitted, while at its other end is an aperture. The sap is drawn up into the gourd by suction, and is poured into a skin carried by a burro. When first extracted, the sap is called *agua-miel*, or honey-water: it is either clear and straw-colored, or whitish and slightly sticky, according to the variety of maguey that produced it. It is almost without smell, and very sweet to the taste.

Pulque is produced by fermentation from the *agua-miel*, and is a milky-white liquid, having just the appearance of soapy water; it is sweetish in taste, and contains about six per cent of alcohol. But its smell is peculiarly sour and rancid, and this, more than anything else, turns the stomach of the man that is learning to drink it. It is manufactured thus: Part of the honey-water is taken to a building, and is allowed to ferment for ten or fifteen days, so as to form *madre pulque*,—mother of pulque. Small portions of this mother-liquid are placed in the skins and vessels intended for the reception of the sap just drawn from the plant. As soon as the fresh sap comes in contact with the mother-liquor fermentation rapidly sets in, and in a day or two we have pulque, ready for drinking, and in the best possible condition.

The pulque is drawn off and taken to market; fresh *agua-miel* is put into the vat, and the process thus goes on without interruption, so long as the plantation has magueys supplying sap. The amount of *agua-miel* yielded by a good

plant varies from eight to fifteen pints a day, and this quantity is yielded for two or three months.

When a maguey-plantation changes hands, its value is estimated by the number of *maguey de corte*, or plants ready to cut. These are usually taken, one with another, at five dollars apiece, though the actual value of a good plant

very readily by means of suckers from the old root, which withers down after all the sap has been drawn off from it. The pulque commands an almost immediate sale, for, so far as can be seen, it is impossible to produce too much of it.

With all these merits and advantages pulque-culture has but two drawbacks: one is that several years must elapse



INDIAN GATHERING AGUA-MIEL.

is double this sum. But allowance has to be made for the loss of many plants, for if the heart of the plant is cut out too early, or the incision is not made until too late, the result is alike fatal. The plant dies, and yields none of the valuable sap. A good pulque-plantation is an excellent thing to own, for the plant is strong, and not easily affected by heat or cold. Besides this, it needs little moisture, and reproduces itself

before a new plantation begins to yield liquor to the thirsty and an income to the proprietor, the other is the considerable uncertainty as to the time at which the plant will flower; it may reach its maturity in eight years, or it may take eighteen. But a maguey estate once in full operation assures its proprietor of a steady income, for fresh plants are constantly becoming productive.

As pulque is much better when fresh,



A PULQUERIA.

and rapidly deteriorates by keeping, the supply is renewed daily. From the plains of Apam, where most of the pulque consumed in the City of Mexico is produced, there is a daily train called "the pulque train," which is laden solely with the favorite drink, and is one of the largest sources of income of the "Mexican Railway." The amount of pulque carried over this line during the year 1887 is given by Mr. E. J. Howell, the author of "Mexico: its Progress and Commercial Possibilities," at 81,673 tons. The daily consumption in the City of Mexico alone is said to be a quarter of a million pints, and in 1888 there were 822 shops devoted to the sale of the national drink in that city. The maguery estates in the State of Puebla are valued at two million dollars; those in the State of Tlascala at twice, and those in the State of Hidalgo at four times this sum. The small towns and villages throughout Mexico receive their supply of pulque from the neighboring haciendas, from which it is brought to market in barrels or sheep-skins.

Pulque, as one gets it at a city *pul-*

*queria* or village *fonda*, is a sour-smelling liquid, with a curious rancid flavor, which excites repulsion at first. The practice of carrying it in the skins of sheep or hogs increases the strong odor, which is sometimes nearly as unpleasant as that of putrescent meat. However, though a strange drink, it is wholesome, and is believed by its admirers to conduce to good digestion, sleep, and an easy conscience. It must be drunk in large quantities to produce intoxication; further, as it is always consumed while fermentation is still going on, it is pleasantly cool. On a very hot, dusty day, when no other liquid was obtainable, I have made shift to drink it, but the attempt to get it down without tasting or smelling it detracted much from the enjoyment. The native Mexican, however, is extravagantly fond of his national drink, as is shown by the oft-quoted:—

"Sabe que es pulque—  
Licor divino?  
Lo heben los angeles  
En vez de vino."

Know ye not pulque?  
That liquor divine!



Angels in heaven  
Prefer it to wine.

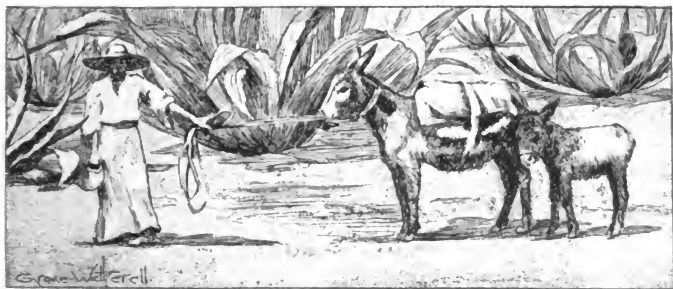
In every Mexican city, town, and village, we find the *pulqueria*, or pulque-shop,—its front adorned with gaudy paintings and wreaths of flowers, and bearing a sign, such as *El Gallo Negro*, the Black Cock; *El Elefante*, the Elephant; or even so frank a title as *El Diavolo*, the Devil; or *El Infernillo*, the Little Hell. Around the *pulqueria* hangs just such a crowd as is to be seen about a London gin-palace, or a low saloon in the United States.

But it is, after all, not pulque that produces the worst form of intoxication,—for it is, as has been said, a mildly alcoholic and rather wholesome beverage. Besides the plantations devoted to the production of pulque, there are scattered over the country many distilleries, where *mescal*, a much stronger drink, is manufactured. Mescal is distilled from the root of a species of agave, and smells and tastes rather like Scotch whisky. It is of a light straw


color, and highly intoxicating. As the best quality is made at Tequila, almost all mescal bears that name. Many of the rows and fatal affrays in Mexico are due to over-indulgence in mescal. From the sugar cane a strong spirit, called *aguardiente*—burning water—is extracted, and in the *tierras calientes*, or hot lands near the coast, palm-wine is made.

Grapes grow in the States of Chihuahua, Coahuila, Aguas Calientes, and Sinaloa, and yield a little wine and brandy, but the production is not large. Good beer is made at Toluca, Monterey, and other places; but few breweries, even in the capital, are equipped with modern plants. Much beer is imported from Germany, St. Louis, Milwaukee, San Francisco, San José, and other places in the United States, and porter from Dublin and London. Imported beer is very dear, for duties, freight, and the profits of middlemen have to be added to the prime cost. A quart bottle of imported beer costs at the railroad restaurants one Mexican dollar.

Arthur Inkersley.



## EARLY JOURNALISM IN SAN FRANCISCO.



JOURNALISM in San Francisco may be divided into four eras. The first began with the pioneer little sheet and extended to the breaking out of the gold fever, when the editor announced its suspension and his hurried departure for the "diggings."

The second may include that busy, bustling period embracing the gold fever craze, when newspapers multiplied rapidly to fill every imaginary long-felt want, and as rapidly fell by the wayside. The third began with the rapid abatement of the gold fever, and ended with the advent of the overland telegraph and railroad. And the fourth began with that new era, and ends at date.

During the first two periods, more especially, the papers were typical of Californian life. San Francisco was practically isolated from the outer world, — it had no news sources other than its own, and San Francisco was virtually California. Their readers were from everywhere, and as the papers could not get news from everywhere, they must be content with local news — mainly records of crime and letters from the mining camps.

But these features of far Western journalism represented the country and the spirit of the times. Local items were written as editorials, and the reporter held himself "personally responsible" for his views. He used the old style editorial "we," and interjected his opinions into the most commonplace item. The locals were personal, often very aggressive; but the times demanded that personal style, and the reporter was often called upon to uphold his "sentiments" with a revolver.

The papers were as much valued for their editorials as for their news. Their greatest expense for news was for special letters from the various mining camps, where each paper had a special correspondent. The correspondent was paid from \$10 to \$25 per letter of about one thousand words, according to the importance of the camp. These pioneer journals had no exchanges to clip from, and everything was original with them. Though each paper did not have the "largest circulation," each of them had a comparatively good subscription list, and healthy street sales, at 25 and 15 cents a copy. The papers were circulated in the interior by mule power. Fifty dollars a week was a good salary for editorial writers and reporters in 1849-50. Printers in 1849 got about sixty dollars. In 1850 a union was formed and compositors' wages fixed at two dollars per one thousand ems, remaining



SAMUEL BRANNAN.

at that rate for some years. Each paper was "top-heavy,"—the editorial staff out-numbering the reportorial corps. The editorial matter took precedence of everything except a murder, which was never crowded out and seldom "cut." The editorials were timely, based on such important matters as the corruption of city officials, and the importance of forming a vigilance committee. The reporter "spread himself" on "a disastrous fire," a "sensational shooting in a gambling hell," or the "fatal hanging of a Sydney cove" by "a few indignant citizens."

This was the reader's daily food for the mind. They liked it because it was part of them. The newspapers had a style "all their own," suitable to this cosmopolitan mass of humanity on the border-land of civilization.

These "moulders of public opinion" were mainly instrumental in hewing a civilization out of the worst element that ever emigrated to a new country,—or rather, they paved the way for a better element. These papers were the pioneers of Western civilization; and had the editors been less fearless, the rough element would have ruled the country much longer than they did, and stayed its development and growth for perhaps a generation.

New York City supplied San Francisco with its first newspaper plant and editor,—a Mormon. The editor of the little fly-sheet came near moulding the opinion of the public of the pueblo to his own peculiar views, and but for the discovery of gold San Francisco might have been a Mormon town and California a Mormon territory.

In July, 1846, Samuel Brannan, a Mormon elder, with about 200 Mormon emigrants, arrived at San Francisco from New York, on the "Brooklyn." He had used the material in printing the New York *Messenger*, but that city evidently not being ripe for a Mormon paper, he came West. San Francisco was then

called Yerba Buena (good herb), after a sweet herb that grew luxuriantly in the chaparral in the streets of the pueblo. The Mormons pitched their tents on the sand hills near the beach. Trouble soon arose between the colonists and "President" Brannan, he being accused by them of misappropriating church funds. This resulted in the first court trial under American rule. The court decided several questions not before it, one of which was that Brannan had no legal authority to collect tithings from the



WALTER COLTON.

colonists, and this broke his power over them.

The first number of his *California Star* was issued in January, 1847. The pueblo had a population of about six hundred people, including a number of Mexicans, Sandwich Islanders, and Indians not taxed. The *Star* was fifteen by twelve inches in size, contained four pages, and was issued weekly. The salutatory was very long and full of promises. The editorials were mainly based upon the change of government, roasting the alcalde system, and denouncing the American justices as "no better

than the alcaldes, who decided cases without law or precedent."

In the following May the *Star* had a rival contemporary. Robert Semple entered the field with the *Californian*. It was of smaller dimensions, badly printed, and even inferior in its make-up. The editor gave no excuse for its publication, except that he wished to utilize the material which he had brought from Monterey, where he had been printing a personal organ for Commodore Stock-



GENERAL WILLIAM WALKER.

ton. The chief duties of this organ were to give the Commodore's version of the Stockton-Frémont controversy. When the American forces captured Monterey, they found some type and a wooden hand-press stowed away in the convent. The material had been brought from the City of Mexico, and was used by the governor for printing the *bandas*, or laws. Robert Semple was a Kentuckian, and himself and Walter Colton, a printer, joined forces, and from this material issued the first newspaper in California, — in July, 1846. In a salutatory, the editor defined his position and policy:—

We shall maintain an entire and utter severance of all political connection with Mexico. We renounce at once and forever all fealty to her laws, all obedience to her mandates. We shall advocate a territorial relation of California to the United States, till the number of inhabitants is such that she can be admitted a member of that glorious confederacy. We shall support the present measures of the commander-in-chief of the American squadron on the coast, so far as they conduce to the public tranquillity, the organization of a free representative government, and our alliance with the United States.

In a few months Editor Semple visited San Francisco in search of a better field for his paper, also for a wife, according to a personal inserted by his partner, Colton. During Semple's absence the *Californian* printed this important item, by way of an apology:—

Our Alphabet.— Our type is a Spanish font picked up here in a cloister, and has no vv's [w] in it, as there is none in the Spanish alphabet. I have sent to the Sandwich Islands for this letter; in the meantime vve must use tvo v's. Our paper at present is that used for vvrapping cigars; in due time vve vwill have something better; our object is to establish a press in California, and this vve shall in all probability be able to accomplish. The absence of my partner for the last three months and my duties as alcalde here have deprived our little paper of some of those attentions vvchich I hope it vwill hereafter receive.

WALTER COLTON.

The absence of the letter W did not justify the lightning changes from the singular to the plural, and the reverse.

Evidently, the field of Monterey was not inviting, and the pioneer paper was removed to Yerba Buena. The name of Semple appeared as editor, and that of Colton with the "tvo v's" was omitted. It also appeared that the letter W arrived from the Sandwich Islands.

Soon after its removal to Yerba Buena, the *Californian* published an official notice from the alcalde, dated January 31, 1847, changing the name of the pueblo of Yerba Buena to San Francisco. The two rival papers united in denouncing this as a "high-handed outrage, and an usurpation." It was shown that the alcalde consulted neither the city council nor the people.

The new candidate for public favor



JOHN NUGENT.

showed the first spirit of enterprise by "scooping" its sleepy contemporary in the publication of the prices current, and remarks on the state of the market. This was regarded as a great stroke of journalism, and was at once followed by its slightly esteemed contemporary, the *Star*. The "latest news from the States" was sixty or seventy days old, and was received by pony express from Independence, Missouri. The postage, or charges, on a letter or newspaper, was fifty cents. Consequently, the Eastern exchange list was not large.

These moulders of public opinion directed their efforts toward the establishment of a public school, but public sentiment refused to be moulded. They advocated the closing of the gambling houses, and they themselves were threatened with suppression. Then the editors directed their batteries upon the alcalde, charging him with selling at private sale valuable water lots belonging to the city, and "standing in with the purchasers."

Finally, Semple's *Californian* began to boom an opposition town named Francesca, in honor of the wife of General Vallejo. The alcalde of San Francisco, believing that this would lead to a con-

fusion of names, ordered that of the new town to be changed. The editor denied that the alcalde's jurisdiction extended so far, but the syndicate changed the name to Benicia, still in honor of the General's wife, her name being Francesca Benecia. The alcalde seems to have been a fruitful theme for the papers, as he was almost continually "roasted."

In the spring of 1848, the world was electrified with the announcement of the discovery of gold in California, or rather the fever had broken out in its wildest delirium, and on May 29th, the *Californian* announced its suspension in a half-sheet, until "better times" should come. The printers, and even the devil, had caught the gold fever, and refused to work at any price. The editorial obituary read:—

The whole country, from San Francisco to Los Angeles, and from the sea shore to the base of the Sierra Nevada, resounds with the sordid cry of gold, gold, gold,—while the field is left half planted, the house half built, and everything neglected but the manufacture of shovels and picks, and the means of transportation to the spot where one man obtained



HON. EUGENE CASSERLY.



JAMES KING OF WM.

\$128 of the real stuff in one day's washing, and the average for all concerned is twenty dollars per diem.

Two weeks later the *Star* ceased to twinkle, and the town was thrown into intellectual darkness. The editor announced in the suspension notice that his paper could "not be made by magic, and the labor of mechanism is as essential to its existence as to all other arts." The "force" returned from the "diggings" in a few weeks, and the *Star* resumed publication. In a scare head the French Revolution is referred to, as "The whole world at war!"

The editor of the *Californian* evidently struck it rich, as he did not return and resume publication. The material was sold to the *Star*, and the name changed to the *Star and Californian*. The paper was enlarged and improved, an additional column being tacked to each page. But the editor hedged on his improvement by announcing that the paper would perhaps be "issued only occasionally, as it is very difficult to hold printers to their cases."

All trades were deserted, sailors deserted their ships as soon as anchored, cargoes of goods remained on the ves-

sels for months for the lack of laborers to unload them, and ships rotted at the wharves. There was now very little news in the town.

The main source of revenue of the papers was "write-ups" of the mines, advertisements of hotels, saloons, and gambling houses. The leading hells paid from five to ten slugs per column for "write-ups." As saloons and gambling houses were numerous, the papers did a land office business. There were also advertisements of auction sales of cargoes of goods. As there were no vacant houses, and people had no time to build, the goods were sold on the ships or on the wharf. The charge for such "ads" was from three to five dollars per inch each insertion.

In January, 1849, the name of the *Star and Californian* was changed to the *Alta California*, for the purpose of designating Upper (alta) California from Lower (baja) California. In a heated editorial, the *Alta* recommended the holding of a Territorial convention, to take measures for the prevention of the introduction of slavery in California; also advising



COL. B. F. WASHINGTON.



the abolition of the office of alcalde — a relic of Mexico.

Among the curious local items was one announcing that an enterprising citizen had purchased the old ship Apollo, and would run it as a "saloon, boarding and lodging house."

In the "latest intelligence" column was the announcement of the assembling of the Territorial convention, and the election of the editor, Semple, as president.

In the summer of 1849, the *Alta* had a rival in the *Pacific News*, a free lance sheet, tri-weekly. Soon, the *Alta* showed its enterprise by following suit. The only other paper in the country was the weekly *Placer Times*, published at Sacramento, by — Stiles, for E. Gilbert & Co. of the *Alta California*, who owned the plant. The *Placer Times* was the only paper published outside of San Francisco until April, 1850, when G. K. Fitch and Ferdinand C. Ewer established the *Daily Transcript* at Sacramento. Fitch had learned the printer's trade in Cleveland, Ohio; went to New Orleans in 1857, where he saved up about \$1000, and in 1845 he purchased a printer's outfit, which he shipped by sailing vessel for San Francisco, coming himself by the Isthmus route. The paper at Sacramento was established as soon as the printing material arrived. In June, 1852, Mr. Fitch moved his paper from Sacramento to San Francisco.

Mr. Fitch seems to have been the first real newspaper man in California. He had an idea of news and knew its value, and frequently "scooped" his contemporaries, judging from their respective files. He made mining news a feature of his paper; had a correspondent in every camp, and whenever there was a big strike, murder, or lynching, his paper was the first to receive the news by special pony express, dished up in the spiciest style by his reporter "on the spot." The *Alta* had the field in San Francisco until about mid-summer, 1849.

Then appeared the *Pacific News*, tri-weekly, which forced the *Alta* to also appear three times weekly. Next, Washington Bartlett started about December, 1849, the *Daily Journal of Commerce*, which forced the *Alta* and *News* to also issue daily. The *Herald*, *Courier*, and *Balance*, came in rapid succession in 1850. John Nugent, formerly of the New York *Herald*, was editor of the first. The evening field singularly had been left open. Finally a combination of New Orleans printers filled the gap with the *Evening Picayune*.

Politics now began to be a live issue, and the newspapers kept the political pot boiling. They took very wide liberties with the names and histories of politicians, and perhaps there never were more audacious newspapers printed. Street fights were plentiful, and several editors were "called out" by aggrieved parties. They invariably went. Nugent, of the *Herald*, upheld one of his editorials on the field, and was wounded in the leg. This occurred in the summer of 1852.

One of the noted early San Francisco journalists was William Walker, the filibuster, and "gray-eyed man of destiny." He was an editorial writer on the *Herald*. His editorials created a sentiment favorable to his enterprise, and sometime about 1855, he organized an expedition of two hundred and fifty men, resigned, and left for Sonora, for the purpose of liberating a people who did not want liberty and were unworthy of freedom. The majority of the press favored the scheme. Being intercepted by a United States vessel and taken back, he soon organized another expedition, by the aid of the press. The little band, as is well known, left San Francisco on the historic Caroline. After his victory at La Paz, the soldier-editor declared himself President of Lower California, chose his cabinet, and declared the code of Louisiana to be in force. Finding it necessary to retreat, he returned to San

Francisco, established government headquarters, and ran up the flag of his new republic, where he sold scrip and called for recruits. The newspapers supported the enterprise, and depicted in glowing terms and double-leaded editorials the glories of conquest. The next expedition was disastrous. The sad fate of the editor is well known. He died as bravely as he had lived.

Walker was fined five hundred dollars sometime in 1851, by a judge whom he had "roasted." Refusing to pay, he was committed to jail, but was almost immediately released on a writ of habeas corpus. An indignation meeting was held, which approved Walker's editorial castigations, and requested the judge to resign. A committee of about four thousand citizens visited Walker as soon as he was carried to jail, and assured him of their "support," if necessary. But no sooner had the writ been issued from another court than the judge reversed his decision.

Newspapers, or rather papers, were started upon the slightest provocation in those days. Two merchants had a street fight. The police reporter of the *Balance* wrote, "Mr. Jones, a merchant of Montgomery Street, yesterday had a fist-fight with another merchant of no prominence."

The merchant whose name was omitted was offended by being alluded to as of no prominence. When he next visited New York to purchase goods, he also bought a newspaper outfit, and brought along Eugene Casserly as editor. The new daily was called the *True Balance*, and it soon caused the other paper to suspend. The new venture, however, soon kicked the scales, and was buried in the journalistic graveyard.

Edward E. Gilbert, one of the editors of the *Alta California*, was the first representative in Congress from the State. He was killed in a duel at the "Oaks," near Sacramento, in the summer of 1852,

by General J. W. Denver. Editor Gilbert had denounced the governor in the columns of the *Alta*, charging him with making a ridiculous display in connection with fitting out an expedition to relieve overland immigrants. Denver being a friend of the governor, challenged Gilbert.

One of the editors of the *Placer Times* challenged an *Alta* editor in consequence of newspaper personalities. They met on the field of "honor" across the bay. The friends of each principal chartered a steamer, and about two thousand people assembled to witness the event. A duel was more interesting than a bull-fight, or a hanging by a vigilance committee. One of the editors received a bullet through his high hat, and on the fifth shot hit his antagonist in the leg. The distance was twenty paces, with dueling pistols. Honor being satisfied, the editors returned to their sanctums.

The editors of those days were personal,—fearless. The city was overrun with the refuse and scum of the earth. Robberies and murders were frequent; many of the city officials were thieves; the city had been severely scorched by incendiary fires, and the task of purifying it of this element fell to the newspaper editors. A "fearless" press was necessary to undertake the task, and it was fearless in everything that that much abused word implies. Thieves and assassins were called by their right names and in unmistakable English; and there were no "corrections" on the next day. The papers urged the formation of a vigilance committee, stating that the city was controlled by thieves, upheld by an infamous judiciary. The assassination of James King of William, editor of the *Evening Bulletin*, hastened the formation of the second vigilance committee.

James King, editor and founder of the *Bulletin*, was the son of William King. At the top of the editorial column ap-



peared this curious English style of name: "James King of Wm.," editor.

He was the most aggressive of all the aggressive editors. He had been a banker, but the financial crises of 1855, carried down the institution with which he was connected. King then "drifted" into journalism, with a purpose to rid the city, if possible, of its worst element.

The paper was twelve by fourteen inches, four columns to the page, and no doubt the liveliest and most aggressive sheet ever issued in San Francisco, or elsewhere. It was clean and truthful, never making a charge unless sure of the facts. It denounced the ballot-box stuffers by name, printed the names of those who ran gambling houses, and the names of those who rented building for that purpose; also the names of those who rented their buildings to immoral women. It called upon the city councilmen, by name, to suppress these unlawful places, and to punish the owners of the buildings. The editor had few personal friends, as the evil element was largely in the majority, but everybody read his paper, and it soon attained the "largest circulation," which fact it was not necessary to back up with affidavits. The paper never descended to coarseness; the facts were clearly stated and in the most forcible style.

A ballot-box stuffer, James Casey, had counted himself in as a county supervisor, King denounced the fraud and printed the fellow's record, showing that he was an ex-convict from Sing Sing, N. Y. Within an hour after the paper was on the streets King had been assassinated by Casey, using a pistol he had borrowed of the notorious Ned McGowan, then a justice of the peace. McGowan fled to the mountains, where he remained several months. The historic vigilance committee of 1856 was formed, Casey was hanged, with others, and the city purified of its rough element.

Next evening the *Bulletin* appeared with the first column on the editorial

page blank, in lieu of the usual "leader," and the column rules turned. King's death was announced in a paragraph,—no attempt to inflame the public to action; the people were already at work.

An alleged "historian" has written that Casey and Cora, gamblers, were hanged on the day and at the very hour of King's death, which was the third day after the shooting. It is said on the authority of a son of the late editor, now living in San Francisco, that the culprits were hanged on the day of the burial of the editor. "This day was selected by the committee," said Mr. King, "as the best, because the attention of the people would be directed to the funeral, which was attended by nearly every one excepting the committee." Cora was in jail for assassinating United States Marshal Richardson.

Samuel Brannan, the Mormon, and editor of San Francisco's first paper, was prominent in organizing the first vigilance committee, of 1850. From the steps of his adobe printing office he urged the people to organize, was elected president, and issued an extra giving an account of the proceedings.

Brannan was engaged in the real estate business, established the first flouring mill in the country, and opened the first store where Sacramento now stands. He became a millionaire in a few years. He was a printer by trade. A few years ago he died in poverty at Guaymas, Mexico.

The next sensation in San Francisco journalism was the mobbing of newspaper offices. It was not exactly the kind that the editors were looking for, but it was a sensation. The *Pioneer Democrat* had been started as a party organ a few months before the end of the Civil War. The editor, Beriah Brown, was making it uncomfortable for the blatant shriekers who fought only with their mouths and at long range. On receipt of the news of the assassination of Lincoln, a mob, including some soldiers, pitched

the type into the street. They then sacked several weekly sheets that were perhaps better dead. The proprietors of the *Pioneer Democrat* purchased new material and were about to start up again, when the commander of the department sent them word that they must not issue the paper under that "copperhead" title. The name was changed to the *Examiner*, which it bears to the present day. In its first issue after the resurrection the *Examiner* denounced the commanding general by name, and charged him in plain terms with "aiding, inciting, and encouraging, the mob, and ordering the soldiers to assist in the destruction of the office." Colonel Washington, who had become editor, expected to be called out, but the commanding general did not demand satisfaction. Subsequently, the proprietors recovered heavy damages from the State.

The advent of the transcontinental railroad and the telegraph changed the style of journalism in San Francisco. The people were now in touch with the world, and the mining and criminal features of the papers were subordinated to Eastern news. The editors looked beyond the city and State, and began to discuss National matters, occasionally building an editorial on European subjects. Eastern newspaper writers and reporters came, with new ideas, and a knowledge of the value of news and how to get it. Gradually, the "city" style of editing and reporting gained a foothold in this provincial city. For several years the new school met with much opposition from the "old timers," who knew no other school than their own, and who, like the Bourbons, refused to learn and would not forget.

The four leading newspapers now in existence in San Francisco, the *Bulletin*, *Call*, *Examiner*, *Chronicle*, all started as small sheets, and with very little capital. In two instances, the *Call* and *Chronicle*, the capital was only "nominal." Those papers that did start "with

plenty of money behind them" are in the newspaper morgue.

The newspaper graveyard of San Francisco contains, proportionally, more wrecked journals than any other in the United States, no doubt. For many years it was a city of speculation, mining and other jobs, and many of the stock jobbers wanted journals. The papers were run for revenue only, and there was very little honesty in politics or in politicians. The Central Pacific railroad and other monopolies had their organs, or bought the silence of others for a stated period.

The *Morning Call* was started by an "Association of Printers," who were out of work. It was a four-page sheet, four short columns to the page, and about the size of a theatrical program. The promoters were evidently doubtful of its success, as their names did not appear at the top of the editorial page, next the reading matter, until it had run a few months. The name was suggested by the comedietta, "A Morning Call," then being played at a theater.

The *Chronicle* of today was started as the *Dramatic Chronicle*. It was a theatrical program, and distributed in the theaters as such. In about three years (1868) the name was changed to the *Morning Chronicle*, and it was issued as a subscription newspaper. It was mainly built up on sensationalism, as the people of San Francisco seemed to prefer that kind of reading — when about some one other than the reader. After the assassination of its founder, Charles De Young, in 1880, the paper changed its "policy."

The representative San Francisco paper has ever been sensational. It is a city of sensations, and the history of journalism shows that that class of journals succeeded where others failed. But now the scandalous features have been mainly eliminated, and the sensationalism is in enterprise and legitimate news.

J. M. Scanland.

## THE PASSING OF JACK THOMPSON.

## I.

## THE VENUE.

THE Thompsons came to Kansas in a "prairie schooner." Before the time of railroads it was a common sight, this white canvased argosy on wheels peacefully and silently navigating the billowy sea of far-stretching prairies. Its locomotion was slow, to be sure, but it had the fascination of boundless freedom, for this trackless and mighty main in those early days offered unobstructed sailing to all.

When adrift, this curious craft often resembled a Noah's Ark of domestic animals, with household goods, hardware, and tow-headed children, galore. Above the feed-trough at the rear were usually fastened some cane-bottomed heirlooms that had, perhaps, seen pioneer service elsewhere, or a coop of semi-suffocated barnyard favorites. When anchored, the smoke gracefully curling from the camp fire, the fatigued horses lariatied for the night, the dogs stretched out upon the ground, and the hungry children whiffing the appetizing fragrance of frying bacon, the old hulk came to be regarded by its roving occupants as home.

The Thompsons had, *en route*, the company of neighbors, but their gregarious proclivities led them to settle on bottom land, while the Thompsons pushed on in search of the jack oak.

There seemed to be almost a suggestion of crime in the very location of the house they finally purchased from a discouraged settler. It was a dilapidated one-and-a-half-story affair, with basement, reached from the old Santa Fé road by an unfrequented trail, which wound through the woods and dense

underbrush that lined the Big Muddy bottoms, thence up a long steep and stony incline to the edge of a projecting and precipitous bluff. At one side was a stone corral, well trampled and fringed with dog fennel, and a little farther on a stone stable, covered with an old cutting of prairie grass. Back of the house the unfenced prairies stretched wearily for miles and miles to the westward.

From this eyrie-like spot, hiding on the one hand or retreat on the other was equally easy. No one could approach in the day-time from the main road without being seen climbing the hill, nor could any from the prairie side escape detection of the spy-glass that Thompson kept adjusted for long range on the rude mantel near his rifles and revolvers. The front door was unpainted, and being some three feet from the ground, and without steps by which it could be reached, was entirely useless. Therefore it did not matter that there was no doorknob, or that the door itself was nailed securely. A rusty cultivator emphasized the probability of a cornfield somewhere near, though not visible from the house. Tall and numerous sunflowers encroached upon the few crooked limbs of cottonwood trees known as the "wood pile," furnishing in season convenient hiding places for rattlesnakes, with which the bluff was infested. An old two-horse wagon, the paint on which had long since vanished under the scorching sun, contained a barrel which explained the absence of well or cistern.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the Thompsons, as well as the few families that occupied this lonely ranch before them, rested under certain imputations, which the early settlers cast upon any who chose such a forlorn and uncanny place of residence.

Jack Thompson was, perhaps, forty years of age, with steel-gray eyes that wandered restlessly. His wife was his junior by at least ten years. Both had been raised on the frontier,—she of better family than he. When a young man in Missouri, Thompson kept a livery stable, so that he drove spirited horses whenever he took his “solid girl” to drive. She, as the “pretty, plump, and spunky black-eyed gal o’ Squire Jackson’s,” was early admired by the youth of Clay County. Whether it was Jack Thompson’s broad shoulders, his fine team of bays, or what not, that attracted her maiden fancy, Sallie Jackson eloped with him one moonlight night. Mrs. Thompson’s father remaining obdurate in his opposition to her husband, the latter in time moved with his young wife over into Kansas.

Their only child at the time this story opens was a curly-haired and stout little chap of four. A mere scar on the prairie sod close by the house, on which in summer some straggling wild verbenas grew, marked the grave of their baby girl, who had died two years before.

It was the February of their arrival. The desolate and dreary prairie was covered with a light blanket of snow, save here and there bare spots where the cheerless wind had swept. The deflecting rays of the cold, low-hanging sun caused the burnished glass in the western windows of the house to blaze as if afire, and to seem to melt the freezing air. A half-dozen hounds bayed forth vociferous welcome to the horseman, their returning master, now ascending the steep road. A frail, dejected woman peeped through the half-drawn paper curtain of the low window, and seeming to gather assurance opened the door and stood upon its threshold.

It was Squire Jackson’s youngest daughter,—no longer plump, and her eyes dimmed from their old-time luster.

“Well?” she said interrogatively.

“’Tain’t no use, Sal. Th’ horse was found with my halter on her, an’ that’s enough to convict th’ Apostle Paul.

“Why don’t you go to old Judge Gilman. Tell him as how little Bobbie was taken sick, an’ how you just borrowed th’ mare to go for the doctor?”

“Sal, will you dry up? I tells you ’tain’t no use. He’d jest say ’t was fer me to make it wash with the jury if I could.”

“Why could n’t you, Jack?”

“Why? Because I could n’t, I tells you. Do you hear that? If I’d ’a’ went to th’ old Doc’s house first an’ had been ketched there, it might work, fer then he could swear fer me.”

“Well, I’d be honest an’ jest tell why Doc Tuff ain’t on your side.”

“I say ’t ain’t no use. This borrowin’ of horses is gettin’ to be too all-fired common. My lawyer, ol’ Parsons, says it’s a mighty thingo,—though he do say if I’ll swear to it hard, an’ you’ll stand up to the same racket, he’ll do the best he can; but he did n’t make no bones of tellin’ me his own mind as to th’ outcome.”

“Of course I’ll swear for you, an’ you know I’ll do it cheerful, too. But what else did he say?”

“He said ’t would be deader medicine if we could prove a alibi while we had our hands in. ’T is easy to see he don’t take no stock in the sick child racket.”

“God knows ’t is the gospel truth, an’ I hain’t afeerd but what there’ll be some of the jury that ’ll know the truth when they sees it. I recollec’ a hearin’ ol’ Jedge Carson, when he was a ridin’ the circuit an’ used to stay with pap, say you could count safe on a findin’ at least ten honest men in his box.”

“Mebbe that rule would go them days in Missouri. But Jedge Carson was never up fer horse-stealin’ in Kansas, was he? I guess not. A feller has jest about got to prove hisself everlastin’ly innocent, or he’s a goner.”

"How does you make that out?"

"Ol' Parsons says that th' Supreme Court in Cassidy's case made a law that th' havin' of a thing right away after it's stole is enough. That makes out a *primer face*,—or some kind of a Latin languidge case,—which means in plain United States that you are in for it,—unless you can get out."

"Mebbe, Jack, if you 'll tell 'em of your conversion an' a joinin' of th' church two years ago down to th' Stranger Creek camp meetin', 't would help. Elder Berry would recomember how you stumbled 'long up to the mourners' bench, an' give up so complete."

"Yes: an' he knows how darned quick I back-slid. That'd make a fine case, now, would'n't it? What fer show would a feller have with nine out of ten Methodist, mebbe, on the jury. I'd be no bigger 'n a ten spot."

"But, Jack, mebbe God would move 'em to overlook your faults,—fer who is there that has n't his own? Besides, mebbe there 'll be some on the jury as is n't perfessors, an' will be prejudiced fer you. An' mebbe Judge Gilman would tell 'em that you was up fer horse-stealin', and not fer back-slidin'."

"Mebbe he would, Sal. But what does you a know 'bout juries? Darned little. A feller had better flip an' settle amicable, if he can, every time. 'Pears to me I'd ruther jest save time, an' let the ol' Judge crack away with his little ol' sentence."

"Thompson, you sha'n't do no sich a thing. I'll go to town too when your bail gives you up, an' I'll stay by you."

"But, Sal, I'm mighty yafeerd you'll make a bobble of it."

"How'd I behave that time of th' fire back in Clay County? Who was th' first to run out of th' ol' shack? Answer me that, you Thompson."

"Yes, I knows you stood pat then. But I was n't skeered. I jest run out to — to see if I could n't find help."

"Jest as if all out of doors had suddenly come miles acrost th' prairies to put out a measly little fire. Jack Thompson, you're a coward. Do you hear me? *You're a coward!*"

"Don't let's have no sass now, with th' pen a starin' me in th' face. If you knowed what's afore you,—not exceedin' seven year a grass widder,—you would n't be so brash-like with your tongue."

"How does it come to be seven years for takin' a fifty dollar mare, an' only five if you take ten thousand dollars, as that bank cashier did?"

"I reck'n it's 'cause th' farmers have been a tinkerin' with th' statues. There's no jestic in it, as I see."

"Well, it do beat all th' way laws air fixed. But say, honey, I did n't mean to be cross. 'T ain't no use to give up as long as I hain't your widow jest yet awhile. Lor me! What air you sittin' there fer? I clear forgot. Get off and come in; supper's a waitin'."

## II.

### THE TRIAL.

THE State *vs.* Thompson was on call. The court-house was filled to overflowing with curious spectators and idle hangers on. A number of witnesses were loitering about the courtyard waiting to testify. Here and there knots of sun-browned farmers discussed Thompson's case. A few expressed no opinion. Many said he was undoubtedly guilty. All agreed that there must be an organized band of horse-thieves operating in the county, and suspicion fell on Jack Thompson as being a member thereof, partly because his farming seemed to be a mere pretense, but more especially because of his sudden disappearances and his as frequent returns after several days of absence, often with a new horse, concerning which, when questioned, he always declared either that he had won it at a race, or "swapped for it."

Everybody who spoke of Thompson's wife at all spoke well of her, and expressions of sympathy for her were frequent. "She ought to leave him, for he treats her shameful," was the general verdict as to her; while as to him it found expression in a muttered, "We've no use for the lazy, drunken thief and gambler," often accompanied by curses in menacing tones.

There was no mistaking the temper of the community, and no one was more sensitive to it and its demands for a victim upon whom its indignant wrath might be visited than old Parsons, the defendant's counsel. He realized fully the delicacy of his task. Technical defenses would only result in mob violence.

After some delay incident to numerous challenges, a jury of "twelve good and lawful men" was duly impaneled and sworn, and was at once confronted by Mr. Idleman, the county attorney, — a man of greater amplitude of abdomen than of intellect. He had, however, one of the elements of a successful prosecutor in a new country, and so he read in a loud voice and with ponderous emphasis the information, in which the offense of horse-stealing was set forth with due and imposing formality of legal expression. He then proceeded to state the case the State expected to make, and was followed by Parsons, who in a low voice very briefly stated the defense.

Then the prosecution introduced its evidence. The ownership of the mare was proven to be in Deacon Ezekiel Snoddy. Then the circumstances of her disappearance in the night from the barn of her owner, — of her being found next morning tied to a post in front of a saloon in the town of —, fourteen miles from the point of asportation, — of the defendant being seen hurriedly riding her into town at day-break, and of his being intoxicated when arrested, were all narrated by the witnesses. All of which, of course, it was shown oc-

curred in the County of —, and State of Kansas. Then the State rested its case.

It was remarked by a number of bystanders, who had heard of the adroitness of defendant's counsel and of his skill as a cross-examiner, that he must have considered the case of the State impregnable; for there was scarcely a question put by way of cross-examination.

The defendant then took the witness stand. Under the skillful handling of his attorney he told in a simple way his story. Briefly it was this: His little child was taken sick on the night in question; he left home about two o'clock, taking a halter with him; upon going to his corral he found the bars had been thrown down, (probably by some mischievous person or enemy,) and his horses had gone to the woods; he then decided to go to his nearest neighbor, Deacon Snoddy, and borrow one; arriving there, he concluded, on account of the lateness of the hour, that he wouldn't awaken the sleeping household, but would go to the barn, take a horse, and explain matters fully to the Deacon on returning with Doctor Tuff in the morning; that when he arrived in town it was a little after daylight; the night having been cold, and he being faint and chilled by his long ride, he determined on taking a good stiff drink to brace him up before going over to the Doctor's residence; that after taking the drink in the "Red Front Saloon," (for it was before the days of prohibition,) he sat down by the stove in the bar-room to get warm, and must have fallen fast asleep, for the next thing he remembered was his arrest; that he then sent word by the constable to the Doctor to go out to see his child.

On cross-examination, Thompson admitted that he understood the child was found up and playing when the Doctor arrived; that he had not previous to his arrest said anything to the bar-tender

or to any one else about his child's sickness; admitted that he had once had a quarrel about a division fence some time before with the owner of the mare; he further frankly admitted that the halter found on the mare belonged to him.

When Thompson was excused, a smile spread over the faces of the bystanders. Evidently he had not made a favorable impression. He had not looked at the jury, but kept his restless eyes on the sheriff, as if imploring his kindly protection. Such expressions as, "Too thin," "He's dead sure to walk," and "How long do you think he'll get?" were exchanged in audible whispers.

Then the pale little woman in black, whose eyes had been riveted on the face of her husband during the narration of his story, took the stand. In a low voice she told of being awakened in the night by little Bobbie's croup; of her husband starting for his horse to go after the Doctor; of her using the simple remedies at hand, and of Bobbie's being up and playing when the Doctor came. On cross-examination she admitted her husband had quarreled with Deacon Snoddy, but stated that she thought it had been made up at the time her husband was converted.

Here a titter went around the audience that occasioned the old bailiff to rap on the table three times with his knife, and to look threateningly at the standing men.

The witness became excited; the color came to her thin face; she sat erect, and her eyes brightened. Elevating her voice, her nostrils quivering with passion, she continued:—

"Those fool men may laugh, but, men,"—addressing the jury—"Jack was converted the time our baby girl died, and he would 'a' stayed, had not the drink habit got such a grip on him, as it has too on lots of men I know who laughed out loud just now. O, I know you, Tom Green, and—"

The Court interfered here, and cau-

tioned the witness to confine her answers to the questions asked.

The witness proceeded:—

"Before Jack got religion, Mr. Snoddy came over during the revival, an' brought along his hymn book an' Testament with him, an' sung, an' read, an' prayed, to beat all out of doors. He said he was off about that fence, an' asked the good Lord to forgive him for the scrap, too,—which I doubt if He did,—an' said that neighbors should dwell together in peace, an' all that kind of stuff."

The Court again admonished the witness to state only what was said and done, and to keep her opinions to herself.

"Yes, sir: as I was saying, the old hypocrite—there he sets now—said he was sorry too, and he won't dispute a sayin' it neither, an' then he asked Jack an' me down to th' camp meetin', an' took on as if the Kingdom had come. Then he went, an' th' next Sunday Jack riz up for prayers, an' before I knowed what was on, ole Elder Berry an' that there man, Deacon Snoddy, was a hustlin' Jack for'ard to the mourners' bench, both on 'em a shoutin' glory an' amen at every jump; an' afore the meetin' broke Jack was a singin' '*While the Lamp Holds Out to Burn*,' an' everybody was so happy that I could n't keep th' tears back."

Here the witness, overcome by the memories which her narrative recalled, fell to weeping, and there was an opportunity for Idleman to collect his thoughts, and renew the unfortunate cross-examination. The prosecuting witness leaned over and whispered in his ear, to which the County Attorney made a responsive nod.

"Mrs. Thompson," he said sternly, "do you mean for these gentlemen here—the jury—to understand that at the time of this larceny—that at or just before this horse was took—there was no bad blood betwixt the families of the

prosecuting witness and your said husband?"

"No, sir; no, siree," the witness answered emphatically.

The County Attorney looked around the room with an air of victory, and proceeded deliberately to the attack, as he returned the little roll of fine-cut wrapped in tissue paper to his pocket.

"Then you admit that there was bad blood?"

"I do."

"Will you be kind enough, Mrs. Thompson, to state wherein and whereof that bad blood consisted of?"

"Yes, sir, if you wants me to, an' it has any bearin' on th' case."

The prosecuting witness pulled nervously at the shiny coat-sleeve of the County Attorney, but as he had repeatedly done so before only to suggest irrelevant questions, Idleman paid no attention to him.

"Madam, since we have started in, we might as well go on; but I want the jury not to lose sight of the fact that we air a tryin' your said husband for larceny of a bay mare, and not the prosecutin' witness for bein' a Christian. You may proceed,—state fully."

Idleman emphasized the last two words

"Well, one night, as we was about to get into our wagon to come home from th' revival, Mr. Snoddy says to my husband, says he, 'Brother Thompson, supposin' Mrs. Snoddy gets up in front on th' big spring seat with you,—she's a gettin' old, and crippled up like with rheumatiz,—an' I'll ride behind with Sister Thompson,—a meanin' me. We had n't more'n got started till Mr. Snoddy said, says he, 'Your seat, Sister Thompson, would be a mighty sight comfortabler if you had a back to it.' An' then I felt his arm a pressin' close agin my back. I edged away, an' he edged closer; every time th' wheel struck a rut he slid up, an' did n't slide back neither when th' rut come his side. Then—"

"I object as incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial," shouted the County Attorney, aroused by the titter that went around the room. "This has nothin' to do with the bad blood asked for, and is not responsive to my question."

The Judge removed his corn-cob pipe from his mouth, and wearily stretching his long legs on the corner of the bench, announced:—

"Mr. Idleman, you asked the witness to 'state fully.' I don't think after doin' that you ought to be allowed to object to her manner of doing it. What the witness is about to state may or may not be material; no one can tell till she's stated. So I'll overrule the State's objection, Mr. County Attorney, and give you an exception, and you can move to strike out after the witness shall have done."

"Very well," said Idleman, obsequiously bowing to his Honor, and motioning to Mrs. Thompson to proceed.

"Then, he put his right arm tighter than I thought was becomin', an' him a deacon, an' I was so provoked I did n't know what to do. I did n't want to make no scene with his poor invalid wife, an' her a good Christian woman as I thought then. So I jest pinched his hand as hard as I could, but he only hugged me harder. It took all th' Christian grace I had to keep from yellin', an' he was afeared too, for when I was goin' to say somethin', he'd clap his hand over my mouth. An' we kept on that a-way till we got to their bars, an' they got out, an' th' ol' hypocrite thanked my husband perfusely. I was afeared to say anythin' to Jack, with his quick temper,—so I jest made up my mind I'd put on my bonnet next mornin' an' go over to Mrs. Snoddy's—which I did,—an' tell her jest how worldly her pretendin' husband was. After I'd set awhile an' we had went over th' list to be baptized th' next Sunday at the ford,—an' she had asked me



to stay to dinner,—I up an' tole her jest why I could n't, as a Christian woman, accept her kind invite. She got boilin' mad, an' 'lowed if I had n't pinched Ezekiel's arm he never would 'a' hugged me, an' that it was all my fault. The pretendin' ol' thing said Ezekiel had never hugged her a-comin' home since they were married, but she 'lowed that he might if she 'd pinched him for a signal. She jest kept right on a tryin' to put the blame on to me, till I left in a dudin' an' we hain't spoke since. Then as I was a-comin' home, who should I see a-cuttin' cross th' corn-field but that there sannie old hypocrite, an' him a deacon, too. When he gets up close enough he says, says he,—all a-beamin' too,—' Sister Thompson,—'

"I says, says I, 'Don't sister me, you old pretender.'

"He says, 'What's up now?'

"I says, says I, 'I've been down an' told your wife on you; that's what's up.'

"'Told her what?' says he, a-pretendin' ignorance.

"'You know well enough,' says I.

"Then he says, says he,—him a-gettin' closer up, an' reachin' for my hand,—'Sister—or Mrs. Thompson—'

"'Stand back,' says I, indignant."

Here the prosecuting witness moved restlessly, and whispered in the receptive ear of counsel for the prosecution, and that functionary perceiving a dangerous crisis was imminent, proceeded to object and to "strike out," getting into an animated discussion with the Court over the relevancy of the testimony. Counsel for the defense shrewdly realizing that with the Court on his side the matter would be presented with sufficiently convincing potency, said nothing. The Court, after overruling the objections and motions, and allowing exceptions to the State, again admonished the witness to state only facts.

A number of the open-mouthed bystanders whispered together,—the consensus of opinions being that Judge Gilman was too learned in the law to permit the forceful Idleman successfully to pull the wool over his eyes. Parsons simply winked at his co-counsel.

The witness resumed.

"Well, as I was sayin', that old pretendin' hypocrite there"—

"The witness will not express opinions, but state facts. Don't call any names, Mrs. Thompson," cautioned the Court.

"No, sir, I won't, but I could though. Well, after that old pretender, an' him a deacon too, got up a close enough to shake hands, he went on to say as how I knowed th' seat had no back to it an' that he jest did n't mean nothin' but to keep me from a-fallin' out back'ards. An' then—th' cheek of him!—he 'lowed if I had n't pinched him,—as if I did before he did nothin'. You see, he was jest everlastin'ly bound to put it on to me, jest as that old huzzy, his wife, done. Then he says, says he: 'Sister—or Mrs. Thompson, 't ain't no use in neighbors havin' words or hard feelin's agin one another; suppose we try to compromise it?' says he.

"'How can we,' says I, 'as honest Christians compromise with Satan?'

"'Well, of course,' says he, 'we can't do that if huggin' is a sin, but—' says he, a raisin' his hand to threaten—'I'll tell you what's what, if you ever tells your husband, or any one else about that ride, I'll be dod-durned if I don't tell the State's Attorney your husband belongs to the Jones gang of horse-thieves.' Them air his exact words. Well, then I got so mad at the old cowardly pretender that I jest rode off an' left him a-callin' fer me to come back an' make up. Do you think I went back? Not much."

"Why did n't you tell your husband about his threat?" propounded the persistent prosecutor, with an expansive

feeling of self-admiration visible in his countenance.

"Why did n't I? Well, because I knowed what old Snoddy said was a libel. He knowed all th' time he was a talkin' that Jack was no bigger a horse thief than his own self, an' him a deacon. An' I knowed if I told Jack that there would be a world of trouble; so I just considered it my Christian duty to lay low; an' so I jest kept mum, an' said nothin' till now,—an' I reckon I would n't now if you, Mr. Idleman, had n't started in on it."

The round of half suppressed laughter that greeted this last statement stung the usually obtuse Idleman to the quick. Seeking to recover his composure, he nervously fumbled the court files, and made a side remark to the prosecuting witness, for the benefit of the jury, to the effect that he guessed an intelligent jury would know how much of her testimony to believe, seeing that she was an interested witness.

At last the witness was dismissed. Old Parsons's eyes twinkled, and he stroked his mustache and goatee, and ran his hand through his thin gray hair with an air of extreme satisfaction at the result of his adversary's cross-examination. Thompson's case too, had evidently been strengthened in the minds of the bystanders.

Then numerous motions were made, and special instructions were asked, all presumably aimed at getting before the jury the real points at issue. The Court then with greater verbosity than perspicuity instructed the jury as to the law, laying particular stress on the intention of the defendant, and also on the presumption which arises when recently stolen property is found in the possession of another.

The respective counsel then harangued the jury in the customary voluble and vociferous manner. Idleman and Parsons were both in their shirt sleeves, the latter *sans* vest and *sans* collar.

At length the jury retired to consider solemnly of its verdict. Soon a loud and prolonged rapping on the door of the jury room imported a probable agreement. Then the twelve good men and true slowly filed in, the old bailiff bringing up the rear. No one could guess the result from their sphinx-like countenances. The clerk received the verdict from the foreman, and proceeded to read it in a deliberate tone. When he reached the closing words, he hesitated as if astonished, glanced at the County Attorney, and said, "NOT GUILTY."

### III.

#### THE CONVICTION.

IT WAS dusk.

A mule team stood lazily before the "Red Front" saloon. A wagon cover was loosely thrown over some sacks of meal in the wagon behind the seat. Before long Thompson came out, a long-necked bottle projecting from one of the pockets of his sack coat, climbed to a seat beside the waiting woman, placed a six-shooter between them, and sullenly commanded her to drive on.

On their way home Thompson told his wife that some one said it was her testimony, and her manner of giving it that won the case.

"Did n't I tell you what Judge Carson said about a jury havin' ten honest men on it? I jest prayed hard to convert th' other two," she observed.

"But how did you come to give 'em that round up on th' Deacon, Sal?"

"Well, I jest got kinder desp'rate when I see what a poor cut you made of it. Our lawyer said to jest keep cool; that he'd let me off easy on th' direct, 'cause he knowed th' county attorney would give me a chance to get in my work on th' cross. An' it seems I did."

"Sal, did th' ol' Deacon hug you, as you let on like?"

"Of course he did. Was n't I on

oath? Does you reck'n I'd swear to a lie to save you, or any one else, Jack Thompson? No, siree! You know I would n't."

"I'm mighty glad he did hug you, fur it saved me dead sure from goin' up to Lansing. But I'm blamed if I sees how you come to give it up on the stand in th' pow'ful way you did, Sal."

"It jest popped into my head when I see Idleman was tryin' to make out you stole th' mare, to get even with th' ol' Deacon, or else to make it seem unlikely that you'd do your borryin' of him. It did go hard to tell it right out before all them men; but I done it, 'cause you was my husband, an' 'cause I did n't want th' neighbor children to throw it up to Bobbie that his pap was in th' pen for horse-stealin'. I could n't stand that."

"Well, ol' girl, you've broke th' record as a winner. If I had n't got full, an' that fool Hank Blackman had 'a' showed up as he agreed fair he would do, th' Deacon's mare would 'a' passed along, layin' by daytimes in th' brush, an' travelin' nights, till she'd 'a' been over th' line in Clay County long ago. 'T ain't but fair, Sal, I oughter tell you now, a-secin' as how you played white by me an' saved me by your tall swearin'. I reck'n I'm th' fust horse thief as ever got off in Eastern Kansas."

"Thompson, does you mean to own up to me that you did steal th' Deacon's mare?"

"That 's what, Sal. You see, I agreed to do it that night, an' Bobbie's a-gettin' sick gave me an excuse to you fur to slide. An' that's th' everlastin' truth, too."

"An' you belong to th' Jones gang?"

"Yep; that 's 'bout th' size of it."

"An' you'd have me swear to a lie to keep you from th' law?"

"In course I would; an' you'd do it too,—if not for me, you'd do it fur little Bob."

Thompson here took the bottle from his pocket and placed it to his lips, as he

already had done several times. His wife watched him askant. She knew that any protest from her would be received with curses, but she had grown as insensible to them as any woman compelled to drag through life tied to an ill-tempered drunkard ever grows.

"Thompson, seems as though we'd had 'nough trouble for one day. I wish you wouldn't drink no more till mornin'. Please try jest this once? I don't want Bobbie to see me a-cryin' when we get home."

"Darn you; look on your book; will you? I don't want no woman who has been a carryin' on with another man an' keepin' quiet till it is forced out o' her to be tellin' me what to do. Do you hear me?" Thompson sullenly responded with a most tantalizing expression.

There was a period of silence, during which the little woman, already overwrought by the nervous strain of the trial and now so rudely shocked by the cruel audacity of her husband, tried to swallow the lump which seemed to come persistently into her throat.

"Thompson, air you goin' to lick old Snoddy?" she ventured.

"No, you bet I ain't. He can hug you agin if he likes to fur all of me."

"Thompson,—answer me true now, —supposin' th' Deacon had 'a' went on an' done th' very worst a man could do, —an' then, supposin' I'd told it on th' stand, an' it had saved you from the pen, would n't you 'a' done nothin' to him for it?"

"I don't know as I'd 'a' made much fuss 'bout it."

"*Take that, you cowardly whelp!*" shouted a masculine voice from the rear end of the wagon.

As Thompson fell backward, his wife, turning, saw through the puff of smoke a man half concealed by some meal sacks, holding in his right hand a revolver, which he had quietly slipped from the seat as he had listened to Thompson's confession and audacious cruelty.

"Hank Blackman!" gasped the confused woman.

"Yes, the same old Hank what loved you back in Clay; he's been a hangin' 'round these parts more 'n you know, Sally, a thinkin' mebbe you'd have use fur him sometime."

"Don't tell me that you love me; you're a horse-thief an' a — O, Hank, why *did* you do it?"

"'Cause I could n't stan' it no longer to hear Thompson abuse you and refuse to fight fur you, Sally. I won't let no woman be used in no sich way, all the more you; 'sides, what he said 'bout my b'longin' to the Jones' gang's a lie. I only trained with 'em to be near you, an' that's the God's truth."

"O, Hank, you oughter 'a' waited."

"Wait? Haven't I been a waitin' patient all these years, an' seen you a droopin' an' a fadin' under bad treatment? It's done now. I may swing, but I'll know that you won't have to suffer no more from *him*."

The pale woman sat motionless and silent. At last with effort she sobbed,—

"Hank, —" but speech failed her.

Blackman caught her in his arms as she was falling from the wagon. When she had revived, he said:—

"Sally, 't ain't like you to give up so; be brave; remember that Hank's your friend, your lover, and will wait for you. I must leave you now. If the vigilance committee comes to your house tonight, jest tell 'em Thompson is already done for,— was killed by some one a shootin' from behind on your way home."

Blackman drew the frail form of the woman to him, kissed her, and disappeared in the darkness into the tall grass.

The poor woman quietly placed her shawl over her dead husband's face, picked up the reins, and with eyes staringly fixed upon the mules, drove on.

The neighbors gave it out that although Jack Thompson was undoubtedly "slick," he could not and did not elude the vigilance of the "committee," whose unerring judgment could always be safely trusted to supplement a doubtful verdict; and so the credit of his passing was with many a sly and knowing wink appropriated by others.

*W. C. Campbell.*

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### THE GUERDON OF SONG.

'T is not for wealth I sing my simple lays,  
Or fame, or lore, or for the critic's praise;  
But for the joy of feeling and of living  
All that I say, and for the joy of giving.

He who can feel that by his life he feeds  
A hungry world, and fills another's needs,  
E'en through his songs may be but idle things,  
Has known the joy for which the poet sings.

*Clarence Hawkes.*



# THE PANGLIMA MUDA.

A ROMANCE OF MALAYA.

BY ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN.

## IX.

THE next morning Beach and the Doctor were transferred to a small, well furnished bungalow on the edge of the jungle, some two hundred yards from the Istana. All of their arms, even to their pocket-knives, were taken, after which they were allowed to roam at will, always accompanied by an armed attendant. The Doctor took advantage of every minute to acquaint himself with the little plantation, to mark the site of the bourgainvillier that hid the entrance to the jungle, and to devise a plan of operations, in case an opportunity occurred for their escape. Day after day, during the Panglima's absence, he botanized, and collected beetles, spiders, and ants, seemingly oblivious of his surroundings.

Beach chafed at his companion's attitude, and grew moodier as the days went by without bringing any hope of release. The Doctor only smiled at his sulky comments, and as soon as the heat of the day was spent, would take his hand-net and sally gayly forth, to chase a great Atlas moth or a brilliantly hued butterfly. The guard soon grew tired of trying to follow his zig-zag wanderings, and would squat and watch his charge from afar, oft times falling asleep

in the shade for a few minutes, to awake with a start, only to find him returning triumphantly with some rare leaf insect.

During one of these temporary lapses, the Doctor explored the mouth of the jungle path, and during another, he was approached by Wahpering, who whispered:—

"The Panglima come back one week. A friend hide boat up river for Tuans. When Panglima come back and ask Tuans dinner, kill him and run. Boat ready."

Beach had won his guard's confidence as much by his listlessness and indifference as the Doctor had by his activity. He, too, had examined the jungle path to no great purpose, and once he had been so near the window of the fair prisoner's room as to detect a white face pressed against its bars. He took from his pocket her little handkerchief and waved it encouragingly. An answering flutter repaid him for the danger, and made his heart beat faster and his lips close with a firmer determination.

When they discussed Wahpering's plan of escape, Beach was eager to adopt it, even to strike down the Chief himself, but the Doctor shook his head.

"It is all right, Commissioner, as far as it goes, but it strikes me as lacking in details,—*par exemple*, who is to take charge of the fifty Malay soldiers and workmen that are scattered about the grounds, and where does the guard come in? I am fearful that we should be a unknown quantity before the close of the engagement, and that the World's

Fair would be without an exhibit from Malaya. No, we must give it more detail."

"I thought you were once in favor of storming an entire Malay fort single-handed," answered Beach doggedly.

"I was young and hot-headed then, my boy. I have arrived at the years of discretion since. But there, I must see Wahpering again, and tell him to amplify, seeing you have no wit. In the meantime, why not have a friendly game of poker?"

Beach turned angrily on his heel, and strode out of the room.

One evening just at dusk, Wahpering brought a bit of paper concealed in the folds of his sarong. The Doctor opened it and read :—

Omar has returned, bringing as prisoners my brother and Mr. McIlvaine of the Jelebu Company. He threatens to kill them both unless I marry him. Is there no way of escape? Do you think he would dare kill my brother? What shall I do?

GLADYS.

He tore the note in a hundred pieces, and commenced to pace rapidly up and down the floor.

"That settles it. The brute! Kill them?—of course he would, like dogs."

Beach sat silently with his head between his hands.

"Do you hear, Beach? We have got to storm that darned old castle, stab the Panglima, and carry off the girl. When we release the prisoners there will be five of us. Are you ready?"

"Hardly," answered the younger man, looking up. "It now strikes me that your plan is somewhat lacking in details, also that you are talking rather loud. We have no weapons, and are prisoners in our own house. I am thinking that if we wait for an hour our captor may invite us to dinner, as usual; then I thought, perhaps, that it would be a good plan to knock his head rather strong with a wine bottle, gag and bind him, set fire to the bungalow, and while

the guards and that sweet little Maida are screaming for help, and Wahpering is shouting that the Panglima is being roasted, we might escape in the general confusion. In the meantime, as you are fond of saying, it would be a good idea to notify Wahpering of our plans, and have him see that the promised boat is O. K."

"Look here, Beach," almost shouted the Doctor, grasping his hand. "It's wrong to spring that all on a fellow at once. Take the lead. I go back to the ranks!"

Beach smiled patronizingly.

"O, you're all right, Doctor, but you lack practicability. You let your fresh young blood get the better of your maturer judgment. Wonder you have n't been scalped long ago."

"O you go to!" muttered the Doctor, bristling up. "Who do you suppose this McIlvaine is? A lover?"

"More than likely," answered Beach dryly, as he went out to seek Wahpering.

"Humph! Strikes me that everybody around here is either in love or crazy. If this ever gets in the papers they will have me, Jonas Poultney, on my knees before one of these brown-eyed women that I see flitting about after dark. I wash my hands of the whole love-sick lot."

When the Panglima returned he went directly to Gladys's room and entered without knocking.

The girl did not arise from the divan, only glanced up coldly at the intruder. He came rapidly forward, and drew up a stool at her feet and looked into her face.

"Gladys," he said hurriedly, as though he feared to be interrupted, "you know how I love you. I have gone over and over with my story until you are tired of it. I know it is useless to repeat. There are some things, however, that you do not know, and which I hoped you would never know, but you force

me to tell them. You do not know that this war was instigated by me on your account. You do not know that indirectly you are responsible for all the deaths that take place during it. You do not know that it will continue just so long as you refuse to be my wife. You do not know that Pekan is in danger, that all the white women in the state have fled to Singapore for safety, that the Sultan is on my side, and that the Governor has refused to take active measures to put down the uprising. You have it in your power to stop the war, to save numberless lives and

thousands of dollars worth of property. Will you?"

Gladys did not answer, feeling instinctively that she had not heard the worst.

The Panglima strove to take her hand.

She drew it away angrily.

The Chief sprang to his feet and struck a Japanese table loaded with costly bric-a-brac with his clenched fist.

The girl drew back with a look of disgust.

"Do you refuse to marry me? Do you make yourself responsible for all this loss of life and treasure?"

She did not answer.

Suddenly he paused in front of her, and looking into her face, hissed,—

"And for your brother's life?"

The girl sprang to her feet and grasped his arm convulsively.

"My brother! What! have you my brother in your power too? Answer me! Is this why you took us from England?" Then she broke weakly down, and buried her head in the cushions of the divan.

The Chief waited until the passion of her sobbing had spent itself, and then said:—

"Yes, your brother is here. I found him with our friend, McIlvaine, just entering the Samantan. He had left Temerloh in the morning. As they were in search of you, I took the liberty of bringing them direct."

"Dear Tom," she sobbed. "I knew he would not leave me. Can I see him?" she sued pleadingly, her pride completely broken.

"Yes," he answered, smiling exultantly, "when I can present you as my promised wife."

"No! Let him go. I will not see him!"

The Chief saw the look that filled the girl's beautiful

face at the mention of his suit, and turned his head to escape it.

"Gladys," he said softly, kneeling by her side, "if by marrying me you could save your brother from a great peril, would you say yes?—If it were the only way you could save his life?—answer me."

Gladys raised herself slowly, and pushing back the hair that had fallen about her face stared at him wildly, hardly seeming to grasp the full meaning of his threat.

He repeated, "If it were the only means of saving his life?"

"What!" she gasped, "do you mean that you would murder him?"

"I mean that you must make your choice. I will leave you to decide," and bowing low he pressed her limp hand to his lips, and left.

As the horror of her situation dawned upon her, her frantic weeping gave place to the one thought that in some way she must see her fellow prisoners, that they might help her.

She strained her eyes, peering into the dusk through the bars, in the direction of their bungalow.

"They will dine with Omar tonight," she thought, "then I may have a chance."

A Malay outside seemed attracted by her face, and came near. She had become used to the curiosity of the natives, and had learned not to notice it. Suddenly her attention was arrested by a low hiss. It was twice repeated. She listened. It seemed to come from under the bungalow.

Raising the rug on which she was seated, she looked down through the open squares of the bamboo flooring, and detected the outlines of a dark figure directly beneath.

"Mem," came so softly from the darkness, that she had to place her ear to the floor. "You want to send chit to Tuans? I, Tuans' servant—Wahpering."

"Whether he is or not," she thought,

"it can do no harm," and writing a few hurried lines on a bit of paper she wrapped it around a weight and dropped it into the native's outstretched hands.

It did not occur to her to question how any one that was friendly could have passed the guards in early twilight, she only felt that she was doing right.

Exactly at seven o'clock, as Beach had predicted, a note bearing the Pahang coat of arms was handed to the Doctor. He looked it over critically, and muttered:—

"An invitation to dine is as good as an order. The King wishes to be amused, and we are the court jesters. *Kasi, Tabek, Tunku!*" he said to the messenger. "That is to say in choice Malay, 'We accept.' I think we have no previous engagement. Hey, Beach!"

As Beach was pulling off his boots preparatory to going to bed after the dinner, despairing of finding an opportunity to carry out his plans of escape, or of aiding their fellow prisoners, he heard a gentle tap on the elastic floor beneath his feet, and a hardly audible "Tuan."

He recognized Wahpering's voice and bent his head to listen.

"Come quick, '*lekas*,' with Tuan Doctor out window. Here, *tali*," and he pushed up through the latticework the end of a coil of gamooty rope.

In a moment Beach had made it fast to the bar of the window and dropped it out into the darkness. He felt someone grasp it, and almost at the same time a black head appeared even with the opening.

"Here, knives."

The Doctor took one and Beach the other, and set to work on the wooden bars.

"Hold on," ejaculated the Doctor as he threw his leg over the sill to descend.

"You go ahead, Beach. I can't leave behind that new specimen of moth.—belongs to the *pterophorus* family. No



reason that it should not have the name of its finder, Poultanii,—”

“Out with you!” And Beach crowded the old man through the narrow opening in spite of all his angry efforts to resist.

As they touched the ground Wahpering placed in the hands of each a kris, and whispered as he nodded toward a log-like object that lay at their feet, “Soldier die. Guns in boat. Come.”

At the foot of the great tree they found a rope ladder hanging from above. Wahpering motioned them to ascend while he held it from swinging. Reaching the platform of the veranda by dropping from the overhanging limbs, they waited again, while the old headman crawled off toward the light that streamed from Gladys’s room.

They could hear distinctly the tones



“THE DARKNESS ABOUT THE BURNING BUNGALOW WAS FULL OF FLYING FORMS.”

And without waiting for their questions, he dropped on his hands and knees and commenced to crawl rapidly toward the lights of the big bungalow.

As they neared the tendril roots of the banyan tree he motioned them to lie flat and wait; then raising himself, he darted within the shadow of the veranda.

In ten minutes he returned as rapidly and silently as he left.

“Come, my brother on guard. Other guard die.”

of the Panglima’s voice—sometimes calm and low, at others, high and impassioned, and the girl’s broken sobs and replies.

“This is hell,” whispered the Doctor, “to have to stand and listen to that villain browbeat that helpless girl.”

Beach ground his teeth, and peered impatiently out into the night.

“Here he comes,” he replied, as Wahpering loomed into sight. “It’s our innings now!”

Inch by inch, flat on their faces, they worked along the platform, stopping at every sound, listening for every bark of the hounds or call of the guards as they made their distant rounds, until they gained a position outside the low window where they could see and hear everything that took place within.

For the moment the glare blinded them, and they only half realized the significance of the scene before them.

The Panglima stood over the cowering girl, his face almost ashy under its flush of vivid red. The scar on his forehead stood out like a blot of blood over his eye. The diamonds in the handle of his kris and the diamonds on his hands flashed like sparks of fire in the dilated eyes of the watchers.

Standing against the wall with their feet bound, and guarded on either side by Malays with drawn krisses, were the girl's brother and McIlvaine. The reflection of the Persian hanging lamp fell full upon them.

One was tall and fair, with broad shoulders and well developed muscles. His handsome, open face, which told of his kinship to the girl, was filled with a quiet subdued determination. His attitude, as he leaned against the frail partition, was easy, almost careless. The other came just up to his shoulder; his head was stretched forward, and his dark, expressive eyes were filled with a fire of love that his watchers could not mistake. He had bitten his lip until a drop of blood shone against the whiteness of his skin. The veins of his neck and forehead seemed to swell out like whipcords and the fingers of his hands worked nervously against the sides of his shooting jacket.

Beach felt a soft touch on his arm and turned his eyes reluctantly from their faces.

Wahpering placed his lips close to his ear and said: "Stay. No move. I come. Go see my brother ready to kill guard in house. No move. Promise?"

Beach nodded hurriedly. He was listening to the words that came to him from within.

"O, my God! My God, what shall I do? Tom, help me to say yes." She looked beseechingly toward the fair-haired man.

"Tell me to say yes, Tom, my brother. Tell me to say yes. I am so weak and selfish. O, I hate him so. I cannot, I cannot, but I must. He will kill you if I do not marry him. O, let me die!"

Frantic with grief she threw herself on the floor, and dragging herself on her knees before the Chief clasped her arms about his legs and kissed his feet.

"O, Omar, I pray you. I beseech you. Let my brother go. Say you will not kill him. If you love me, have pity on me. I will pray for you always. I will be your slave. What have I done —"

"Gladys," spoke her brother, "get up. You forget that you are at the feet of a nigger. Tell you to say yes, and become the wife of a black outlaw to save my life! Never! Let him kill me if he dare. He is a bravo and a coward. Life is not so dear to me that I would buy it with my sister's honor."

The Panglima did not move. His hand tightened on the handle of his kris.

"Dare?" he laughed, "you shall see, but not until I have had my answer. Come, girl," he went on. "Is it yes, or your brother's life?" and his eyes gleamed with hatred and murder.

Slowly he raised his arm. The light fell upon the blue-black blade of the kris. He drew close up to the man until the knife's keen point touched his neck.

The girl watched his passion-distorted face with a strange, bewildered fascination. She could not speak. A weird hypnotic influence stole over her. Beach felt it and rubbed his eyes. The tragedy before him did not seem real. It was like some powerful play.



"THE TWO MEN SWAYED BACK AND FORTH."

The Panglima pressed the point of the kris into the yielding flesh, and a tiny rivulet of blood ran down the victim's bared throat.

With a cry of fright the girl threw herself at the Malay's feet.

"Omar, Omar, I will. O, I—"

"Will—not!" came in low, distinct tones.

"Omar, do not listen. I will—"

"I tell you he dare not strike. He knows the power of the British arm?"

The Doctor, in his absorption, had worked close up under the window, and lay partially in the light, with his hands on the wooden bars.

"Dare not, again!" hissed the Chief. "I am not through with you yet, or I would strike you down like a dog."

"If you are in the habit of murdering British subjects, possibly you have no further use for me," sneered McIlvaine, his lips twitching with suppressed emotion. "I say you are a sneak, a coward, and a renegade,— lashing yourself into a fury to frighten a half-crazed girl and amuse two bound men. I challenge you to strike!"

The Panglima trembled.

"Ha! Ha! the braggart. Must I spit in his face!"

With a yell of fury the Chief sprang forward. His kris flashed in the lamp light, the jewels in its handle sent out a momentary circle of light, the double-edged blade sank into the heart of the intrepid man, and he fell without a groan.

In his excitement the Doctor forgot his caution, and wrenched at the bars of the window with a strength born of the scene before him, and as the murderer leaned forward to draw the kris from the dying man, one of the bars and then another dropped off into his hands.

Even in his mad haste he noticed that they had been cut nearly through with a small knife, and that a cloth had been wound cunningly about the notches.

The fearless old man had his hand on the Chief's throat, and had thrown him on his back almost before Beach realized that his way was free into the room.

"O, you black scoundrel! You liar, you murderer, you Apache!" thundered the Doctor, his rage almost drowning his voice. "So you thought you were master out here in the jungle, did you?" And the relentless hand closed tighter and tighter on the Panglima's throat.

The two guards, who, for the moment had stood motionless with amazement, sprang with a yell to the rescue of their Chief.

As the foremost raised his hand to strike, Wahpering glided from behind the silken hanging of the doorway and drove his kris beneath the man's up-lifted arm. At the same instant Beach bounded through the window across the room, and struck the remaining guard full in the face with his powerful fist.

Wahpering snatched his bloody knife from the body of his victim, and raised it a second time with a look of cruel satisfaction on his scarred and withered face.

"No more rattan Wahpering. Allah is good!"

The Panglima saw the look on the headman's distorted features, and heard his words. He knew that he had nothing to expect but death, and for the first time he struggled to release the Doctor's grip on his throat.

Wahpering waited calmly until he had exhausted himself, taking a grim delight in the fruitless battle.

"Hold quiet there, my black beauty!" ejaculated the Doctor, oblivious to all else save the writhings of the prostrate man.

"Keep quiet, now. Anyone would think you saw your ghost," and the Doctor smiled as he glanced in the direction of Beach, who was kneeling by the side of the fainting girl.

"Don't let such little gallantries worry you."

The Chief lay perfectly still, watching Wahpering through half-closed lids.

Suddenly, like a flash, the kris descended. The Panglima was ready for the blow. The Doctor felt the muscles under him harden for an instant, then expand like a mass of rubber, and they had both changed positions by a foot.

The kris made a flesh wound in the Panglima's arm.

"Hold on there!" shouted the Doctor in amazement.

"Catch him, Beach. Hold on, I say. We want this fellow for a hostage. Ye gods, this is murder!"

Wahpering scowled, lowered the point of his weapon, and turned to the girl's brother, who had been a passive spectator of all that had taken place, and cut his bonds.

"Good, Tuan Doctor. Keep him for hostage. Bind tight,—he worse than snake. Wahpering kill another time. *Lekas*, hurry, boat ready."

"Not while I am around," growled the Doctor, as he lifted the Panglima to his shoulder. "This is no French Revolution. Come on."

Mead took the unconscious form of his sister in his arms and followed.

Kneeling beside McIlvaine, Beach placed his hand on his heart.

"Dead!" he sighed. "The fire won't hurt him," And then raising the massive table lamp above his head, he threw it with all his strength into a mass of draperies and cushions.

In an instant the room was a furnace of flames.



"THE PRAU SHOT OUT INTO THE OPEN WATERS OF  
THE SAMANTAN."

"Come on!" shouted the Doctor from the veranda. "Now is the time!"

The darkness about the burning bungalow was full of flying forms.

Wahpering's brother had directed the guard to the rear with loud shouts of "Api, Api,—fire, fire! The Panglima,—the Panglima!"

The old punghulo stood at the bottom of the ladder, and guarded the little party from any chance kris strokes.

Sometimes running, sometimes creeping, once fighting their way silently in

the darkness with their fists, they gained the jungle path just as the doomed bungalow burst out in a dozen different places, and lit up the little plantation with the brightness of day.

As they paused to get their breath and rearrange their burdens, they could see the panic-stricken natives swarming up and down the ladder of the burning house, searching for their Chief.

The great banyan tree was wrapped in a maze of flames, that wound and twisted

about its branches and roots, and lighted up its varnished leaves. The traveler's palms cast mammoth fan-like shadows on the scorched green-sward, while the brilliant color of the flamboyants and crotons seemed to vie with the flames in the intensity of their shading. Bands of monkeys, awakened by the light and heat, mingled their cries with the shrill screams of the women in the zenana close by.

Then for an instant all sounds were drowned in the deep, prolonged roar from the prison of the black lions back of the zenana.

"Looks kinder like a blamed shame, Commissioner," said the Doctor, gazing at the rapidly crumbling building.

"It's only a detail," laughed Beach, his spirits rising as the danger increased. "Forward march, and remember the fate of Lot's wife!"

## X.

THE brilliancy of the fire was soon lost as they penetrated into the jungle. The massive trees excluded all light, and only from time to time a breath of

wind brought them the heavy, smoky odors of the conflagration.

For an hour they stumbled and felt their way along the narrow path. The thorny rattans caught their clothes and tore their hands and faces.

Gladys had regained consciousness, and was sobbing softly on her brother's shoulder. The Doctor tripped heavily twice and fell, each time refusing doggedly Beach's offer to relieve him of his burden.

"Reckon I can stand it if he can," growled the old man, as he tightened his hold on the prisoner's waist.

The road became rougher, as they proceeded, and their progress slower. Wahpering paused, and took from the folds of his sarong a bit of candle and a box of matches.

"*Lekas!*" (Hurry,) he grunted laconically, and strode on in advance.

Beach grasped the Panglima, in spite of the Doctor's struggles, and followed rapidly in their footsteps.

By the aid of the flickering light they were able to cover the distance between them and the river with comparative ease.

As they reached the bank, the old headman raised his hand.

"*Nanti,*" (Wait,) and then, extinguishing the light, he dove into the black labyrinth of mangrove roots.

Suddenly Beach felt the Panglima move, and then, before he could collect himself, the chief had wrenched away one of his hands and had fastened it on the astonished man's throat.

He tried to cry out but could not utter a sound.

For a moment the pain bewildered him, and he felt a weakness relax his muscles. The Panglima was struggling silently to release his other hand. The two men swayed back and forth, and then Beach raised his foe in his powerful arms above his head, and threw him with all his strength to the ground at his feet.

At the same instant the deep baying of hounds fell upon his ears, and the dark knife-like outlines of a prau glided up close to the bank.

He groped blindly about for the Panglima, as the others crowded into the boat. The baying of the hounds became more distinct. The Doctor called his name, and he heard Gladys's frightened questions, and then, just as a flickering light became visible between the great boles of the trees, his hand fell upon the cold, upturned face of the Malay.

The nearing torches aided him to see the boat, and with a desperate lunge he dropped the senseless form into the Doctor's upraised arms.

Gladys put out her hand and he took it, and steadied himself over the bank. The pain of his lacerated throat had become intense, and he could barely mumble his thanks.

Wahpering sunk his paddle savagely in the water, and the prau sprang out into the night.

"The dog!" he muttered. "Allah is good!"

No one else spoke; the suddenness of the attack and the nearness of their pursuers kept back the questions that arose to their lips.

Only the Doctor growled inarticulately as he bent his back to the oar.

The prau was a large one, designed for eight oarsmen. It had a half deck in its stern, covered by a *cadjang* or palm-leaf roof.

Wahpering's brother sat in the stern, and used his paddle first on one side and then on the other, steering and rowing by turns.

The Doctor, Beach, and Mead, each took a paddle, and seconded the powerful strokes of the Malay with an energy that was born of their danger.

It meant death of the most horrible kind to be caught between the narrow banks of this little tributary of the Samantan.

"We must make the river before day-

light or we shall be headed off," said Mead quietly, so that his sister could not hear. "I should not wonder if a party had been sent across country to head us off as we enter the Samantan. It is their only chance unless they have another boat. Still they have no leader, and we can hope for the best."

The barking of the dogs grew fainter and fainter as the prau glided on through the darkness, under the combined efforts of the men.

It took all the Malay's marvelous skill to keep it off the roots and tree trunks that extended down into the water on either side. Once they were saved from running into the bank by a hair's breadth, and once they struck the back of a sleeping crocodile and went entirely over it.

Beach found himself placed next to Gladys Mead. Exhausted with the events of the night she had lain down on the half deck, with the boat-blanket under her head. In spite of his sufferings and the danger of missing a single stroke of his paddle, he could not resist glancing toward her from time to time.

"Are you quite comfortable, Miss Mead?" he ventured.

"Almost," she answered. "I am so glad you spoke, Mr. Beach." Beach blushed with pleasure at the sound of his name on her lips. "I have been wanting to ask you to put this wet handkerchief about your neck. I know it must pain you dreadfully,—a drop of blood fell on my hand as you got in."

Beach wrapped the small damp handkerchief about his throat as he stammered his thanks. He was silent for a moment, and then she asked timidly:—

"What became of Mr. McIlvaine's body? You carried it out of the fire, didn't you?"

Her voice quivered as she finished, and the "didn't you?" was so plaintive that Beach did not hesitate for an instant.

"Yes."

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"O, I am so thankful," she went on. "He was always so good and kind to me at the Residency,—and—then—did he not give his life to save my brother?"

While Beach was forming some reply that would turn her thoughts from the horrible scene, she continued as though talking to herself:—

"I thought Omar was about to strike my brother, when he drew the blow to himself by some taunt. O, I am glad he was not left to burn. It was so kind of you!"

Beach turned his face away, for fear that even in the darkness she would see the telltale blush on his face.

He would have given his hand at that moment if he could have truthfully assured the girl that the body of the murdered man was safe out of the flames, but as it was he inwardly resolved to stick to his meritorious lie, no matter what turned up. He strove to change the subject, and narrated their adventures from the moment they left Singapore until they arrived at Sandringham. The others listened as they talked, and it helped to make them forget their danger, and to lighten the hard labor at the paddles.

"Miss Mead," said Beach, so low that the others could not hear, "I want to return a bit of your property that I picked up under the piano the first night at Sandringham."

"What is it?" she asked curiously.

"Your handkerchief," he replied tragically.

Gladys laughed outright. "You may keep it until we are in safety; then I will ask you for it. By its presence you become my cavalier."

The young man put it back tenderly in his pocket with the mental inquiry, "Wonder if she thinks me an ass?"

Day was just breaking as they came to where the jungle became less dense, and warned them that they were approaching the mouth of the little stream. Not a sound save the regular

splash of their own paddles had broken the stillness since they had left the baying of the hounds behind.

Under the influence of the girl's bright eyes, Beach laughed at the thought of pursuit, and in his own mind rather hoped that he would have a chance to prove his right to his new dignity. His high spirits became infectious, and the three young people chatted and joked as they sped along.

Unobserved by them, Wahpering had for the past half-hour been casting quick, searching glances over his shoulder in the direction from which they came; from time to time he bent his head toward the water, as though listening for some expected sound.

The Doctor had, however, noticed his actions with momentarily increasing apprehension.

"What is it, Wahpering?" he asked at last.

"War-prau," laconically replied the Malay.

The Doctor grasped the handle of his paddle with a firmer grip, and glanced furtively down at his Winchester. They were within a hundred yards of the river. The banks of the stream were narrowing and becoming more precipitous.

Wahpering raised his hand. "Slowly! If enemy here, they fill up water."

The Doctor and Beach laid down the paddles and took up their rifles.

Suddenly, with a rapid back-motion of his paddle, Wahpering stopped the prau, and snatched his heavy *parang* from his sarong. He leaned over the

side of the boat, and struck at a great rubber vine that had been drawn across their course.

With the echo of the first blow a salvo of yells broke out from the jungle-covered shores, and a musket ball grazed the head of the old Punghulo:

The Doctor fired into the center of the smoke. A scream of pain followed this report.

"Up with the Chief, Mead!" he shouted, and the stalwart Englishman raised the Panglima from the bottom of the boat, and held him aloft between Wahpering and the shore.

The rubber tendon snapped, and the boat went ahead a few feet and struck another.

The Malays on the banks kept well hidden in the dense jungle, but from time to time a spear or a musket ball would fly past those in the stern.

Wahpering ceased his work, and shouted in his native tongue:—

"Sons of dogs, strike one person in this boat and the Panglima Muda dies. I, the Punghulo Wahpering, am speaking."

The firing ceased, and a few more blows with the heavy knife severed the last of the obstructions.

"Now, boys, all together," shouted the Doctor, bending his short, muscular body to the oar, and the prau shot out into the open waters of the Samantan.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" went on the old man, waving his paddle above his head. "If they get us again it will be after a surprising mortality on their side. Let her go!"

Rounseville Wildman.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]





## BUILDING A STATE IN APACHE LAND. III.

## WAR-TIME IN ARIZONA.



THE invasion of Sonora in the summer of 1857 by filibusters from California, generally

called the "Crabb Expedition," caused the pall of death to fall on the boundary line with Mexico. Forty-two Americans had been massacred at Caborca, and many Mexicans had been killed. The abrasion was so serious that Americans were not safe over the Mexican boundary, and Mexicans were in danger in the boundaries of the United States.

Gabilonda, who was the only Mexican officer who protested against the massacre, came very near being mobbed by Americans in Tucson, although he was perfectly innocent of any crime,—on the contrary, deserved credit for his humanity in rescuing the boy Evans. Gabilonda was subsequently tried by a Mexican

court martial organized by Pesquiera, the Governor of Sonora, and acquitted. He lived to a green old age as Collector of Mexican customs on the boundary line, and died honored and respected.

When I returned from San Francisco to the mines, in the winter of 1857, the country was paralyzed; but by the talisman of silver bars the mines were put in operation again, and miners induced to come in from Mexico. Christmas week the usual festival was given at Arivaca, and all the neighbors within a hundred miles invited.

In 1858 the business of the Territory resumed its former prosperity, and the sad events of the "Crabb Expedition" were smoothed over as far as possible. The government had subsidized an overland mail service at nearly a million a year, called the Butterfield line, with daily mails from St. Louis to San Francisco, running through Arizona. The mail service of the West has done a great deal to build up the country; and

population came flocking into the Territory with high hopes of its future prosperity.

General Heintzelman obtained a furlough, and came out to superintend the mines. Colonel Samuel Colt, of revolver fame, succeeded him as president of the company, as he had contributed about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in money and arms to its resources, with the intention of enlisting as much capital as might be required from New England. Machinery was constructed on the Atlantic seaboard, and hauled overland from the Gulf of Mexico to the mines,—1350 miles.

The Apaches had not up to this time given any trouble; but on the contrary, passed within sight of our herds, going hundreds of miles into Mexico on their forays rather than break their treaty with the Americans. They could have easily carried off our stock by killing the few vaqueros kept with them on the range, but refrained from doing so from motives well understood on the frontiers. There is an unwritten law among ranchmen as old as the treaty between Abraham and Lot.

In 1857 a company of lumbermen from Maine, under a captain named Tarbox, established a camp in the Santa Rita Mountains to whipsaw lumber at one hundred and fifty dollars per thousand feet, and were doing well, as the company bought all they could saw. They built a house and corral on the south side of the Santa Cruz River, on the road from Tucson to Tubac, called the Canoa. This wayside inn formed a very convenient stopping place for travelers on the road. One day twenty-five or thirty Mexicans rode into Tubac, and said the Apaches had made a raid on their ranches, and were carrying off some three hundred head of horses and mules over the Babquivera plain, intending to cross the Santa Cruz River between the Canoa and Tucson. The Mexicans wanted us to join them in a *cortada*, (cut off), and rescue

the animals, offering to divide them with us for our assistance; but remembering our treaty with the Apaches, and how faithfully they had kept it, we declined. They went on to the Canoa, where the lumbermen were in camp, and made the same proposition, which they accepted, as they were new in the country and needed horses and mules. The lumbermen joined the Mexicans, and as they could easily discern the course of the Apaches by the clouds of dust, succeeded in forming an ambuscade, and fired on the Apaches when they reached the river. The Apaches fled at the fire, leaving the stolen stock behind.

The Mexicans made a fair division, and the mule trade was lively with the lumbermen and the merchants in Tucson. With the proceeds of this adventure the lumbermen added many comforts and luxuries to their camp at the Canoa on the Santa Cruz, and travelers reveled in crystal and whisky.

About the next full moon after this event, we had been passing the usual quiet Sunday in Tubac, when a Mexican vaquero came galloping furiously into the plaza, crying out: "Apaches! Apaches! Apaches!" As soon as he had recovered sufficiently to talk, we learned that the Apaches had made an attack on the Canoa, and killed all the settlers.

It was late in the day; the men had nearly all gone to the mines, and we could only muster about a dozen men and horses; so we did not start until early next morning, as the Mexican said there were "*Muchos Apaches*."

When we reached the Canoa, a little after sunrise, the place looked as if it had been struck by a hurricane. The doors and windows were smashed, and the house a smoking ruin. The former inmates were lying around dead, and three of them had been thrown into the well, head foremost. We buried seven men in a row, in front of the burnt houses.

As well as could be ascertained by the tracks, there must have been fully eighty Apaches on horseback. They carried off on this raid 280 head of animals from the Canoa and the adjoining ranches.

There were some companies of the First Dragoons eating beef at Fort Buchanan. The commanding officer was notified, and sent some troops in pursuit, but the Apaches were in their strongholds long before the dragoons saddled their horses.

The pursuit of Apaches is exceedingly dangerous, as they are very skillful in forming ambuscades, and never give a fair fight in an open field. Their horsemanship is far superior to American troops, who are for the most part foreigners, and exceedingly awkward.

The second serious trouble with the Apaches was brought about by a far more foolish cause than the first, and it was much more disastrous.

In the winter of 1857 a somber colored son of Erin came along on foot to the presidio of Tubac, and solicited the rights of hospitality, food and a fire. Whether he had been run out of California by the Vigilance Committee, as many of my "guests" had been, or was escaping legitimate justice, was not in question; the imperative cravings of the stomach admit of very scant ceremony; so I took John Ward in to dinner, and provided him with all the comforts of a home.

At bed-time he asked me if he might sleep in the front room by the fire; to which I reluctantly consented, taking good care to lock and bar the door between us.

The next morning after breakfast I gave John Ward some grub, and advised him to push on to Fort Buchanan, on the Sonoita, where he could probably get some employment.

He went on to the Sonoita and took up a ranch, forming a temporary partnership with a Mexican woman, accord-

ing to the customs of the country at that time.

She had a little boy who also appeared to be partly of Celtic descent, as he had a red head, and was nick-named "Micky Free." This probably formed the only matrimonial tie between John Ward and the Mexican woman. In the course of time John Ward got a hay contract, a wagon, and a few yoke of oxen, and appeared to be thriving at Uncle Sam's expense. Fort Buchanan was garrisoned by a portion of the First Regiment of dragoons. The most of the men were Germans, and could not mount a horse without a step-ladder.

In the early part of 1858 John Ward got drunk, and beat his step-son Micky Free until he ran away to Sonora. Ward became so blind drunk that he could not find his oxen; so he went to the Fort and complained to Major Stein, the commanding officer, that the Apaches had stolen his oxen and carried off his woman's boy.

Major Stein was a very good man, and very capable of running a saw-mill in Missouri, where he came from. He listened to John Ward's tale of woe, and ordered out a detachment of the First Dragoons, under Lieutenant Bascomb, to pursue the Apaches and recover Micky Free and the oxen. Bascomb was a fine-looking young fellow, a Kentuckian, a West Pointer, and of course, a gentleman; but he was unfortunately a fool; although his uncle, Preacher Bascomb, of Lexington, was accounted a very eminent clergyman of the Presbyterian Church. This is a very different family from Bascomb of the Confederate X roads.

Lieutenant Bascomb's command pursued some Apaches, who had been raiding in Sonora, into the Whetstone Mountains, where they called a parley. The Apaches were summoned to camp *under a white flag*; and feeling perfectly innocent of having committed any crime against the Americans, fearlessly

presented themselves before Lieutenant Bascomb and his boys in blue. They positively denied having seen the boy or stolen the oxen; and they told the truth, as was well known afterwards; but the Lieutenant was not satisfied, and ordered them seized and executed.

Four Apache chiefs were seized and tied. Cochise (in the Apache dialect, Wood) managed to get hold of a knife which he had concealed, cut his bonds, and escape. He was a very brave leader, and after having wreaked a terrible vengeance for the treachery of the American troops to the Apaches, died in peace at the Indian Agency in the Chiricahua Mountains, 1874.

The war thus inaugurated by this Apache chieftain lasted fourteen years, and has scarcely any parallel in the horrors of Indian warfare. The men, women, and children, killed; the property destroyed, and the detriment to the settlement of Arizona, cannot be computed. The cost of the war against Cochise would have purchased John Ward a string of yokes of oxen reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific: and as for his woman's son, Micky Free, he afterwards became an Indian scout and interpreter, and about as infamous a scoundrel as those who generally adorn that profession. I am on very friendly terms with him and all his family, and would not write a word in derogation of his character, or of his step-father, John Ward, but to vindicate history.

The Vigilance Committee of San Francisco sent a considerable number of unsavory immigrants to Arizona, who with the refugees from Mexico, Texas, and Arkansas, rendered mule property rather insecure in the early days. Gambling has been an industrial pursuit since the first settlement of the country, and the saloon business flourishes with the prosperity of the times. Strange to say, amidst this heterogeneous population there has never been a vigilance committee.

The Company and the country (synonymous terms) continued to improve, with occasional interruptions by the Apaches, until the beginning of 1861, when the reverberations of the gun fired at Sumter were heard in the Arizona mountains. A newspaper had been started by the company at Tubac, called *The Arizonian*. Our mail came overland by Butterfield coaches, at the rate of a hundred miles a day, but at last we waited for "the mail that never came." In the spring of 1861 a coach was started out from the Rio Grande with thirteen of the bravest buckskin boys of the West, and ten or twelve thousand dollars in gold, to pay off the line and withdraw the service; but the Apaches waylaid the coach in Stein's Pass, killed all of the men, and captured the gold.

In the month of June the machinery was running smoothly at Arivaca, the mines were yielding handsomely, and two hundred and fifty employees were working for good wages, which were paid punctually every Saturday afternoon.

One day an orderly from Fort Buchanan rode up to headquarters and handed me a note from Lieutenant Chapin, enclosing copy of an order from the commanding officer of the Military Department:—

SANTA FÉ, June, 1861.

COMMANDING OFFICER, Fort Buchanan:—

On receipt of this you will abandon and destroy your Post; burn your Commissary and Quartermasters' stores, and everything between the Colorado and Rio Grande that will feed an enemy.

March out with your guns loaded, and do not permit any citizen within three miles of your lines.

(Signed.)

MAJOR GENERAL LYNDEN.

A council of the principal employees was called, and the order laid before them. The wisest said we could not hold the country after the troops abandoned it,—that the Apaches would come down upon us by the hundred, and the Mexicans would cut our throats. It was concluded to reduce the ore we had mined, which was yielding about a thousand

and dollars a day, pay off the hands, and prepare for the worst.

About a week afterwards the Apaches came down by stealth, and carried off out of the corral one hundred and forty-six horses and mules.

The Apaches are very adroit in stealing stock, and no doubt inherit the skill of many generations in theft. The corrals are generally built of adobe, with a gate or bars at the entrance. It was a customary practice for the Apaches to saw an entrance through an adobe wall with their horsehair ropes (*cabrestas*).

The corral at Arivaca was constructed of adobes, with a layer of cactus poles (*ocquitillo*) lengthwise between each layer of adobes. The Apaches tried their rope saw, but the cactus parted the rope. The bars were up, and a log chain wound around each bar and locked to the post; but they removed the bars quietly by wrapping their serapes around the chain, to prevent the noise alarming the watchman. The steam engine was running day and night, and the watchman had orders to go the rounds of the place every hour during the night; but the Apaches were so skillful and secretive in their movements that not the least intimation of their presence on the place was observed,—not even by the watchdogs, which generally have a keen scent for Indians.

At the break of day the Apaches gave a whoop, and disappeared with the entire herd before the astonished gaze of five watchmen, who were sleeping under a porch within thirty yards. A pursuit was organized as soon as possible; but the pursuers soon ran into an ambuscade prepared by the retreating Apaches, when three were killed and two wounded. The rest returned without recovering any of the stock.

This loss of stock made very lonesome times at Arivaca, as it could not be replaced in the country, and we had no animals to haul ores, fuel, or provisions; only a few riding and ambulance ani-

mals, which had to be kept in stables and fed on grain.

About the same time the Apaches made an attack on the Santa Rita Mining Hacienda, and the eastern side of the Santa Cruz River had to be abandoned.

At Tubac, the headquarters of the company, where the old Mexican cuartel furnished ample room for storage, about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of merchandise, machinery, and supplies, were stored. The Apaches, to the number of nearly a hundred, surrounded the town and compelled its evacuation. The plunder and destruction of property was complete. We had scarcely a safe place to sleep, and nothing to sleep upon but the ground.

The women and children were escorted to the old pueblo of Tucson, where the few people remaining in the Territory were concentrated; and they remained there in a miserable condition until the troops arrived from California under General James A. Carlton, United States Army, commonly called "Carlton's Column."

General Carlton, upon arriving in the Territory, issued an order declaring martial law between the Colorado and the Rio Grande. These troops garrisoned the country between the rivers, and drove out the rebel troops, who had come in from Texas under the Confederate government.

After the abandonment of the Territory by the United States troops armed Mexicans in considerable numbers crossed the boundary line, declaring that the American government was broken up, and they had come to take their country back again. Even the few Americans left in the country were not at peace among themselves,—the chances were that if you met in the road it was to draw arms, and declare whether you were for the North or the South.

The Mexicans at the mines assassi-

nated all the white men there when they were asleep, looted the place, and fled across the boundary line to Mexico. The smoke of burning wheat-fields could be seen up and down the Santa Cruz valley, where the troops were in retreat, destroying everything before and behind them. The government of the United States abandoned the first settlers of Arizona to the merciless Apaches. It was impossible to remain in the country and continue the business without animals for transportation, so there was nothing to be done but to pack our portable property on the few animals we kept in stables, and strike out across the deserts for California.

With only one companion, Professor Pumpelly, and a faithful negro and some friendly Indians for packers, we made the journey to Yuma by the fourth of July, where we first heard of the battle of Bull Run. Another journey took us across the Colorado Desert to Los Angeles, and thence we went by steamer to San Francisco, and thence via Panama to New York.

It was sad to leave the country that had cost so much money and blood in ruins, but it seemed to be inevitable. The plant of the Company at this time in machinery, material, tools, provisions, animals, wagons, etc., amounted to considerably over a million dollars, but the greatest blow was the destruction of our hopes,—not so much of making money as of making a country. Of all the lonesome sounds that I remember (and it seems ludicrous now), most distinct is the crowing of cocks on the deserted ranches. The very chickens seemed to know that they were abandoned.

We were followed all the way to Yuma by a band of Mexican robbers, as it was supposed we carried a great amount of treasure, and the fatigue of the journey by day and standing guard all night was trying on the strongest constitution in the hot summer month of June.

An account of the breaking up of

Arizona and our journey across the deserts to California has been given by Professor Pumpelly, in his book, "Across America and Asia." The subject is so repugnant that the harrowing scenes preceding the abandonment of the country are only briefly stated.

The Civil War was in full blast upon my arrival in New York, and the change of venue from Apache Land was not peaceful. The little balance to my credit from the silver mines was with William T. Coleman & Co., 88 Wall Street, and I put it up as a margin on gold at \$132 and sold for \$250.

After resting awhile in New York I went down to Washington, and found my old friend General Heintzelman in command of what was technically called "The Defenses of Washington." The capital of the nation was beleaguered!

The Civil War and its results set Arizona back about twenty years.

THE location of the Iturbide Grant had been continued in Sonora and Lower California, under direction of Captain — afterwards General — Stone, an officer of the United States Army, of engineering ability. I had first become acquainted with him when he was quartermaster at Benicia Barracks, in California, and met him the last time when he was chief of staff to the Khedive of Egypt at Grand Cairo, on the Nile.

Pesquiera, the governor of Sonora, held the state in quasi-independence of Mexico, and drove the surveying party under Stone out of Mexico by force of arms.

The funds for the location and survey of the Iturbide Grant had been furnished by French bankers in San Francisco, and obtained by them through their correspondent in Paris. A large portion of the money had been contributed by the entourage of the Second Empire under Napoleon, as the French were desirous of getting a foothold in Mexico. The expulsion of Stone's locating and sur-

veying party was considered an affront to France; as the survey and location were undertaken under a valid grant of land made by the Mexican government, and the French were not satisfied to lose the many millions of francs they had invested in the enterprise. The influence of the shareholders in the Iturbide land location finally caused the intervention of the French government.

It will be remembered that the first intervention was a joint occupation of Vera Cruz by French, English, and Spanish; but the English and Spanish soon withdrew, and left the French to pull their own chestnut out of the fire.

The time was not ripe for the French intervention in Mexico until we were in the midst of the Civil War, when Napoleon seized the opportunity to set up Maximilian of Austria as Emperor of Mexico, protected by French forces under Bazaine.

No doubt but Napoleon and the officials of the Second Empire sympathized with the government of the Confederate States, and would have given them substantial aid if they had dared; but the Russian Czar sent a fleet to New York as a warning,—and the French had had enough of the Russians on their track.

It was expressly stipulated in France, upon the founding of the Maximilian Empire, that the obligations given for funds to carry on the survey and location of the Iturbide Grant should be inscribed and recognized as a public debt of the Empire, and such will be found a matter of record and history. Many Frenchmen, no doubt, keep them as companion souvenirs to the obligations of the Panama Canal. The Grant

has never been located, and the Mexican government yet owes the heirs, in equity, the original million dollars.

The French, under Maximilian, occupied Mexico up to the American boundary line, and many Mexicans took refuge in the United States,—among them Pesquiera, the governor of Sonora. His camp was at the old Mission of Tumucacori, in the Santa Cruz Valley, and his wife is buried there.

President Juarez, of Mexico, was a refugee at El Paso del Norte during the reign of Maximilian, in destitute circumstances, when I was enabled to furnish him with a hundred thousand dollars in gold on a concession of Lower California. The circumstances were recently related for the *Examiner* of San Francisco, by Señor Romero, the Mexican minister in Washington.

During the brief existence of the Maximilian Empire in Mexico, many Americans flocked to the capital for adventures, as sympathizers with the government of the Confederate States, and consequently with the occupation of Mexico.

The late Senator Gwin of California was the acknowledged leader of the Americans, and it was rumored that he was to be created Duke of Sonora, but I never believed that the sterling old Democrat would have accepted a title of nobility.

The battle of Gettysburg sealed the fate of the Maximilian Empire, as well as the fate of the empire of the United States. The Mexican Empire and the French Empire have both passed away like dreams, but the Empire of the People grows stronger every year.

*Charles D. Poston,*

*President Arizona Historical Society.*

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## CHRONICLES OF SAN LORENZO.

## I. THE SAD EXPERIENCE OF THE WIDOW SPAFFORD.

WIDOW SPAFFORD was a lady of gentility who lived with her niece in a small, four-roomed cottage upon the outskirts of San Lorenzo. Not so very long ago—in the late Spafford's time—the house presented a trim and well-ordered appearance. The walls glistened with white paint; the shutters rivaled the Kentucky blue grass in brilliancy of tint; and the tiny lawn was scrupulously mown and watered. But since her husband's death, the widow had let "things," as she comprehensively termed her environment, go to seed.

"I hev n't the heart to fix up either the house or myself," she was often heard to say. "An' it suits me better as it is. A new coat o' paint would make me lonesome, an' as for grass, who cares whether it be green or not, when one's own heart is withered?"

A soul more divinely in touch with the sorrows of the poor never distilled its dew of sympathy and loving kindness; but the dear woman rigidly drew the line between Lazarus and Dives. The former stimulated all that was best in her; whereas the latter provoked abnormal secretions of bile. It is pertinent to add that a rich sister, who kept a buggy, and had a real "Axminster" in the parlor, was the primary cause of this atrabiliary disturbance.

At the time our story opens, both aunt and niece were sitting upon the narrow porch, enjoying the cool of the summer evening, and pleasantly occupied in discussing the weightier matters of the neighborhood, to wit:—the sudden sickness of the Presbyterian minister's wife; the price of potatoes; and the new dress that her sister, Mrs. Washington Pratt, had worn to church.

"It was made in the city," said the Widow with emphasis. "I knew it before I looked at it. Such extravagance is sinful, an' her own flesh an' blood starving."

This was a figure of speech, but the young girl accepted the statement literally.

"I'm sure," she said pleasantly, "that we should starve, both of us, if it were not for Aunt Aurelia. She gives us garden stuff, milk, wood, and—"

"Her misfits," cried the Widow, spitefully finishing the sentence. "Yes, my dear, your aunt is very kind, very kind indeed; but I can't forgive her for putting champagne on her table last Christmas. At five dollars a bottle, too! I wonder the wine did n't choke 'em. Ah me!—the world's full o' wickedness."

"Uncle Wash," suggested her niece, "sent us a bottle of imported port wine."

She might have added that the bottle of port had been immediately bestowed upon an anæmic neighbor, who had recently enriched San Lorenzo with twins as white and feeble as herself.

The Widow sniffed.

"Port is quite good enough for us, Mamie."

"I like lemonade myself," said the girl, "and plenty of ice cream with it. When I marry, Auntie, I'll have ice cream every day, and chicken salad."

"Dear child," cried the Widow, with a complete change of tone. "To think that your husband is walking the earth this blessed minute, an' we never know it. Ain't that a strange thing?"

"Maybe I'm destined for an old maid."

"God forbid! I've no kind of use for



old maids. Tiresome things, stickin' their noses into other folks affairs, an' pretendin' there ain't no men in the world good enough for 'em! No, child, you'll marry in season, when Mr. Right comes along, or I'll know the reason why. A good husband's a mighty good thing, but you never know his vally till he's gone."

Her voice quavered, and her niece hastened to change the subject.

"My!" she said. "Here's a gentleman stopping at our gate."

The Widow hastily dried her eyes and gulped down an embryotic sob. The stranger, a middle-aged man, decorously clothed in sable, approached the ladies and lifted his hat.

"Mrs. Spafford?" he asked, with a strong nasal intonation.

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Ramsbotham. The Reverend Elijah Ramsbotham."

"Mercy me," murmured the Widow, "what a mouthful of a name!"

"I'm a Baptist minister," continued he, politely ignoring the Widow's last words, "and my mission just now is to preach the gospel in San Lorenzo. A man across the way —"

"Old man Newsom," suggested Mrs. Spafford.

"Perhaps so. He is, I fear, an unregenerate sheep a heathen!—I judge from his language, which is fleshly and profane."

"Yes, he's a heathen," snapped the Widow, "but there's many a Baptist might be better for his acquaintance. I'm a Presbyterian myself, and don't take much stock in total immersion, but —"

"He directed me here," interrupted the Reverend Elijah, wisely avoiding the Charybdis of polemical controversy. "He told me you took boarders. If you have a vacant room in your residence, I —"

Mrs. Spafford smiled graciously. "There is only one room," she replied,

"and it's vacant. My terms are eighteen dollars a month. Three meals a day and the use of the parlor."

"That will meet my views exactly. May I consider the arrangement made?"

"Certainly. Mamie, show the gentleman his room."

The girl obeyed with alacrity, and the Widow sat alone upon the porch, her mobile lips smiling, and a suffused light in her fine hazel eyes. Eighteen dollars a month meant to her all the difference between poverty and affluence. She thought pleasantly of a certain hat in the window at Miss Popper's, the milliner; for Mamie's headgear showed unmistakable signs of wear and tear, and that hat, with its edging of feather, must certainly be secured the very first thing in the morning.

"I might hev asked twenty," she thought, "but I reckon eighteen dollars is about all a Baptist'll stand. He don't look like a hearty eater, but thin men's deceivin' in the matter o' meals. Where they put their victuals sometimes the dear Lord only knows!"

And thus the Reverend Elijah Ramsbotham became a member of the Spafford menage.

Brother Ramsbotham at once proceeded to organize a Baptist church in San Lorenzo, and before many months had glided by his pastoral efforts were crowned with flattering success. He had bland manners, much executive ability, and displayed incomparable tact in exhorting, entreating, and encouraging the lukewarm members of his flock. He was especially careful to compliment "the sisters" with discreet impartiality; each in turn, so that none might take offense. Moreover, he preached a very fair sermon, not too long and seasoned with homely illustration, and if he manifested a rather commonplace cleverness, his felicity of expression, coupled with a bass voice of sonorous volume, was ample compensation for lack of origi-

nality. His Sabbath school, the key-stone of the arch, was largely attended.

His bodily presence was somewhat contemptible, but he prided himself upon wearing a number eight hat. His forehead was high, and of marble whiteness,—so the sisters said,—but in the fervor of religious exaltation, a plentiful dew besprinkled it, which much marred its smooth beauty. His complexion was pale; his dark eyes, set a thought too close together; his nose, large and well formed; and his massive jaw, scrupulously shaven.

But old man Newsom—Uncle Nate, as he was familiarly called—could find nothing to admire in the new pastor. One fine morning the Widow took him a pan of hot biscuit, and lingered, as was her wont, to chat for a few minutes. The conversation drifted round to Brother Ramsbotham.

"He's a derved sight too short in the leg," said Uncle Nate, "but that don't interfere with his preachin'."

"He's a good man," sighed the Widow, "an' a scholar, too. I'm thinkin', Uncle Nate, that maybe total immersion is right an' proper, after all. The pastor was tellin' me yesterday that Greek word which we (sic) translate 'I baptize,'—I reckon, Uncle Nate, that you know the blessed book was all written in Greek?—No! well, well, you know it now,—I was sayin' that the Greek word, 'I baptize,' means total immersion an' nothing else. The pastor's a learned man—why he reads Greek as easy as A B C."

"I'm not agin the total immersion racket," said Uncle Nate. "I'll help hold the hose myself, as fur as that goes. Plenty o' hot water an' soap comes near to make a Christian out of a man. An', by Gosh, the holy man looks as if a dose o' soap suds would n't hurt him."

"Why, Uncle Nate," cried the Widow, "how you do talk, to be sure! Mr. Ramsbotham bathes once a fortnight, just as regular as I do myself."

But the fleshly mind of Uncle Nate was not to be convinced.

"I don't like the critter," he said finally, "an' that's all there is about it. An' I'd keep my eye on Mamie, if I was you. Preachers air hell—I beg pardon, marm, but the word slipped out unawheers—on young women folks."

"I'll attend to my business, Mr. Newsom, if you'll kindly attend to yours."

With this parting shot, Mrs. Spafford walked off in high dudgeon.

"Wal, wal," said the old man to himself, as he filled his pipe. "Missis Spafford is changin' fer the wuss. That comes o' consortin' with preachers. I never knowed it to fail. Mayhap she's stuck on his shape herself. She's a fine lookin' lady, is Susie Spafford, an' the holy man might travel fur before findin' sech another. But, pshaw! he's sot his black eye on the girl, or else I'm a liar."

Mr. Newsom, not caring to pursue an unpleasant train of thought, took a drink of whisky—to wash, as he expressed it, the taste of Brother Ramsbotham out of his mouth—and sat down to enjoy the morning paper. The Widow, however, much incensed, betook herself to her own kitchen, and began to stone some apricots. Being a woman, she had not the knack of banishing at will disagreeable reflections.

"An' why not?" she thought, "why not? Why should n't he take a fancy to the child, an' she to him! She's bound to go some day. Dear heart, I can't expect to keep her forever."

Her eyes slowly filled with tears. The veil that mercifully shrouds the present from the future lifted itself, and she saw, shudderingly, the empty evening of her life, with loveless old age creeping on apace, and far down the perspective of time the gaunt figure of the ruthless Reaper beckoning grimly with his terrible sickle.

"Ah no, no," she cried, "I cannot bear it."

But after this she unwittingly followed the advice of Uncle Nate, and kept her eye upon Mamie and the Pastor. Nothing occurred to arouse suspicion, however, and as time went by she laughed at the idea of a match between the pair. "He 's too old, an ' she 's too young," she thought. "Uncle Nate is a fool, an ' so am I!"

I think the Reverend Elijah had labored some five months in his new field when the Widow Spafford joined the Baptist Church. She took the plunge—literally and metaphorically—after mature deliberation and fervent prayer, and in spite of the most violent objections upon the part of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Pratt. The Pastor rejoiced exceedingly over this addition to his flock, for the Widow had quite a following of friends, and other proselytes might be expected to tread in her footsteps. (As a matter of fact Miss Popper, and her sister, Mrs. Doctor Sharwood, were added to the fold upon the following Sabbath.)

Upon the evening of this eventful day the Pastor, Mrs. Spafford, and her niece were gathered around a cheery wood fire in the parlor, and Brother Ramsbotham was holding forth with some animation. He had an amiable weakness for talking over the heads of his listeners, and upon this particular occasion was loudly lamenting the schism between Particular and General Baptists.

"Anything," he was saying, "that approaches the heresy of Arminius is intolerable to me. My views, Mrs. Spafford, as you know, lie in the opposite direction. As regards predestination and election, I lean strongly to Calvinism."

The Widow was deeply impressed by this kind of talk. Dogma and doctrine had bred no disturbing fancies in her simple brain, and of the great Dutch heresiarch and his heterodox tenets she was profoundly and happily ignorant;

but the sound of the big words tickled her ears, and she determined that Sister Aurelia, who had a weakness for polemics, should be shown a thing or two in the line of biblical exegesis that would certainly surprise her.

"Speakin' of Calvin," she said cheerfully, "reminds me of Calvin Smith. I bought a turkey of him against Christmas, but the miserable man has n't been nigh the place."

"A turkey," murmured the pastor, "is a fine bird. Properly stuffed, and well basted, he makes a dish fit for a king."

"Ah!" replied the Widow; "I always see to the stuffin' and bastin' myself. There's many a turkey spoiled in the cookin'."

"Aunt Aurelia bought a big one to-day."

"I dessay," said the Widow, tossing her comely head. "She would have the best or none, you may depend on that. Sister Aurelia would n't sleep nights if she did n't have everything in her house bigger an' better than other folks."

Brother Ramsbotham shook his head gravely. He had resented the interference of Mrs. Washington Pratt in the matter of her sister's joining the church.

"Mrs. Pratt has my prayers," he remarked unctuously.

"And mine, too," added Mamie simply. "Dear Aunt Aurelia!—how good she is to me."

Mrs. Spafford glanced at her niece. She was a just woman, and knew that for several years her rich sister had practically dressed Mamie and supplied her with pocket-money. But tonight her heart was unduly sore at certain caustic comments of Mr. Pratt, which had been repeated to her that very afternoon, with sundry additions and embellishments by that gentleman's eldest daughter.

"Yes, she's been good enough to you, child. I'll not deny it, but it cost her nothing. What has she done for me? My own sister,—who was dearer to me

than my heart's blood, till filthy lucre came between us. Why, when Mr. Spafford died, and I was left with this cottage and the clothes on my back, did she come forward and offer me a room in that big house of hers? No, indeed. Mr. Pratt sent around the undertaker with the best casket in town, but did he come himself? No, not he! I'll never forgive him for that,—never! Mr. Spafford's little finger was worth his whole body; but Mr. S. was poor, and Mr. Washington Pratt,—I beg his pardon, the Honorable Washington Pratt,—has no use for poor relations."

"But Aunt Aurelia came," interposed Mamie.

"What if she did! Was n't it her bounden duty? Are folks to be thanked for doin' their bounden duty? No, my sister Aurelia has treated me shameful,—I say shameful, an' I mean it. I've told her as much to her face many's the time, but she only laughed in that ridiculous way of hers, and said my bark was worse than my bite. As a Christian woman I may forgive an' forget, but the dear Lord will remember. He never forgets,—Mercy sakes alive! What's that?"

The door was burst unceremoniously open, and one of the young Pratts rushed hatless, breathless, into the room.

"Aunt Susie!" he gasped. "Aunt Susie! Oh, oh!"

"What ails the boy?" cried the Widow, rising from her chair. "Something dreadful has happened! Speak out, child, speak out!"

Her tones, rising with each word, and culminating in a shriek, gave the boy force to deliver his message.

"Mamma is dead," he sobbed. "She's dead!"

His aunt opened her mouth to speak, but her tongue refused its office. With her thin hand at her throat and her eyes gazing piteously at the horror-stricken group at the fire, she took a couple of steps forward, staggered, and before the

Pastor could interpose his arm, fell face downward upon the carpet.

By the terms of her sister's will the sum of four thousand dollars, the same being upon deposit at the San Lorenzo Mortgage and Savings Bank, and drawing six per cent interest, was bequeathed to Mrs. Spafford. With the legacy was the following letter:—

*My dearest Sister:*

My heart is failing, and my good sense tells me to prepare for the last journey. On my own account I am not sorry to go, but the thought of leaving you, dear, and my children is very bitter to me. You have had harsh feelings toward me, Susie, ever since Washington made his money, and I know you have thought that I might have done more to help you. Many a time my heart has bled when my hands and tongue were tied. It was not my money. I had not the handling of it, and alas, Washington and you were never friends. Farewell, dearest Susie. Think of me when I am gone as I have always thought of you, with tender love and kindness. The money will help to smooth things, and I wish it were twice as much; but twenty dollars a month will keep the wolf from the door.

Your loving sister,  
AURELIA.

The Widow read and re-read these simple lines in the solitude of her bedroom. What bitter memories they evoked, what poignant regret and unavailing tears, I leave to the imagination of the reader. And yet the death of Mrs. Pratt proved a goodly discipline to her sister, and the "touch of a vanished hand" purged her soul forever of the ignoble elements that had defiled it.

But as the days passed, and winter glided into spring, and spring melted into summer, the Widow realized, in all its emptiness, the void in her life. Mr. Pratt removed with his family to San José, Brother Ramsbotham occupied other quarters, Mamie was attending High School (at her uncle's expense) in San Francisco for a year, and her aunt, consequently, was thrown entirely upon her own resources. The poor, lonely woman sought relief in religion. With no previous training, with no sense of historical perspective, with nothing but

her own fancy to guide her, she plunged recklessly into theology, and perplexed her simple soul with abstruse metaphysical speculations upon the doctrines of original sin and everlasting punishment. In her weakness she naturally turned to the Reverend Elijah, and entreated his ghostly counsel and assistance. To the agreeable task of soothing a sister in distress, the Pastor addressed himself with consummate tact and delicacy. He tempered instruction with anecdote, and seasoned suggestion with gossip. The Widow readily assimilated ideas so dexterously interwoven with facts common to her own experience, and was never so happy and contented as in the society of her eloquent adviser. To cut a tedious story short, Brother Ramsbotham proposed marriage one fine summer's morning, and was accepted.

Uncle Nate was one of the first to hear the news, and stumped across the road to have a word with his old friend.

"So yer goin' to marry the holy man," he said curtly, sitting uneasily upon the extreme edge of his chair, "an' nothin' I kin say or do will prevent ye."

"Why should n't I marry him?" the widow asked. "I'm a lonely woman, Uncle Nate, an' he's a good man. Why should n't I marry him?"

"I see no reason agin it," said Uncle Nate wearily; "only—"

"Only what?" she asked impatiently. "If there's anything to say, say it, an' don't keep pokin' round the bush."

"Ye've not told Mamie yet?"

"No; it'll be time enough when the child returns next week. What has Mamie to do with it?"

"Jest this," said Uncle Nate nervously, "that the girl loves him. That's all."

"Loves a fiddlestick," snapped Mrs. Spafford. "You must ha' been drinkin', Uncle Nate, if you tell me to my face that Mamie, my own niece, loves the Pastor, an' I not know it. Stuff an' nonsense! What proof have you?"

"I seen the holy man a kissin' her about the time Mrs. Pratt died. Knowin' you was in terrible trouble, I up an' spoke to Mamie, an' asked her the meanin' o' sech doin's. But the child told me that she an' the Pastor had fixed it up to git married; an' she asked me not to tell you, because she says, 'Auntie is in trouble,' she says, 'an' it seems awful to be talkin' marriages an' funerals at the same time.' I thought that was good horse sense, an' agreed to hold my tongue. But now, I reckon, it's time to speak out."

"Yes," said the Widow thoughtfully, "it's time to speak out. Thank you, Uncle Nate; perhaps you'd like a glass of sweet cider before you go."

"No," said the old man; "cider's too derned cold on the stomach. Thank ye kindly, marm, all the same. I've had my say, an' I'll go home. If it's hurt you to listen, Susan Spafford, it's hurt me too, in the tellin'. Good day."

The widow sat on alone, until the fog stole up from the ocean, and the gray dusk of the summer's evening was lost in night. Once or twice she shivered, and a few tears trickled down her delicate cheeks, and dropped unnoticed upon her black alpaca dress. Presently she rose from her chair, walked to the hearth and gazed long and steadily at an enlarged photograph of her husband, Reuben Spafford, which hung upon the opposite wall above the mantel shelf, in the place of honor.

"Dear Reuben," she whispered softly "I'll not put another in your place. Not now,—or ever."

"I think," she murmured, gazing steadfastly at the familiar features of the dead, "I think I'll wait till Mamie comes home, an' in the meantime the Lord will guide me aright. We're in His hands anyway, but I'm sorry, real sorry, that I ever joined the Baptist Church."

The intelligent reader has, of course, guessed that the *beaux yeux de sa cas-*

*ette*, and not the sweet hazel orbs of the Widow, had kindled hymeneal ardors in the breast of the Reverend Elijah Ramsbotham. Preachers are presumed to rise superior to mercenary considerations, but no men, as a class, are more alive to the value of dollars and cents,—and with reason, for no men are more cruelly galled by the corrosive fetters of poverty. The sum of four thousand dollars is not prodigious, and invested at six per cent begets but a paltry income, and the fact that the Widow's mite was drawing so low a rate of interest (in a country, too, where twelve per cent is easily obtained with gilt-edged security) was a source of much disquietude to the pastor. As her promised husband he had, or ought to have, a voice in her financial matters, and he determined to broach a proposition of re-investment at the first opportunity. A wiser man, perhaps, would have waited, but the preacher was not wise.

Little did he think, as he sat by her side cooing as softly as any sucking dove, that the gentle Widow was cognizant of his love passages with her own niece; that her kindly heart was bursting with indignation and disgust; that her affection and trust had turned to gall,—but a woman's face is her armor of proof, and the Widow listened smilingly to his suggestions, and nodded acquiescence as he unfolded his argument.

"Twice twenty is forty," she said presently, "and an extry twenty dollars a month will feed a many a hungry child."

The Pastor made a wry face.

"Charity, my dear lady, begins at home. You have need of many things, lawful pleasures to which you are entitled."

"Well," she remarked after a few minutes' deliberation. "I'll leave it to you, Mr. Ramsbotham."

"Elijah," murmured the pastor.

"Yes,—Elijah,—I'll leave it to you,

Elijah. But I want the change made at once. Do you understand? at once!"

There was a note of triumph in her voice that might have puzzled a shrewd observer than the Baptist preacher. In fact, her woman's wit had conceived the propriety of hoisting the shepherd with his own petard. It would be a capital joke to use him as a tool. Of his business capacity—where his interests were at stake—she entertained no doubt. He would strain every nerve to accomplish a result which would profit him nothing. How delightful!

"Certainly," he replied with alacrity. "The sooner the better, my dear Susan, the sooner the better. Indeed, I know of a party who needs the money, and—God willing—the matter can be closed out this very day."

He took his leave shortly after, and Mrs. Spafford, as the door shut behind him, laughed softly and quietly to herself. What a sorry figure the Pastor would cut when the truth came home to him! How Miss Popper would laugh; and Mrs. Doctor Sharwood; and the ladies of the Guild. He would have to seek other pastures,—and serve him right!

But the widow overreached herself.

The Reverend Elijah was no fool, and he had foreseen certain complications contingent upon the meeting of Mamie and her aunt. Wearing a number eight hat stimulates self-confidence, and the Pastor justly reflected that a woman's brain weighs some two ounces less than that of the average man; still, women were kittle cattle, and the Widow's salad days were over. A well-oiled tongue is a mightier weapon than Excalibur, but it fails upon occasion. I will admit that up to this time actual fraud had not entered into the preacher's calculations, but at this crisis in his fortunes the fiend,—that personal Devil who is the backbone of evangelical teaching—subtly suggested that four thousand dollars in cold cash, *uncum-*

bered, was a prize worth securing. Mexico was within easy distance. Once across the border a criminal might laugh at Uncle Sam and the myrmidons of justice. He hastily reviewed his past. Revolving in the constricted orbit of a Baptist minister he had, long ago, wearied of his clerical duties. How barren, how jejune and prosaic, they seemed. How often he had cursed the irony of circumstances that had driven him to the pulpit. Had life nothing better to offer than an eternity of psalmody, here and hereafter? And the Widow, - was she not ten years older than he? Delicate, too, with a niece dependent upon her charity. Ah!—the niece! A sensuous image of Mamie as he had seen her last—young, fresh, with softly curling auburn hair, and warm, ripe lips—flitted across his mental retina. He loved the girl. True,—but not as he loved Elijah Ramsbotham. After all, there were *muchachas* in Mexico, just as pretty as Mamie, with no absurd scruples to overcome, daughters of the sunny South, with the light and languor of the tropics in their burning glances.

Thus the Reverend Elijah wrestled with Satan, and lost the fall.

The descent of Avernus was accomplished without a single slip or stumble. The Widow duly received a note, secured by mortgage. An abstract of title was furnished, and the best lawyer in San Lorenzo prepared the instrument. The notary's acknowledgment and official seal were appended; and everything, in short, was perfectly regular except the signature of the party of the first part, which Brother Ramsbotham neatly forged. The Widow gave the Pastor a check upon the bank for four thousand dollars, in accordance with the written instructions of the mortgagor, who was a church member in good standing. That same night the Reverend Elijah Ramsbotham shook the dust of San Lorenzo from his heels.

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Two days later the truth in all its horrible crudity came to light, and the Widow, prostrated at finding herself penniless, took to her bed. But the ministrations of her niece brought peace and comfort to that sorely stricken soul.

"It's a judgment," she repeated again and again; "a judgment from heaven. If I had not treated Aurelia so shameful this sorrow would not have come upon me. I can see the hand of God."

"Perhaps so," said her niece, gently.

"And you, my poor lamb; you loved this wicked man. Uncle Nate told me."

"No," cried the girl. "I thought I loved him, Aunt Susie; but in the city I found out my mistake. Let us be glad that we have escaped him. As for the money: I am young, and, thanks to you, dear, strong. Miss Popper will give me twenty dollars a month, and perhaps later on a share in the business. She told me so today. We have many friends, Auntie; their love and sympathy are our capital. Do you know, I think the Pastor must have bewitched us with his black eyes. Do you remember how black they were?"

"Not as black as his heart," said the Widow. "I can forgive him for taking the money. I never deserved to enjoy that; but he's made me a laughin' stock from one end o' the town to the other."

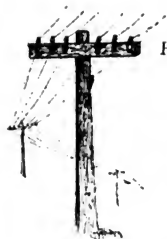
"A little laughter is a small thing," said Mamie, simply; "and I think the laugh is on our side, Aunt Susie,—we might have married the wretch."

In conclusion I should like to describe a posse of indignant citizens in hot pursuit, a thrilling capture, and the ultimate rigor of the law. But Brother Ramsbotham had laid his plans well. He escaped to Mexico, and is there still for aught I know, sunning himself in the smiles of the *muchachas*. Nevertheless Nemesis will overtake him. The mills of God grind exceeding slow, but they grind exceeding small!

Horace Annesley Vachell.

## THE OREGON CAMPAIGN OF '94

BY ONE WHO TOOK PART.



HE first of the Pacific Coast States to hold an election, and the first State in the Union to elect members of the Fifty-fourth Congress, Oregon attracts more than a passing interest to her recent campaign.

Governor Pennoyer had twice been elected as a Democrat in a confessedly Republican State. In 1882, under his leadership, one Populist elector for President had been chosen, and it was given out early in the canvass that Sylvester Pennoyer would canvass the State on the Populist ticket, as a candidate for the United States Senatorship to succeed Joseph N. Dolph, the present senior senator for Oregon. All these facts, coupled with the Governor's personal popularity, and his prestige gained by his political successes in the past, gave the situation before the battle that peculiar perspective of possibilities which imparts to politics all the fascination of a game of chance for large stakes.

The prize to be gambled for in the lottery of the ballot-box was not only the federal senatorship for six years, with all its federal patronage, but the well informed knew that there was to occur a complete change in the cast of State politics. The men who had borne honorable parts in the State government for a generation were to step aside. To their successors would fall not only all the patronage and influence attaching to the departments of State, but what was more to be prized from the standpoint of practical politics, all the appointing power of State politics for eight years to come. In Oregon, the

State officials personally control and conduct the affairs of nearly all the State institutions that in other States are managed by boards of trustees, regents and commissions. All these were involved in the new deal that was to be the result of the June election.

I shall not detail the proceedings of the nominating conventions, nor even name the tickets that were put up by the Republicans, Democrats, Populists, and Prohibitionists. Each party put a full State ticket in the field, and made a campaign upon its platform. The candidates were all clean in character, and able for their positions far above the average. As a result of modern American popular political education, as carried on by the press more and more, the best type of American manhood and womanhood is called into public life.

Of the platforms it must be said that they generally condemned the Cleveland administration, except that the Democrats damned it with faint praise. The Democrats and Populists agreed on free silver, and the calling of a constitutional convention for the enactment of the Swiss system of direct legislation. The Prohibitionists alone demanded woman suffrage; while the Republicans contented themselves with declarations for a sound currency, a protective tariff, a heavy per capita tax to restrict immigration, and a stiff declaration for retrenchment in State and county government. They did not bid for the support of any sort of malcontents, or for adherents of any other political organization.

After a spirited canvass of about six weeks, the Republicans carried the State by the largest average pluralities the



party has ever had. The legislature stands: Senate, Republicans 19, Democrats 9, (eight of these hold-overs,) Populists 2; House, Republicans 53, Democrats none, Populists 7. These are the dry facts of the election. Its net result amounts to a Republican senator for full term, two congressmen by overwhelming pluralities, and Republican control of the State government for the next eight years, at least.

Elections in American States are pretty much the same. Political parties are being forced more and more closely into contact with the people. School-house campaigns have become almost indispensable. On the other hand, the chances of employing wealth without intelligence are diminishing. The Australian ballot compels deliberate choice among all the different parties for the best men. If any party puts up an obnoxious candidate, he can be defeated without imperilling the entire ticket. Increasing the demand for detailed discussion of economic questions, and rendering uncertain the use of money in corrupting the voter, we are rising higher in the scale of politics as we are forced to conduct campaigns of education. In Marion County, the second largest in the State, and the seat of the State government, the Republican Central Committee raised a campaign fund of only \$750, and there was a large element present at the meeting who wanted only half that much. Candidates on the legislative ticket were assessed only ten dollars each. In most of the farming precincts there are no saloons. Collections are taken up at each town for the brass band. Glee Clubs sing for nothing. In this campaign, not a speaker of any party received a dollar for his speeches. What the local talent lacked in ability it made up in zeal. The speakers went about in bands, as we say in Oregon, composed of all the candidates of one party. Woe unto the man who did not "whoop it up."

I recall at one place a political neophyte, a highly educated young man, getting up and delivering a very high-toned, philosophical address. He said he would attempt to address his audience forgetful of the fact that he was a partisan, and begged of them to do likewise. It was the common good that all men wanted. The party that would promote the highest welfare, and bring the greatest good to the greatest number was the party they should endorse, and the party he wanted to act with. It was good government and not party triumphs they were after, as citizens of a common country, and more in the same vein. I noticed that he was not getting any applause, and on the whole his campaign wisdom met with a rather chilly reception. He sat down without a hand-clap or a foot-stamp.

While he was speaking, a seedy looking man with a wild shock of hair had come in and sat down. Soon there were calls for "Squire Johnson," "Squire Johnson!"

He went to the front amid great applause. He rubbed his great bony hand down over his weather-beaten face, adjusted his quid, and began by saying that he was a —, naming his political party.

"And," he went on, "in all that time I never scratched a name off my party ticket." (This was received with thunderous applause.) "When I came into this meeting and heard that young man talk, I did n't know whether I had got into a Republican meeting, or a Democratic meeting, or a Populist meeting." (Laughter.) "It reminded me of an old farmer who had an ol' sow." (Laughter.) "An' the ol' sow got lost. An' he an' his boy hunted fur that ol' sow all day an' could n't find her." (More laughter.) "An' toward night the old man called the boy to him and said: 'Hans, you go up de ribber on dis side, an' I go up de ribber on that side, fur I do believe that ol' sow has gone up on both sides.'"

At this campaign story the school-house rang with laughter, all parties joining at the expense of the young man of learning, who had essayed a philosophical disquisition in the Mugwumpian style now employed at many of the seats of learning. The people had assembled to organize a political party club, and wanted their partisan prejudices appealed to. The old hayseed who had trained long in the party harness knew what was wanted, and proceeded to supply the demand.

In eastern Oregon there are but few railroads, and the towns of any importance are from ten to fifty miles apart. But splendid driving horses are quite common, and the rauchers think nothing of driving twenty to thirty miles to attend a "speaking." The county candidates go out together, each party in a bunch. Often the legislative candidates of all the parties go on a joint, and then woe to the long-suffering people, who have to listen to four or five hours of political incoherencies. Since third and fourth parties have come into vogue, joint discussions have become more unpopular. Speakers have to have their wits about them, and be prepared to fire their guns of oratory at birds flying in several different directions. The speaker feels his way carefully in the crowd, and then employs his heaviest ammunition on the party that is mostly absent. The party present that is strongest, next to his own party, gets only a peppering of small bird shot. Parties that are hopelessly in the minority are either mercilessly ridiculed, or treated as a dead duck,—the daring pot-hunter for votes taking after the birds that are still fluttering.

The eastern Oregon campaign was largely made by the use of the native cayuse horses, many of the speakers penetrating the mountain fastnesses, and crossing the desert wastes on bare horseback, addressing in the open fields and on the mountain ranges handfuls

of sheep-herders on the great national issues of finance and tariffs, their persuasive pleadings often interrupted by the bleatings of the flocks for whose fleeces they did political battle. While the nannies and rams do not vote themselves, they do exercise a tremendous influence on the vote of Oregon, and not a man escapes the closest scrutiny of his wool platform in the sheep counties.

In many counties of Oregon sometimes one or all the parties would nominate a woman as candidate for the offices of County Superintendent of Schools, or County Recorder of Deeds. In some counties the lady candidates took an active part in the public discussions, and, as a rule, proved good politicians and vote catchers, showing great skill in avoiding unpleasant controversies, and skillfully slipping over mere partisan propositions. County Committees are free to admit the drawing power of the woman on the ticket, largely increasing the attendance of both the male and female population, and conducting not a little to the entire absence of those campaign inelegancies and bitter personalities sometimes evoked in a "stag" canvass. On one ticket a woman was candidate for the most important political office in the State, from the standpoint both of patronage and public interest,—that of State Superintendent of Schools. The last Legislature enacted that a woman might hold any educational office in the State, providing she can be elected or appointed.

It is a regrettable fact that women have in the past held few if any offices of trust in the State government, or even in the State institutions of Oregon. Woman suffrage was not an issue in the recent campaign. At one of the country school house meetings the speaker, according to Webfoot custom, invited his auditors to propound questions to him at the close of the debate, if they wished to know his opinions more fully.

A bright young woman arose, and asked how he stood on woman suffrage. He stammered out that it was not an issue, and tried to get out of answering. She insisted. The opposition jeered at his dilemma. He got out of it by saying that the law now gave women the right to vote at school elections, and they did not make much use of it, and until they made much use of the right they had, he was opposed to giving them any more.

"I am opposed to it, too," said the young woman, as she sat down amid great laughter. "I just wanted to know how you felt on the subject."

The election of a number of women to county offices has raised the important question whether a woman can, under the constitution of Oregon, hold office. Notwithstanding that the Legislature has by special enactment made her eligible to hold any school office in the State, the constitution declares that all officers shall be electors, and defines an elector as a male white citizen, etc. In eastern Oregon a male Republican has brought suit to test the right of a female Populist to hold her seat as County Superintendent of Schools, to which she was honestly, if not constitutionally, elected.

A more delicate problem is raised in a southern Oregon county, where a young lady got on the winning ticket and defeated her best fellow at the polls. Whether she is a gallant enough politician to still hold her vanquished lover in that tender regard wherein he stood before she defeated him, is not yet known. He probably hopes he still is as strong in her affections as she proved herself to be in the affections of the people on election day. If she proves a staunch partisan she will say, "To the victor belongs the spoils," and, drawing the party line on him, refuse, in spite of all pressure on his part, to appoint him her deputy. Whatever her final choice may be in this matter, the young

lady chose wisely in her political affiliations. Her father had run for office a great many times, and had always been beaten. She exercised her political independence, got the nomination on the opposite party, and beat the candidate her father helped put up against her.

While government itself may incline one to pessimism, certain it is, a campaign for votes among the people tends to make a man hopeful and accommodating. He has to school himself to take a rosy view of things, and smile pleasantly under all circumstances. With cheerful grace he must lend scores of the worst dead-beats a half-dollar, knowing full well that the caitiffs are making game of him because he is a candidate; that there is no intention of ever returning the money; and both know that the transaction, so far as being a loan is concerned, is a fraud. The candidate must eat and drink what is set before him without criticism or even making a wry face, and he generally does it if the instinct of political self-preservation is strong in him. On a tour afoot among the hills of Oregon in June, one of the young men had been drinking water at every farmhouse, declaring always that the best was the best tasting water he had yet come across, though at one place it had been standing in a barrel in the sun several days, and at another in the bottom of the tin cup wriggled something very suggestive of the hair-snake. At a country hotel the landlord had been praising a very ordinary kind of a dinner, which in many instances the ethics of the campaign require to be paid for at double the usual price. The clever aspirant said he would like to see the lady who could bake such delicious sponge cake,—at the same time helping himself to a solid wedge of it. As the host returned with the glowing queen of the kitchen, the young man had just proceeded in the mastication of a big mouthful to the point when he felt sure that he detect-

ed a long hair coiled in the doughy mass. As he arose to be introduced to the wife of a man of potent influences in that precinct, he struggled hard to down that cake, with only the probable effect of raising the rest of his dinner. It was lose his dinner or lose some votes. But presence of mind prevailed. He could have gulped down an alligator.

The Oregon campaign is now only a memory. It was to the participants a troubled dream, reaching the climax of excitement on the night of June 4th, when returns were awaited at nearly every telegraph office by anxious crowds, not the least anxious among them the speakers and candidates who had followed the party guidon from the thinly settled timber-claim precincts in the mountain ranges to the thickly peopled wards of the valley cities where floaters are gathered by the sharp managers in city politics. Our stumping tour had carried us to the utmost confines of the county, down on the rich and fertile hop fields of the French prairies, where every aspirant for office had to demonstrate his ability to dance with pretty girls till broad daylight, and make a sober political harangue to a crowd of sharp-eyed voters at ten o'clock in the morning. So went the merry round of hand-shaking with the men and women, and kissing of the babies, until we had virtually covered the county of thirty thousand people.

"We kissed American and German babies, French and Irish babies, half-breed and Indian babies,—any kind of babies to make a vote," said the Elder in the crowd, who had to make an especial effort to overcome the fight that was made on him for his religious opinions.

I shall never forget the puzzled look that came over the face of an old lady at one farm house where we stopped, and informed her that we were candidates, and that we were around shaking hands and kissing the babies.

"Well, the baby in this house is a young lady sixteen years old, and she allows no man of any party to kiss her. If any of you feel that some kissing must be done, I'll have to offer myself up on the altar of my country, if that's in the platform, as I am a good Republican, and always go the whole ticket."

It is needless to say we did not embrace the opportunity.

The final grand spectacle of the canvass took place at the county seat the Saturday night before election. There were bands and torchlight processions, and bicycle clubs of young voters from all the precincts. All the candidates were paraded once more on the steps of the Court House, while on the other portico the combined opposition party made night hideous. Old jokes and worn-out campaign yarns were made to do duty for the last time. The crowds yelled at one another from opposite sides of the Court House, while swift messengers sped through the corridors, telling the rival orators the latest remarkable assertion and bare-faced lie of the enemy, which were promptly answered, only in time for another batch of falsehoods to be delivered fresh from the lips of the other fellow. And so on, until tired nature asserted herself, and drew off the outskirts of the vast throng. The last speaker had only the kernel of the crowd, the final faithful few who had saved up their best yells to the last; and when they were dismissed the campaign was done.

By a wise provision of the Oregon law, a Sunday intervenes between the closing of the canvass and the opening of the polls. If this were not the case the pitched battle of politics would often become so hot that its final round would be fought at the opening of the polls next morning. But a soothing Sabbath's holy influences cool the excited partisan pulse-beat, and all go to the polls on Monday as calmly as though the political pot had not been seething for forty days

and nights, and as though no momentous issues were at stake on which, in our mind, had been hanging the fate of the nation.

On the Australian Ballot were 120 names, from Constable to Governor. Three-fourths of these were defeated. We will hasten home on the morning

after election day with one of the winners. His wife starts to meet him at the garden gate. Swinging his hat, he sounds the clarion note of victory.

"Hasten, my dear. Throw your arms around my neck, and kiss the next representative of Marion County." And she does it.

*E. Hofer.*

### A CHARCOAL SKETCH.



HE prairies were growing dark. The moon had not risen, and the twilight had withdrawn till in the far west it stretched along

the horizon a mere saffron glow. Off to the north lay a dense blackness. Few stars were visible. The night was sultry. It would rain before morning. So thought Rack Todd, as he rose from his milking stool, and felt the darkness press down upon him. It had come unawares, the darkness,—while he, with head bowed against old Rosie's side, had milked her in his nervous, absorbed fashion, and had not milked her well. The cows were all going dry. He knew from its weight that the pail in his hand was not half full.

"Even the dumb beasts go back on me!" he muttered, and thought bitterly of his blighted crops, his garden rank with weeds, his home bereft. Had he been told that all this was due to a lack of the vigorous labor and sound judgment which, in former years, had made his fields and herds yield swiftly and abundantly to his desire, he would have answered truly that he had never worked harder than now,—toiling in the corn-

field from early morning till long after the sun had sunk. Alas, the corn had fallen with the weeds that day, while he had been staring straight ahead, trying to think of nothing, but only succeeding in going over and over his plots for bitter retribution.

The cows were but showing the effect of many careless milkings. They did not like the touch of his hard, nervous fingers, which sometimes clutched them as though vengeance were at hand. Some kicked or walked away, rousing him from his thoughts to unreasoning anger, while Rosie had lately taken to "holding up her milk." Rack, wise in the lore of his father, hung a weighted chain across her hind quarters; all to little purpose; Rosie was firm and would not yield.

The chain rattled to the ground as she moved away. With a sudden spasm of rage, he flung the milk over her.

"Durn ye!" he roared, "A half loaf ain't better'n no bread! If I can't have all, I won't have none! Ye damned females!"

"Daddy, daddy, I wants my milk!"

"O, Lord!" groaned Rack. "Shet up! I'm gettin' your milk."

But she was not to be appeased. He had startled her from her nestling dreams by a fence-post, and covered with the

soft moisture of slumber, the night struck her chill. She commenced crying in a whining, exasperating fashion, and he saw the faint glow of her light dress approaching. She held up her little tin cup, saying over and over, "I wants my milk! Daddy, I wants my milk!" ending in a wail. Rack picked her up, and shook her.

"Shet up, I tell ye! I'm a-gettin' your milk. Stop that hollerin', now! Nobody's a-hurtin' ye. There, there! Daddy never meant to! Ye ain't skeered of Daddy, air ye? Be a good girl, now, an' he'll get your milk right off."

"I wants my milk!" she wailed.

Rack put her down despairingly, and went to another cow. There were times when that sweet, whining baby voice threatened his reason.

The child pattered along till she found a steer drowsing comfortably over his cud. She hit him sharply on the back with her little tin cup. "Det up!" she commanded, and when he rose, she cuddled down in the warm place. She was a wise young woman as far as her opportunities went, and not unlike her mother. She did not sleep again, but lay close, crooning something that was half wail, half song.

Rack found her there, and filled her cup again and again. She was very hungry. When she had finished, he put her over the fence and faced her towards the house.

"Get on Daddy's bed, and he'll on-dress ye when he comes in. Don't ye go an' be skeered. There ain't nothin' to tech ye."

It was quite dark now: he could barely follow the gleam of her dress, but her sleepy, crooning voice came back to him.

"Lord, Lord! whatever am I goin' to do!" he groaned, as he went back to his milking. A puff of air passed him. It would rain before midnight.

Soon the moon rose and battled with the angry clouds which slowly rolled

around her. Since that one premonitory puff of air they had come on apace, sending no second warning. Now they covered all the heavens, save in that low corner of the East where the moon still held her own. Of the force which drove them, naught was heard or felt. Only where the East revealed it could the slow boiling and churning of their advance be seen. All else was tense with stillness. The storm might yet be an hour,—a half-hour distant.

Rack roused himself. He did not know how long he had sat there, his head bent forward, his hands idle.

"Thar's more wind than rain in them clouds,—jest to spite me!" he said bitterly, thinking of his thirsty crops. He had been late that spring with the planting, and his corn was in poor condition to stand the summer drought. Yet though he complained, it was to him of little moment whether the corn lived or died. His interest in it was purely fictitious, assumed because of the opportunity it gave him to voice his grudge against fate. Yet in the past he had been a careful husbandman. To plant and reap, and play his small domestic part, had been the sum of his desires. To this end he had slaved and hoarded till the farm was his own. To this end his rustic wooing had prospered, and he had married "the prettiest girl on the Kaw." His satisfaction had been complete. He had not dreamed that the vanities and frailties of his kind could touch him. He hardly knew that such things were, till he suddenly found himself chief actor in a tragedy, a rôle for which he was but poorly fitted. His impulse had been that of a savage,—to strike out, to tear, to crush. But each effort, returning upon himself, numbed him with the knowledge of his own impotency, and he fell to cursing the weather, the crops, the door against which he stumbled, the God who neither heard nor cared. For the

woman who had forsaken him he had only a large contempt, that forbade her all part in his scheme for vengeance. "Sech a useless, triflin' critter" as she had proved herself to be! He did not want to see or hear of her again. But for her lover! "O Lord, give me my chance! give me my chance!" he cried.

His prayer brought him to his feet. With a curse he started backward, for *she* stood so close beside him that he had almost touched her.

The moonlight rested on her, and showed her tall and slim, yet lowly, as she bent before him.

"Get out o' this yard! Get off o' my place!" he panted.

"O Rack, I ain't got nowhere to go!"

Her voice held the same sweet, irresponsible, complaining note as did the voice of the child. For the moment it strangled him, and his hand clutched his throat.

"Don't ye try to come that game on me! Don't ye!" he threatened. "Why don't ye go back to him? Go to him—an' be damned!" Then he saw that she was sobbing. A snarl of laughter tore his lips. "He ain't got tired of ye *a'ready*, has he? He ain't found ye out in six months! Why, ye fooled *me* nigh on to six years! But I'm a dummy, a greenhorn, a hayseed! He was more your kind. He saw through ye quicker,—an' then he flung ye off. Tol' ye to go home to the ole man, an' pull some more wool over his eyes! Tol' ye to go back to your leetle girl, an' if she wa'n't dead yet fur want of a mother's care, to do your duty by her! Set her a good example!"

"Whar's your fine clo'es? Whar's your diamon's? Whar's the money he promised ye?—your sellin' price?"

The moonbeams fell pitilessly upon her, revealing all her want and woe. "You're a pretty picter! Get out o' my sight afore I kill ye!"

Yet when he realized that she was going, he sprang after her: "Whar is he?"

"He's dead." Her sobbing commenced afresh. "I ain't eat nothin' to-day, an' I've come far!" she wailed.

It was as if the woman had struck him, and he could not strike back. Ah, it was hard to be thus early cut off from every hope of the vengeance for which he had spent sleepless nights and fevered days, for which he had neglected his crops, for which the cows had gone dry! He did not want the interference of Death. How many times he had said that "killin' was too good for him!" And now he was beyond the reach even of that!

"I'm hungry, an' I've come far!"

"Ye can't get nothin' hyar! Ye want to knock my divorce in the head by comin' hyar this-a-way, forcin' me to aid and abet ye! I'm a greenhorn, but I ain't quite so green as that!"

She leaned against the fence and cried softly. She looked frail and weak. Rack stalked away. Then he whirled around. "Thar's cold potatoes an' milk in the safe. Ye can help yerself,—but if ye bring it agin me in court, I'll say ye lie!"

When he reached the house, she was close behind him. The moon gave way then, and the clouds closed over.

Rack paid no more attention to her. She hesitated a moment on the threshold while he struck a light, but seeing that he did not—would not—notice her, that she had received all the invitation she was likely to get, she went timidly to the safe and opened it. Then she forgot everything, and ate ravenously.

Rack watched her furtively. She had been a dainty eater. Somehow this rapid, indiscriminate gorging went farther than penitence toward atoning for her sin. And in the yellow lamplight, how pitiful a figure! Her dress was torn to tatters; her shoes were worn through; her hair was all disheveled; an ugly scar, already healed, branded her forehead; there were hollows in her face where once there had been curves.

Soiled lines streaked her cheeks, for she had wept many times that day. And in spite of all, she was a pretty woman. Almost was her beauty sufficient excuse for her being.

She noticed after a time that Rack was undressing the baby. How awkward, how helpless he was. The child was asleep, and lay, pink and moist, a dead weight on his lap. Its head and arms slipped and fell limply, yet how tender his touch. With a fawning motion, the wife crept to him.

"Le' me do it," she said.

"If ye've et all ye want, ye'd better be movin'. It's goin' to storm."

"O Rack, le' me tech her. I jest wan' to tech her, an' I'll go willin'."

"Naw. I don't want no foolishness. It's time fer ye to go. Ye can't stay hyar nohow."

She went meekly. That was one of her virtues — meekness.

The storm was fast approaching. Gusts of wind shook the house, and were

followed by ominous silence. Through the open door Rack saw the clouds, lurid with dun and amber, whirling forward. The air was full of an electric glow, though there had been no flash. Against that ghastly splendor her physical form towered as black and tragic as her spiritual one. The clouds surged downward to embrace, engulf her. Another step, and she would be as one with them.

He forgot aught but the perilous moment. "Come back! Come!" he shouted, springing after her. With one hand he pulled her in, and with the other closed the door, against which, in another moment, the storm hurled itself.

The wind lulled toward morning. Rack, huddled against the window, listened to the regular breathing of the child and its mother. From without came the crackling of the young, growing corn, and he knew there would be harvest, and planting, and harvest again, for the rain fell steadily, — plenteously.

*L. B. Bridgman.*

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#### ON GIVING A PAPER-WEIGHT TO A POET.

To weight thy light-winged thoughts at birth,  
 This bit of stone is given, —  
 Lest they forsake the common earth,  
 And flit away to heaven.

*Carrie Blake Morgan.*





### DREDGING ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

To trace the development of the dredging industry on the Pacific Coast, and mark its progress in the reclamation of marsh lands, the deepening of harbors and navigable rivers, and in the construction of levees and canals, are the objects of the present article. The subject is an interesting, and at the same time an instructive study; and many of the readers of the *OVERLAND*, as they may have watched the dredgers at work in the harbor of San Francisco, in the tidal canal which is in slow process of excavation between the Oakland Estuary and San Leandro Bay, or Hackett's dredger on Lake Merritt, have probably had little conception of the vast amount of soil that can be moved by the improved machines that are being employed in the present day. Nor, probably, are they aware that the Pacific Coast is in advance of the rest of the world in the development of this industry, and that in California was invented and introduced to the world by enterprising men an entirely new system of dredging.

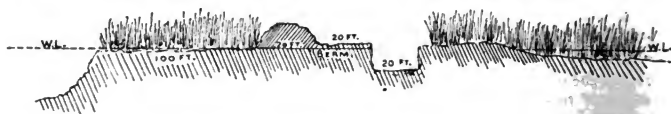
The evolution of the powerful machines in use now-a-days—which can be made to discharge from 7,000 to 10,000 cubic yards of solid material per day—from the crudest form of such labor, was gradual, but ever well-defined and never halting in its progression. The reclamation of swamp lands and erection of levees for the protection of large tracts of country subject to spasmodic inundations, gave the first impetus in California to the dredging industry, and directed attention to the mechanical art which has now reached so high a degree toward perfection in the work of controlling tides and fluvial floods, expanding the limits of navigation, and converting useless swamps and arid deserts into fertile fields and fruit-producing lands. John Chinaman was the first to attempt the construction of levees in this State. With wheelbarrow and shovel, and with indefatigable toil, he threw up around elevated spots on the margins of the Sacramento River, embankments high enough to keep out inflow during such periods as the high-water mark did not extend above the ordinary limit reached in the rainy seasons. In these small

plots of ground John raised vegetables and all kinds of garden truck in great abundance, the extraordinary fertility of the soil insuring him prodigious crops and lucrative profit. When the floods rose, however, his fragile levee was swept away, and the waters claimed their own again.

It was by Chinese labor, also, that the first levees, built for the purposes of reclamation, were constructed on the Sacramento, and around the dish-shaped islands that form the deltas of that river and the San Joaquin. The material used in the formation of those early levees was taken from inside the margin of the land, a broad ditch being thus excavated parallel with the embankment. Drain-

For that purpose they built several ponderous machines of various styles, with which millions of tons of earth have been handled, many miles of massive levees have been constructed, and thousands of acres of land have been reclaimed.

With every care and precaution, however, used in the erection of levees on those rivers — so subject to great rises of their waters, caused by the melting of the snow in the Sierra Nevada range — in times of exceptionally high water breaks occasionally occur. Then the efforts to arrest the inflow and prevent extensive destruction of the embankment must be vigorous indeed. When such a disaster takes place, the first



age was effected by means of a system of branch ditches, and by flood-gates automatically opening and closing, placed at intervals along the levees. This plan, however, was only partially effective, and in some places entirely inefficient. To meet the difficulties to be contended with in the matter of seepage and rain-water, Messrs. Williams & Bixler, who owned large tracts of tule lands, introduced, in 1876, the use of centrifugal pumps, by means of which Grand Island was speedily relieved of an immense amount of water. Other owners of swamp land were, however, slow to follow their example, and it is only within the last few years that these pumps have come into general use for the purposes of reclamation.

The enterprising firm of Williams & Bixler was also the pioneer in the employment of dredging machines for utilizing material taken from the beds of the rivers in the construction of levees.

thing to be done is to throw sacks filled with earth into the torrent at the sectional edges of the broken levee, in order to prevent extension of the gap. This work is performed by mere hard manual labor, and while it is going on piles are hurriedly being driven into the bed of the torrent. When this preliminary work has been accomplished the dredging machine comes into play, and thousands of tons of earth are dumped between the piles. In spite of activity, and the marvelous rapidity with which the powerful machines discharge the material into the gap, occasions occur when the rush of water is so great that all efforts to stop it are futile, and all that can be accomplished is to prevent further destruction of the levee, and wait for a more favorable condition of the water to complete the repairs. Our illustration furnishes a representation of how Mr. Ferris successfully closed such a break.

Close on the heels of Williams & Bixler in the use of dredges for the building of levees, followed Mr. John W. Ferris and Messrs. Oulton, Voorman, & Schults. The latter built what is believed to be the first successful long-boom clamshell dredge ever used, not only on this coast but elsewhere. With it they reclaimed Bouldin Island, and this style of dredge is probably the best hitherto employed in levee-building, where circumstances

dredging machines they may be divided into two comprehensive classes, namely, the *scoop* and *hydraulic* systems, since these terms will include every form of such machine. The scoop dredging machines may be subdivided into three principal types,—the *simple scoop*, the *clamshell* and the *chain-bucket*; all of which, though differing in details of construction, involve substantially the same principle,—that of scooping up the mud



REPAIRING A BREAK.—CLAMSHELL DREDGE.

admit of its use. There are said to be about twenty-six such machines now constantly at work in building and keeping in repair levees constructed for the reclamation of tule lands.

Mr. Ferris first employed for the same purpose an endless-chain dredge, which delivered its spoil to an endless belt suspended from the hull, by means of which it was carried to land and put in embankment, and with these machines he has reclaimed many thousand acres of land.

In considering the development of

at the bottom of bays and rivers, and delivering it ashore on the line of the proposed levee.

Compared with the improved machines of the present day the scoop or dipper was a crude appliance, slow in the performance of work, and inadequate to accomplish the filling in of low marginal land with the material raised by it. The Osgood scoop may be regarded as a fair representative of this form of dredge. It derived its name, not from the original inventor, but from one who made such material improvements upon

the first design and form as to give the machine its present distinctive features. The scoop is an iron bucket, not unlike a coal-scuttle in form, having a hinged bottom, which can be opened and closed at pleasure by a mechanical contrivance handled by the operator; it has a sharp cutting edge, and is attached to the end of a long beam of wood supported by a derrick erected on the forward part of the dredge-boat. The derrick supplies the scoop with both a vertical and hori-

bottom. This primitive form of dredge, in spite of its cumbersome mode of operation, has performed vast amounts of work; and many of these machines are still in use, though they are considered antiquated, except for special kinds of work. The average capacity of the Osgood scoop may be considered to be less than 1000 cubic yards per day of ten hours.

In Oakland Creek a few years ago a machine of this type, operating on hard bottom, only removed 200 cubic yards of spoil in ten hours.

An advance in utility for working on soft material was made by the invention of the clamshell dredge, which derived its name from its not very decided similarity in appearance to the shell of that mollusk. The excavator consists of a pair of semi-cylindrical converging jaws pivoted together and opening outwardly from each other. It is attached by a chain and guiding stays to a boom projecting from the forward end of the dredge-boat and swinging hori-



MODIFICATION OF SCOOP DREDGE FOR DITCHING.

zontal movement. The *modus operandi* is as follows: The bucket having been lowered by means of the machinery with the bottom closed, a horizontal sliding motion along the mud bottom is given to it, until it is filled. It is then raised vertically, and slung round by the horizontal movement of the derrick immediately over a scow placed alongside of the dredge-boat; the hinged bottom is opened, the contents are dropped into the scow, and the operation is repeated until the latter is filled. The scow is then towed to a place of deposit in deep water, where its load is discharged through trap-doors constructed in the

zontally on a pivot. The clamshell bucket is dropped swiftly into the water and, sinking to the bottom with its jaws open, grasps the mud like a pair of huge pincers. Chains are attached to arms on the jaws, and extending upward to the end of the boom, are thence carried over sheaves to winding-drums in the boat. These chains being wound up cause the jaws to close and scoop up the mud. The bucket is then raised perpendicularly by the supporting chain, is swung horizontally above the mud-scow in the same manner as the Osgood scoop, and the contents are discharged by the re-opening of the jaws. In the early stage

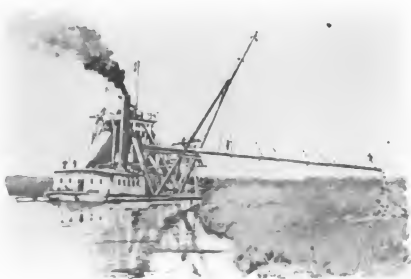


CHAIN-BUCKET AND DRAPER DREDGE.

of construction the clamshell dredge was capable of removing about 1000 cubic yards in ten hours; but at a later time one of these machines, built by the State Harbor Commissioners, and working in the harbor of San Francisco, is said to have handled, in soft mud and under favorable circumstances, 2000 cubic yards in the same number of hours. The average output of this class of dredges in San Francisco harbor for ten years was 28,845 cubic yards per month, operating in soft material. Illustration No. 2 presents a clamshell dredge repairing a broken levee.

It will be recognized that these dredges, delivering their spoil into scows which, when loaded, are towed to deep water and there deposit their cargoes of mud, are serviceable for little else than for the improvement of naviga-

tion. In fact, they were originally designed and built for that purpose, and were not adapted to the construction of levees and the reclamation of land. The range of the scoop dredge is too limited for such purposes, it being only able to deposit its spoil a few feet away from its side. Nevertheless, an improved pattern of the clamshell, with a boom from 90 to 100 feet in length, has been very



HERCULES DREDGE, "THOR."



A. B. BOWERS.

successfully used in erecting levees. The first success in the application of

the Clamshell to this kind of work was achieved by Messrs. Oulton, Voorman, & Schultz, who built a machine for the reclamation of Bouldin Island. Mr. W. B. Pless of Stockton, Senator Jones of Nevada, and his associates have also produced a machine on this principle, which has recently done a large amount of work in building levees along the swamp lands near the mouth of the Sonoma Creek. As the old clamshell patents have expired, there is no impediment in the way of swamp-land owners making use of the principle formerly protected. The machines at work on the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers are almost identical with the old clamshell, the greater length of boom and the absence of the guide-poles in some of them being the only deviations noticeable.

A remarkable piece of work done by a modification of the scoop dredge in the reclamation of dry land from annual spring overflow was accomplished at the



BOWERS' DREDGE, "ANACONDA."

Rancho del Valle, Pleasanton, in Alameda County. The scoop which was a Marion Steam Shovel Company's (Marion, Ohio) make, was placed on a V-shaped drag, the knife edge of which was shod with heavy iron. The means of propulsion on the dry ground was a cable operated by steam over a windlass, dragging the scoop into the place it had already excavated, making a channel, until it met running water in the new and permanent bed of the creek. The results of this work were that the land which yearly had been a reservoir for the mountain creeks, — the Arroyo Mocho, Arroyo del Valle, originating in the Livermore hills, the Arroyo Las Positas, originating in the Coast Range, Alamo Creek, Tasajara Creek, finding origin at the base of Mt. Diablo, — rendered thereby unproductive, were converted into tillable bottom land, which Professor Hilgard says is the best in the State. The town of Pleasanton is delivered from the danger of yearly inundation.

The canal was twenty feet wide, ten feet in depth and two miles long; 1200 acres of land were reclaimed. The picture represents the drag boat and scoop as it was at work in the dry bed of the canal.

Chain-bucket dredges are a very old type of the scoop. As early as 1838 patents were granted in this country and at a still earlier date in Europe, for the protection of inventors of this contrivance. This dredge consists of an endless chain running over two drums, one at each end of a ladder, the upper end being hinged to the dredge-boat, and the other end being lowered to the mud-bottom. To this endless chain are attached at regular intervals excavating buckets or scoops, so arranged that their cutting edges scrape along the bottom, gathering in the mud. As the chain revolves each filled bucket is carried to the upper drum and turned up-side-down as it passes over it, emptying its con-

tents into a mud-receiver, a scow, or onto the shore by means of a chute. It then descends, mouth downward, and repeats the performance. The most improved type of this class of dredges is known as the Hercules dredge; the name given to the first of the kind built, but subsequently applied to all machines of this class. Illustration No. 6 is from a photograph of the Hercules dredge "Thor," owned by Messrs. Williams & Bixler, and now at work on leveeing on the San Joaquin River. A few words of further explanation are necessary with regard to this particular machine.

It will be observed that a long discharge pipe, suspended from a two-legged mast erected on the dredge-boat, extends a considerable distance over the margin of the river's bank, admitting of the spoil being conveyed well onto the bottom land. It is obvious that this is an improvement on the methods above mentioned. A new factor has been introduced, and a powerful one for the accomplishment of useful work or ruinous destruction — namely, water. In the "Thor" the endless chain carries the filled buckets to a considerable elevation, where they empty their contents into a hopper, or mud-receiver, connected with the iron discharge-pipe. A force pump throws into the bottom of this receiver a strong stream of water, which not only dilutes the mud, but drives it through the long discharge pipe onto the land. The dredge is made to swing from side to side, so that an arc-shaped cut is made at each swing by the scoops; and as these proceed in the work of excavation a forward movement of the dredge is arranged, so that its advance keeps pace with the work being accomplished by the buckets. This method is not only serviceable for leveeing, but also for the elevation of low lands, the liquid state of the deposit allowing its even dispersion, while the surface water after the settlement of the mud can be easily drained off. Two of these dredges,

built by the Golden State and Miners' Iron Works, of San Francisco, for Messrs. Williams & Bixler, have performed a vast amount of work in California, and have doubtless been a source of profit to their owners.

It may here be remarked that the dredges used by De Lesseps for excavation on the Panama Canal were of this type, and with the exception of the hulls, which were built in the East, were designed and constructed at the above mentioned iron works. Two of them are now being used near Greytown, in the construction of the Nicaragua Canal.

With this brief description of scoop dredging, we will proceed to the most improved form of machines — hydraulic or suction dredges, popularly so called. The principle of these machines lies in the application of atmospheric pressure by creating a vacuum in a suction-pipe to the end of which is attached a hollow rotary implement provided with side-cutting excavating devices. When a hydraulic dredge is in operation, the spoil, after being severed from the bottom, is forced into the suction-pipe by the atmospheric pressure, and diluted with water is delivered into a discharge-pipe, floated on the water by pontoons, which conveys it to the desired place of deposit on land, be it thousands of yards distant. No such principle was used in the dredges previously described, and the superiority of the hydraulic dredging-machine over all others is evident, when the capacity and limited range of deposit possessed by the scoop dredges are considered. Today this principle is recognized and practised all over the world. By its application intertidal canals have been cut, navigable rivers have been straightened, tide and marsh lands reclaimed, harbors deepened, and marshes, sloughs, and basins have been filled and made solid ground, upon which store-houses and railroad stations, business houses and residences have been erected.

The first hydraulic dredges were but indifferently successful in levee building, and that only when operating in sand. The best of these was that known as the Von Schmidt dredge. It was built for Messrs. Williams & Bixler, and was originally provided with a suspended discharge pipe about eighty feet long, and a propeller-shaped excavating agitator in the mouth of the suction-pipe. The agitator proved to be an impediment and was removed; the machine thereafter being used, without any device for excavating, simply as a sand pump, for several years in constructing sand levees on Grand Island. Its owners, after various unsuccessful attempts, both with and without the agitator, in different kinds of dredging, changed it in 1883, into one similar to the machine used by the San Francisco Bridge Company, and known as the Atlas dredge. The dredge owned by the above named company is an excellent machine, and has done a large amount of work in the soft mud of Oakland basin, having been engaged in digging the intertidal canal for the United States Government between San Leandro Bay and San Antonio Creek, work on which has however ceased, owing to lack of appropriation funds.

Before we come to the final triumph in the construction of hydraulic dredges, further mention must be made of the Von Schmidt dredge. Colonel Von Schmidt's first machine, built as already mentioned for Messrs. Williams & Bixler, was provided with a useless agitator and a suspended discharge-pipe, little over twenty five yards in length. In 1882 he obtained a large contract for dredging in Oakland harbor, and thereupon substituting a rotary excavator for the old agitator, and a floating discharge-pipe for the short, suspended pipe, after various delays incidental to new inventions, and necessitating alterations and improvements, he finally succeeded, in April, 1884, in depositing on shore,



through several thousand feet of pipe, 63,081 cubic yards of mud. Though the work was performed on very soft material, this result astonished the world. In the hard, compact sand and clay encountered below the Oakland Bridge, the performance of the dredge occasionally ran as low as ninety cubic yards per hour, yet the fact of its performing the work at all proved the capability and excellence of the machine. It has recently been employed at Baden, south of San Francisco, in cutting a navigable channel into, and an artificial harbor within, the marsh. It is now at work in Oakland estuary, opposite the ship-yards at Alameda Point, employed in reclaiming marsh land. Several of these machines have been built and used in the East, notably in the improvement of the Potomac Flats at Washington, D. C., and one or two have been used in Australia. To Colonel Von Schmidt must be given the credit of introducing to the world the system of hydraulic dredging, although, as will be seen later, he was not the original inventor of the method, nor the first to build a machine embodying this method.

While these improvements were slowly succeeding each other, an inventive mind was constantly at work in California on the subject of dredging, and eventually produced results in construction which not only revolutionized old methods, but have raised the art to the highest degree of success, both as regards rapidity and thoroughness of the work done, and the applicability of the machine invented to every branch of the industry. The inventor and first builder of the modern hydraulic dredge is Mr. A. B. Bowers, of San Francisco, and the story of his struggles, as set forth in the voluminous records placed on file in the United States Circuit Court during his late litigation with Colonel A. W. Von Schmidt, for infringement of his various patents on dredging appliances, is a tale of trials

and vexations, of courageous endurance of hardships and disappointments, of untiring patience and unflinching perseverance, and of final triumph.

Mr. Bowers was born in West Baldwin, Cumberland Co., Maine. He comes of sturdy stock. Several of his ancestors on both sides fought with distinction in the War of the Revolution, and one of his great-grandfathers practiced medicine until he was one hundred years old. He is of mixed Scotch-English descent, with family annals as long as the traditional Scotch pedigree, being without a break for nearly 1,000 years.

His father, Mr. Wilder Bowers, was one of the early settlers of Baldwin where he owned a farm, saw-mill, and flour-mill. At the age of sixteen young Bowers had become handy in the use of various tools. He knew how to do and had done every variety of work on his father's farm and in both mills. He was at this time an active member and chairman of a juvenile debating club, in which were discussed, with all the dignity of the Roman Forum, "grave matters of state." He had taught his first school, written his first newspaper squibs, delivered several lectures on phrenology, in which he was at that time a firm believer, made half a dozen speeches in an exciting political campaign, and built his first dam. He was ambitious, and devoted from twelve to sixteen hours per day to study, owing to which his health became impaired. He came to California with the intention of roughing it for a time in the mines, for recuperation of his health. He reached San Francisco via Panama in July, 1853. He had been robbed in his sleep of all the money he had three days before reaching port. Fresh from his studies, and not recently accustomed to exposure, the hot sun of the southern mines proved too severe for him. He experienced something very much like a sunstroke. At this juncture he was asked to take charge of the Benicia Collegiate Insti-

tute. He gladly accepted the position, where he remained for about five months. He left it to take charge of the San Francisco English and Classical High School, which position he relinquished at the end of the term, with the view of taking up the study of law; he had already read Blackstone and made himself familiar with the Common Law.

Circumstances led him to defer the renewal of his legal studies, and he soon after went to Petaluma, where he taught for several terms, and until it became safe again to expose himself to field work in the sun. While teaching in Petaluma, he had commenced the preparation of a large topographical farm map of Sonoma County. He had studied civil engineering, with no thought of making it his profession, his preference being for law; but he determined to finish the map of Sonoma,—a most unfortunate enterprise, that left him a financial wreck, and handicapped him and embittered his life for many years.

The history of this Sonoma map affair furnishes us with an illustration of earnest and faithful work unpaid for, and just and well founded expectations of reward never realized. It appears from the records above mentioned, that in 1863 an Act of the Legislature was passed, authorizing Mr. Bowers to complete the map, on which he had already spent much time and money. The supervisors, however, refused to execute the contract, although Mr. Bowers had furnished the required bonds, November 12, 1864. Thereupon Judge Langdon offered to assume prosecution of his claim against the county if he would assign the claim and execute a bond for completion of the map. This was done; but Judge Langdon failed to prosecute it and assigned the matter to another. In June, 1867, the map was completed, but the county refused to pay for it, on the ground of a legal technicality. After fruitless efforts to collect his money for it, he finally abandoned the

matter as a total loss, his debts on the map amounting to about \$25,000. During the last few years he had held a position in the Surveyor General's office, and was allowed by Judge Langdon's assignee to retain of his salary enough to pay for his living expenses.

In December, 1867, he went to San Francisco, determined to devote his entire time to the development of a hydraulic dredging machine, to the invention of which he had turned his attention as early as 1863; he had made a drawing and description of the leading parts of his invention as early as July, 1864, but had been so fettered by the heavy bonds he was under to finish and publish the Sonoma map that he had progressed but little toward the introduction of his invention. He had conceived the idea of excavating material lying at the bottom of deep waters, and removing it to the desired place of deposit by a continuous operation, to be performed by means of a rotary excavator, suction pipe, and a floating discharge pipe. He examined every appliance connected with the art of which there are any known records. He accumulated nearly one thousand drawings on dredging machinery, and over one hundred of excavating machinery, besides hundreds of pages of manuscript and printed descriptions, specifying cost and capacity of, and cost of work with, all the known machines of the kind used in every civilized country on earth. Nowhere did he discover a trace of his own idea. In 1868, having borrowed some money, he made four models, showing the principle of his invention embodied in different forms of construction; but the inventor was ahead of the times, and his invention so entirely novel that it was looked upon as chimerical. Moreover, California was then a comparatively new country, and was not the field for a great enterprise of the kind. Twenty years were spent in making drawings, tests, and experiments, and in endeavor-

ing to interest capitalists in promoting his inventions, and in prosecuting his applications for patents. And during all that period he met with rebuffs and ridicule, was dubbed a "crazy inventor," while penury and debt stared him in the face. Yet never for a moment did his tenacity of purpose weaken; his abiding faith in the importance of his invention never waned. He lived and prosecuted his labors in development and search for aid on borrowed money, obtained in small sums from any one who would lend on his promissory notes at compound interest, payable when his dredging machine became a success. Unlike most inventors, he has been able to establish the value of his inventions, and has reaped substantial reward from them; but before he realized any returns he was over \$75,000 in debt. It is noteworthy that every cent of this large sum has been paid by Mr. Bowers, though a large portion of it had been barred for many years by the statute of limitation.

It could not be expected that he could preserve his health during this long period of mental care and physical hardships to which the want of means exposed him. The fact is that it became seriously impaired, and typhoid and brain fever in turn brought him to death's door. The latter attack was attended with such severe result that it was apprehended that his reason was permanently dethroned, and that he would die of softening of the brain. By applying himself to a rigorous course of gymnastics and diet he recovered his health and vigor, and is today as active and energetic as he was in the years of his young manhood.

While capitalists were chary of investing money in the promotion of Mr. Bowers's invention, on account of the great cost of his machines—a single machine requiring the expenditure of from sixty to eighty thousand dollars—and the large amount of money required to put them in operation, he met with

much difficulty and delay in procuring patents for his inventions, nearly nine years being consumed in making applications and in correspondence with the Patent Office officials before he was successful. From the records it appears that December 9, 1876, is the date of his first application. The eight following years were spent in continuous correspondence with the Patent Office, he having in the meantime studied patent law and taken charge of his own cases. A lengthy controversy arose between Mr. Bowers and the officials, as to whether his application had not suffered abandonment, and when the question was finally settled in his favor, a new specification was taken up for examination; then the examiner called for "further description and illustration," and thus the matter dragged on,—objections and criticisms being made on the part of the examiner, and arguments and amendments produced on the part of the applicant. This continued until the latter part of 1884, when Mr. Bowers went to Washington, and remained attending personally to his case until it was allowed. During this time the applicant had many communications with the examiner, and it eventually became evident that several patents would be necessary to properly cover his invention in all its parts. This decision being arrived at, Mr. Bowers obtained no less than eleven separate patents, the first being issued May 26, 1885, and the fifth on December 28, 1886, the others following at later dates. He has numerous other applications pending in the Patent Office and is now the owner of twenty-six patents with more than four hundred claims, each of which is for a separate invention and equivalent to a separate patent.

Such is a brief account of the struggles of a successful inventor, and of the difficulties, extending over a long period of time, which he has had to contend against.

The Atlas dredge and the Von Schmidt dredge differ so slightly from the Bowers dredge, the principles of which have been already described, that it is only necessary to call attention to the main elements of the invention. Owing to the delay attending the issuance of Mr. Bowers's patents, his rights have been indiscriminately infringed all over the United States. The most prominent ones thus infringed are those contained in his device of a rotary excavator having inward delivery through itself to the suction pipe; in his device of the floating discharge pipe; of a self-contained pivot or center of horizontal oscillation, on which the boat swings from side to side while it works; his devices for swinging and working the machine from side to side, and those for moving the machine ahead preparatory to a new cut. All these devices have proved luring temptations to imitators.

For a comparative estimate of the merits of different machines of this class, it will not be out of place to record the performance of two Bowers dredges which have been at work on the Pacific Coast for some years past. The "Anaconda" was first used at Glorietta Bay, Coronado Beach, near San Diego, California, where a channel was dug from the boat-house of the Coronado Hotel to deep water. The material handled was about 90 per centum sand and shell, the interstices being filled with clay. For a few inches from the surface it was loose and soft, but got harder and more compact, until at the depth of 3 feet it became very hard. In the lowest and hardest cut the dredge raised and delivered 4.19 cubic yards per minute; working to a depth of 5 feet below the surface of the material the delivery was 7.66 cubic yards a minute; and to a depth of 3 feet the average output was 12.79 yards per minute. In the softest material encountered the dredge raised and delivered 26.85 cubic yards per min-

ute. After this satisfactory performance at Glorietta Bay, the Anaconda worked for three years in the State of Washington, where the dredge filled in about thirty-five acres of mud flats for the N. P. R. R. Co. at Tacoma, performed similar work for the same company at Olympia, and then was moved to South Bend, on Shoalwater Bay. The material handled was mostly sand, much of it very hard and compact. Her best record was 165,000 cubic yards of sand in 20 days, an average of 8,250 cubic yards per day. The Anaconda is a second class Bowers dredge—see illustration No. 7—but is estimated to be capable of handling 10,000 cubic yards per day of such soft material as that of the Oakland basin.

The "Python," a Bowers dredge of the first class, has been employed at Portland, Oregon, in the work of bringing the East Portland city lots up to the level of the city grade. It has raised coarse gravel, containing stones from an inch to two inches in diameter, and cobblestones nearly five inches in diameter, from depths varying from twenty-five to forty feet, and delivered it at an elevation of about thirty feet above water through an eighteen-inch discharge-pipe 1000 feet in length!

California may feel proud that the inventor of the hydraulic system of dredging, and designer of such serviceable machines as the Python and Anaconda, is a resident of her metropolis. Much labor, anxiety, and distress has he passed through in his efforts to have the value of his invention recognized and his rights secured to him; and though, at last, royalties have been paid to him for no less than eleven of the States, as well as for the Sandwich Islands, he has still to contend against infringements of his patents. The lawsuit which he has maintained at an enormous expense for the past six years, and which has lately been decided in his favor, is but the introduction to numerous

suits that will follow for infringement of his rights, in the East and elsewhere.

This case has been as stubbornly contested as any other patent case ever tried on the Pacific Coast.

Fifty-two depositions were taken and admitted in evidence, and over three hundred exhibits. Seven thousand one hundred and nineteen folios of oral testimony were taken. The entire history of the dredging industry was investigated, including appliances used in England, Holland, Germany and other foreign countries, as well as in the United States. The costs actually ex-

ceeded in litigation by the complainant exceed \$20,000, and those of the defendants must have been as great. Mr. Bowers has won for himself a worldwide reputation, and letters of inquiry regarding his machinery are constantly received by him from the most prominent engineers in all quarters of the globe.

In a word, he is the discoverer of the modern system of hydraulic dredging as practised all over the world, and in the pages of future history his name will appear among those of the greatest inventors of the age.

*J. J. Peatfield.*



## WHAT SORT OF A PLACE IS HEAVEN?

FROM my boyhood I had been a reader of the mystics, and my brain was full of their dreams. From the Sufis to Muhammad and Swedenborg, from the Alexandrian Platonists to Tauler and John of the Cross, their speculative hopes were familiar to me. Perhaps on the particular night when my tale begins my brain was fuller than usual, for something had happened to me that seemed as if it should make an end of the joy of living. It did not quite make an end of it; but looking at life coolly there appeared to be no special reason why I personally should wish to go on with it. For a long time I sat in my quiet room reflecting, and I have no doubt

that the mystics' dreams were a part of my revery, though I do not recollect them. Hard thinking brings fatigue, and by midnight I was tired.

"There is no use in reflecting," so I thought, "for reflection can make no effective change in circumstances. And it is circumstances that are ruling now, not any real thing; only just circumstances determined by custom,—one might say by habit, or even fashion. It is the rulings of a code that oppress me, not eternal justice,—certainly not heavenly justice. This code, or some code like it, will last so long as the earth endures; but how it would melt into nothingness in a world where realities ruled.

The earth must come to an end some day. Suppose today should be the appointed one?"

And then I laughed at the self-will which was ready to take the cosmos to pieces to right one individual wrong. It seems laughable enough from our standard of custom, but is it laughable? To a God his creation should seem intolerable, so long as one tiny wrong thing lurked in even its remotest corner.

"However," thought I, "there is an easier way to go to new conditions than to break the universe to bits. I might let the general scheme of things go on as it will, and change my individual scheme by dying. That transports me, at least, from out the conditions, and takes me to a new one. Suicide? 'The way is open — step out,' as the heathen emperor said. No. I cannot do that. The sanctions of the accepted code have too close a hold upon me, a child of the nineteenth century, to permit me to go back to the customs of the first. Besides, all codes from Buddha's to Dante's condemn the suicide. These codes were made by law-givers, to be sure, who wanted to preserve their tax-payers and their soldiers. Where there have been too many mouths to feed, as in China, no sense of sin has ever attached to it. However, my inheritance is too strong for me. I could not do it. If I am to break off the bond of this world and begin another, I must do it *en règle*, according to the code, and I must not seek to enter a closed door by violence. Heaven, at least, is not to be won that way."

Thoughts like these filled the quiet hours of silence, and among them I fell asleep, and in a half-conscious sleep I made the journey that I am about to relate. It was clearly a dream, and nothing more. I can even trace the terrestrial experiences that suggested, I have no doubt, my celestial ones. But for all that the sense of reality was something quite perfect. Nothing that

happens to me today, when I am quietly attending to my daily business, is half so real as were those hours — or moments — when I was visiting another world. There was a sense of perfect saneness, of pellucid thinking, of unobstructed feeling, which was quite unearthly, yet utterly natural. It seemed that I was taking possession of a long-neglected birthright. I despair of expressing a transcendental state by the accustomed vocabulary. I can only certify to the experience in words which would be perfectly in their place in an affidavit. I must leave the sense of such words, if they have a sense, to be determined quite as much by the soul of my hearer as by his intelligence.

I was perfectly conscious, then; I was not asleep; I certainly was not awake, as we say awake. My eyes were closed, and yet I saw. Yes, there was the picture over the piano. My body was perfectly still; yes, this must be death. I remembered Tennyson's line,

—when unto dying eyes

The casement slowly grows a glimmering square.

How did he know that? I remembered the Duc de la Rochefoucauld's *Maxims* and his "reflections in despite of death." But I had no contempt of death. It was more like Schubert's song, *Der Tod und das Mädchen*, where Death says he is not wild and stern, only tender. Yes, tender, perhaps but; the maiden had to go.

This was a thought flashed back from my inert body, — a reminiscence of earthly thinking. She loved to go. This latter thought was the true one. Death *was* tender. If this is death, then, where are the guardian angels? They should be here now, slowly and kindly unwrapping fold after fold of the veils that enclose the spirit, so as to set it free. This is the next thing to expect. They should be standing behind my head, so that I cannot see them, and gently doing their work. Heavens! They are there now. It is death! I am

afraid! But no, let me see; *am* I afraid? Of what? It is all opinion. Let me examine myself at this moment, not anticipate and fear the next one. My good old grandmother used to warn me not to

"Suffer a thousand deaths in fearing one."

I will exist in the strict present, and see what comes of it. The past does not concern me, and the future is not yet here. Besides, there is a sense of peace, I might almost say of protection, in the grave, silent friends who are making this change for me. It will be time for terror later,—certainly not now. All this while the trammels were being removed. How long it was I know not. I only know that a sense of lightness, of pellucid peace, overcame me. I think there was a period of oblivion. I know that at last I arose and walked, unconscious always after that of any body, and yet confined in a form.

There was a landscape, but I do not recall that anything was unfamiliar about it. The scene could not have been strange or unusual, or I should have been impressed with the strangeness. There was nothing uncommon except the light or was it the air? Everything seemed true,—veracious,—undoubted. I recollected a line of verse just here,—

"The light that never was on sea or land."

Yes—*c'est ça*. Oh—so I remember French in Heaven,—if this is Heaven. It certainly is not earth, or if it is earth it is raised to some transcendental or imaginary power. Do I see true? Can I trust what I see, or is it an illusion? Something—somebody—answered this question for me. Yes, you see true; yes, you can trust your new senses; they are made for use here, just as your earthly sight was made for use there.

The instant this response had been heard—no, not heard, but had melted into me—I was convinced. Conviction was instantaneous, and this struck me as strange, for certainly I should never have accepted any strange thing on earth on evidence like that, on the whis-

pered—no, not whispered—on the felt response of an invisible being. But still I was convinced; there is nothing to add to that. Wandering about, slowly, I began to familiarize myself with the scene, or rather with the new conditions, for there was no scene. A phrase came into my thoughts, wafted into them from some personality not my own,—“This is a world of true values.” I said it over and over again, and finally I knew that was true too.

Then I remembered a clever definition of Music as the Art that made you feel as if your illusions were true, and tried to fit this formula to the new surroundings. No, it would not do. There were no illusions here. This *is* a world of true values. I said it again and again. I must realize that. This is my new guide, the old ones are incomplete, abolished. That is enough for now. Very likely more will come by and by when I need it. Of true values—what did this pronouncement mean? Was it a world where all was truth? There was nothing harsh here; and truth, the word, had harsh accompaniments in that former state.

Meditating on this, or rather letting it revolve within me, I passed along among groups of beings with a sense of their friendliness, yet without paying any deep attention to them. I was waiting for more light on the new formula. Directly I heard voices speaking, and in some way I knew they were speaking of me. They said, “In the other world he had a genius for friendship.” Now, how did they know that? Or, in fact, was it true? Yes, it is certainly the one main point of my character, which even I had never put so clearly and succinctly, though of course I had always known it. But how did they know? Could everyone see true in this new world? Could I? I determined to test this point at once. But before this, even, I fell to wondering if there could be a sense of shame at

being understood by others, — at being transparent, so to say, to their kindly gaze. No, — no, — I think not. All is friendly ; best of all, everything is true. How could one be ashamed? One would not only be willing but glad to be fully, entirely understood by one's brothers, once it was certain, as it is certain here, that every thought and action is to be tested by universally and eternally true standards, and not merely by customary and temporary ones as in that other world.

And so I wandered on. I recall vividly, even now, the singular nature of what I must describe—for lack of a better word—as my curiosity. I was intensely interested, nay, enthralled, by what was around me ; and yet as peaceful and unhurried as the glow of the morning before the sun is up. I think it was the absence of all haste that differentiated the new curiosity from the old. And just as I am obliged to describe a new feeling by an old and inadequate word like curiosity, which implies eagerness, and then am at once forced to qualify it by subtracting all eagerness from it, so it is with all other words that I am obliged to use here. Some sign must be used for each of the new ideas—or rather for each of the new states of being—and just as soon as the word is spoken it is clear that it says too much or too little; that it needs to be qualified or modified to its celestial sense, so to call it.

So then, said I, in this world there is no shame. Well, that is very like heaven, or like Eden before the Fall. That is certainly as it should be ; fitting in every way. No shame ; just to take that away, and no more, would of itself create a new world. It is only true, below there, between lovers. And lovers live in a new world, though the cynics would hardly call it one of true values.

Moving calmly along, without haste, without rest, I came to a little grove, and under it were people sitting and walk-

ing, in groups and singly. It was an enchanting place. It seemed good to stop there. I wondered why this should be, till I recalled a saying of the Swedish mystic, that in the celestial world proximity is determined by sympathy. If you feel as others feel, or rather if you love them, you will inevitably be near them. Even to think of them with affection is to bring them to you. That would be odd, thought I. For instance, one that I dearly love is dead and must be here ; but he was not friendly to me latterly, though I was always so to him. There was no possible solution in the former world. How could such a situation be resolved here? Are misconceptions eternal, from generation to generation? I should wish to be near him, but alas, I fear it might not be so with my friend. Certainly not, unless everything is true here, and there is no shame.

But, I reflected, it must be simple after all. If we love the same things or persons we should be together in their presence. The separateness of the lower life could only come from misconceptions which must vanish here. I am thinking of him now with ruth and affection. And lo! in a moment, I saw him near me, and all the misunderstandings on both our parts were gone in an instant, and everything was as before. Such a meeting in the lower world (as I call it for convenience ; it seemed other, not lower) would inevitably have necessitated somewhat of factitious demonstration ; something false amid so much that was true. Here there was not a particle of it. All that was, was true, and there was not the least yearning for more. I had a sense that in that former world the more would have been strained after, and if it had not been attained that there would have been a sense of loss, of dissatisfaction and discontent. Here, all was true. The veritable was enough. We were content. We understood.

I learned from him that he had in-



sight into very many regions which I had not entered. He had true vision, not only of the celestial world in which he was, but of the terrestrial one which he had left. He could be always near to those who were dear to him (and to me) in that former world, and could follow the progress of their lives without impatience. It is easy to do this when one once knows how very temporary all earthly mistakes and misunderstandings are. The first moments of the celestial life cause the scales to drop and the veritable things to appear in verity. How sad these errors of earth seem to us to be. How many loves and friendships and lives are what we called wrecked by them. And yet, almost in an instant, they are all remedied, even at the very threshold of the world of true values.

I asked, Can we not remedy some of them down there? Life seems so dreary, lived in a cloud of misconceptions. Is it not a pity to waste even an hour? Yes, it is a pity, but it does not matter so much as you think. It is only what is lasting that signifies, and no errors can last here. Whatever love is genuine endures; and the pride of life, and the love of power, and all unfounded resentments, all misconceptions, all jealousies and envies, all remorse and regret, are removed like encumbering veils from all who come to us, just as they were removed from you. All our comrades are eager to accept their fellows just as Nature has made them; they do not seek to constrain them into fashions not their own. Oh! that it were so in the former world whose life we have lived. And here, when such hindrances are once gone they never return.

A life must be lived in very obstinate rejection of all true inner compulsion, to allow its errors to become anything more than mere accidents in its nature. Such accidents—excrecences—drop off of themselves in the new

knowledge of this higher world. It is impossible for any one here to be permanently wrapped in error. They are forced to see true and feel true; forced with a gentle compulsion. It is a pain to see falsely. Every eye that falls upon them sees them truly, and there is no shame in amending errors, since there is no clinging to the errors themselves. How could anything be simpler?

This and much else I learned while I could remain in the group that was sympathetic to my state of being—I suppose I should say of loving. By-and-by they were wafted away to other and higher groups in sympathy with their higher affections, and I was left; because, I suppose, I was no fit comrade for the higher groups. Yet there was no sense of exclusion or isolation. All were friendly, I knew that. There was simply no desire to be where you were not; and at the same time a clear conviction that all was right as it was, that nothing was closed against you.

It was a long time that I wandered about, finding new resting places, new companions, new sympathies. I was surprised, sometimes, at not meeting those with whom I had had close companionship in that former world. Yet this was simple too. Wherever there had been a real bond, then there was union. Where there was no union, there had been no real bond, and a discovery of the sort had nothing shocking or distressing in it, as it certainly would have had on earth. And such strange discoveries came every moment. They were only strange when measured by the old standards, and not in the least startling here. It seemed entirely natural that a stranger should be dearer than some one with whom I had lived in intimacy for years. A dear child whom I had just glanced at in a London omnibus was like my sister; while the sisters I had lived with and been affectionate to for years separated away into other groups, as if to their own families, which were not mine.

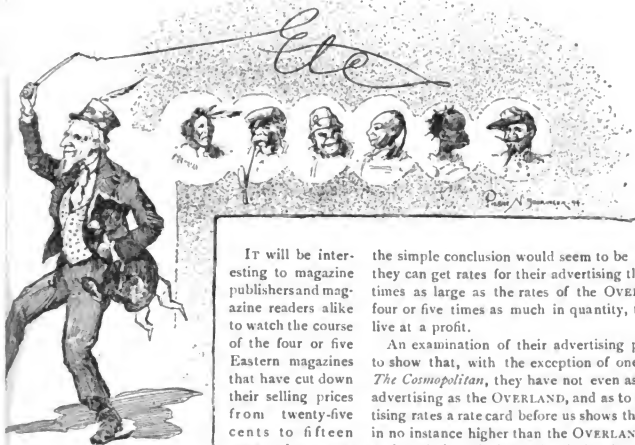
There were strange readjustments here. The proudest man I had ever known, a man filled with spiritual pride, was touching in his unaffected humility. He who had felt himself to be a king of men was their servant. The rulers were become children, and the high ones simple. Everywhere was a prevailing sense of naturalness and of verity; of absence of strain and effort; of genuine and simple feeling, rather than of thought; of the essence and not of the accidents of things; of gentle acceptance, without shame, of just what was. There were no burdens for me, nor for any.

Many were the lessons of that period without events, yet eventful. I have been revolving them ever since. Many were the questions that were quietly resolved for me, by feeling rather than by reflection, by absorption rather than by instruction. How, for instance, to reconcile the God who shines in the sun and the stars—God, the Creator of the Universe—with that other God who abides in our consciousness—God, the created of Man. How to reconcile man's free-will with God's fore-knowledge: How it is that all religions are true, from Zoroaster's to Muhammad's, from Buddha's to "General" Booth's: How it is that force, a strictly spiritual thing, can act on matter and move it? These and a thousand like things I asked, I was instructed in, and I understood. At least, I was certain that they all had answers. There was no end to my inquisitive curiosity. I do not understand them all, now, but I ponder them day by day as I go about my daily affairs; but I am sure that they are all simple, and that, perhaps, by thinking, I can find them out. If I cannot find them out for myself, the day will surely come again when I shall know.

I can hardly recall how it was that I returned to earth and found myself once more in familiar places. For a

long time I lay, awake now, pondering upon an experience that is sacred to me. Of course it was a dream; of course it was a delusion. I admit it all. But the dream and the delusion have turned earth into heaven to me; and have converted mankind into my brothers, and false and temporary values into eternal and true ones. I am like a man risen from the dead who has seen the verities of the grave. How strangely different this our world has become, any thoughtful mind can judge. In my daily walks I meet those friends face to face whose very souls I have seen reflected in the eyes of their dear ones of another world. I understand them now, as I never could have dreamed of doing before, and as they cannot comprehend themselves. If I were to say what I have seen and known of them, they would blush for shame—for they are not freed from shame—or, what is much more likely, they would harden their hearts like the Jews of old, and deny.

It would change everything to realize that there is no shame in that other world, no misconception, no exaggeration, no invasion of the rights of others, no dominion, no pride. All is simple; and it is a joy to picture to myself the very grove of stately trees under which we shall assuredly, some day, meet. That day is not so far off. In the meantime—patience—patience and such comprehension as human beings can give to one another, such approach to true values as can be attained here. It is almost insane to speak openly of such visions, but it is perfect sanity to live in them. It gives a different aspect to the world, and perhaps I am right in throwing off, for once, the customary reticence of this one, and in recounting my dream and my delusion. Would that I could give such a dream to every human soul, to help it to bear its griefs.



It will be interesting to magazine publishers and magazine readers alike to watch the course of the four or five Eastern magazines that have cut down their selling prices from twenty-five cents to fifteen cents and ten cents per number, from three dollars to

one dollar and fifty cents and one dollar per year. If the venture proves successful, it means that advertising has grown to such vast proportions in the English-speaking world that it can afford to form a trust, and buy up all the magazines that have proven that a living can be made regardless of subscribers, and use them entirely as means with which to make known the virtues of the goods advertised. Mr. Scott, the President of the *Century* Company, showed in a late article in the *New York Critic* that every copy of the *Century* cost seventeen cents as it was taken from the press,—not counting the artistic or literary contributions, or office expenses, which represented an outlay monthly of ten thousand dollars additional. To reduce the price of the *Century* to say fifteen cents meant a loss that was so evident that it would be suicidal.

The cost of the *OVERLAND*, reckoned on the same basis, is fifteen cents a copy,—not including literary matter, office expenses, art work, or making of plates. While the same magazine might be printed a trifle cheaper in New York,—say a cent and a half a copy,—it certainly could not be edited at less expense. Then if the experience of the *Century*, a magazine which does not take into consideration expense, and the *OVERLAND*, which does, is worth anything, the four or five magazines that have cut their subscription price in two cannot even print their magazines for the price, say seven cents, at which they sell it to the news companies. Now

the simple conclusion would seem to be that, unless they can get rates for their advertising three or four times as large as the rates of the *OVERLAND*, and four or five times as much in quantity, they cannot live at a profit.

An examination of their advertising pages seems to show that, with the exception of one magazine, *The Cosmopolitan*, they have not even as much paid advertising as the *OVERLAND*, and as to their advertising rates a rate card before us shows that theirs are in no instance higher than the *OVERLAND*'s. Now, as the only benefit their subscription lists would seem to be is to increase their advertising usefulness, and does not in any way help meet the expenses of the make-up, it is hard to see how they can live as paying investments. However, it is not the purpose of this article to prophesy, but rather to discuss from the standpoint of a magazine publisher this rather unexplainable fashion of trying to publish magazines for the advertisers rather than for the subscribers. The effort will be watched with much interest by all parties concerned.

In a previous number there has been more or less said in regard to the almost unanimous acceptance of the *OVERLAND* by the school libraries of the State. It is not the desire of the magazine to be ever sounding the good things that come to it from day to day, or to fill up this department with matter which may be interesting only to itself; but it trusts that it is not out of place here to acknowledge and thank the State press for the generous and open-handed assistance and kind words it has awarded the magazine during the school library campaign. From "stick" notices to half-column editorials have appeared in the daily, weekly, and monthly journals of the State, each paper seemingly trying to outdo the other in scattering metaphorical roses in the somewhat difficult path in which the *OVERLAND* has been struggling to make headway during the last twenty-six years.

The *OVERLAND* is simply grateful for this rather unexpected shower of kind words, (to change the metaphor again,) not vain. If the rain should con-

tinue for forty days and forty nights, it would be then time to believe that the windows of heaven had been opened for our own exclusive benefit, and gratitude might grow into vanity.

However, to quote the ringing words of the fall crop of candidates now before the voters, "We are in the hands of our friends," and are moreover willing to run the chances of being spoiled, if our contemporaries are not tired in well doing.

Honestly, we had rather have the good will and kindly praise of the Coast papers than the half-hearted, string-tied, patronizing reviews of all the journals of New York and London. The OVERLAND is distinctly Pacific, and if it can please the readers of the Far West, its mission is accomplished.

### A Question of Wages.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY :—

THE great strike has ended exactly as every thoughtful observer must have known it would end. It has proven a failure, in that the point urged was wholly lost ; but it is a failure in which there are many elements of success.

For one thing, the position of labor, in this country, is in a fairer way than ever before to be clearly defined before the people. Both Labor and Capital are endeavoring, as never before, each to set itself right in the eyes of society. Labor contends that it is sustaining grievous injustice under existing economic methods ; while Capital, on the other hand, declares that Labor was never so well off as today. We are told that never before in the history of the world did Labor absorb so great a proportion of the gains that would otherwise accrue to Capital! It is claimed that fully 90 per cent of the entire income of the United States is paid for wages and salaries, while only one-tenth goes to Capital, as remuneration for having saved it up to carry on useful enterprises.

On the other hand, it must be noted that the individual laborer is worse off, today, in this free country, than he was twenty, or even ten years ago. The census returns of 1880 showed the average of wages among laborers in the United States to be less than \$7 per week. The returns of 1890 show this average wage to be less than \$5 per week.

And yet we are told that Labor absorbs 90 per cent of the income of the United States. This is an enormous percentage to flow in one direction, and seems ample refutation of the laborers' claims that even at this rate they do not get enough.

This leads to the question whether the laborer really does get his share of return from the results of his labor ; and the question, as I shall consider it, presents one very curious phase, which I do not remember ever to have seen touched upon.

Wages are supposed to be adjusted, in the long

run, to that which among a people is customarily requisite for the perpetuation of life and the propagation of the species, according to the standard of living prevailing with that people. This is called "The Law of Wages." It means, put very plainly, and according to Lassalle, the great political economist, that the income of wages must always dance around the outside rim of that which, according to the needs of each age, belongs to the necessary maintenance of life. "In this," says Lassalle, "is the terrible in their fate, compared with the condition of their fellow men."

Now, the point I wish to raise hinges upon this law. It is, that under the so-called "Law of Wages," the wage laborer is not really paid anything for himself. Judged from a purely commercial standpoint, Labor gets his wages, but what does the laborer get?

In every manufacturing business, the wear and tear, original cost, and cost of repair of machinery, etc., are taken out of the gross receipts of the business. Now, Labor, in the eyes of the employer, is simply an adjunct, as his machines are adjuncts, to the business. As these require for their successful operation certain expenditures for coal, oil, gearing, and the like, so Labor requires for its successful operation certain expenditures for food, shelter, clothing, which are, so to speak, Labor's coal, oil, and gearing. These expenditures, for which a wage is paid Labor, "in order that it may live," are regulated by the law of wages, as stated above. They represent exactly what will enable Labor to perform its function, and the amount required for them is charged to Labor out of the gross receipts of the business, just as the items of machinery expense are deducted from those receipts. For himself, over and above his labor's bill of expense, the laborer gets nothing.

It may be that he is entitled to nothing. It may only be his misfortune. It certainly cannot be said to be his employer's fault, that in delivering the commodity in which he deals,—labor,—the laborer must deliver himself as well. That is the tragic phase of the whole situation. Labor, the power to perform, is the man himself ; so that in offering his commodity, the working man must offer, as well, himself, with all his human rights and endowments. He does this literally, but in reality it is only his commodity that is wanted, only this that is paid for. The human being himself is a superfluous consideration,—and an inconvenient one.

And as for him? He waits, asking his question, now softly, now with clamoring insistence. He has been promised better times, in the far future ; he has been reminded of the better times of the good old days ; but no immediate, tangible solution of his problem seems to offer. Like the poor White Queen, in *Through the Looking-Glass*, "It is always jam yesterday and jam tomorrow, but never jam today."

*Adeline Knapp.*

**On the Veranda.**

Gowned in the newest style,  
Sweet is her face,  
Resting so languidly, —  
Beauty and grace.

Softly the music plays,  
Merry the dance,  
Is it for me she stays, —  
Or merest chance?

Shows me her program,  
Every one gone ; —  
"O, but we'll cut them all,  
Pray, is it wrong?"

"Dear, you are puzzling me,  
Staying out here,  
Listening to idle talk,  
Conquest so near."

But in my heart, I thought :  
"Why can it be,  
That from the dance she stays  
Out here with me?"

Down through the maple leaves  
Streams the soft moon,  
Tenderly kissing her, —  
Naughty old spoon !

Frankly I asked of her  
Out in the hall,  
Why she had favored me  
'Stead of them all.

Then in a meek little  
Sweet little way,  
She answering, laughed at my  
Foolish dismay :—

"Why, just to keep my gown  
Quite out of sight,  
For there's another ball  
Tomorrow night."

*Edwin Wildman.*

**Captain Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. A., LL. D.,  
D. C. L.**

WHERE classic Cambridge students tread,  
He doffed awhile the blue and gold,  
And civic-robed in gown of red,  
He modest joined the lettered fold.  
Lo, list the cheers sweep o'er the sea  
From Siegbert's old and storied town,  
When rare Mahan, as LL. D.,  
Received the scholar's laureled crown.  
Old Oxford, too, great Alfred's seat,  
Around this Alfred throws its spell,  
And bids him seek its spired retreat,  
With added grace of D. C. L.

*Geo. E. Belknap,  
(Rear-Admiral U. S. N.)*

**BOOK REVIEWS.****The Book of the Fair.<sup>1</sup>**

As time passes the retrospective interest in the great Exposition increases. The marvels that we remember to have seen and studied in Chicago slip away in spite of ourselves, and without pictorial memorials our details become only one grand conglomerate spectacle, — a gorgeous blur on the mind. The mission of Mr. H. H. Bancroft's wonderful book would seem to be to refresh these fading pictures, and recall again the pleasing sensations we experienced while actually standing before the objects he pictures and describes so well.

The many half tone reproductions of buildings, exhibits, and officials in *The Book of the Fair*, rather idealize than detract, and unlike the atrocious

"coupon" books of the White City that are issued by the National press, this book commends itself as worthy of the Fair.

Parts XIII and XIV of the popular edition embracing eighty pages on heavy plate paper, and dozens of high class photogravures varying in size from quarter to full pages, treat of the Mining and Fishery Buildings. In looking at the pictures and the general beauty of the make-up one is apt to take the descriptive matter for granted or not to expect too much of it. But in it Mr. Bancroft's painstaking work shows out to the best advantage. The reading matter is well written and is fully as interesting as the illustrations.

In the chapter on Fisheries a complete history of the industry from the days of our Pilgrim Fathers to the present, is given in short, concise sentences and pure English.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the work.

<sup>1</sup>The Book of the Fair. Parts XIII-XIV. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. The History Company: San Francisco and Chicago: 1894.

### An Honest Dollar.<sup>1</sup>

One of the very best modern expositions of the theory of bimetalism, supported by instances and examples drawn from history and experience is *An Honest Dollar*, the author of which is E. Benjamin Andrews, President of Brown University. President Andrews, with the skill of a trained dialectician, has packed into less than two hundred pages a very complete presentation of his case, logical, financial, and historical, and his work is cordially recommended to all who have any doubt upon the so-called silver question. His demonstration of the plutocratic conspiracy, here and elsewhere, which succeeded in accomplishing the so-called degradation of silver as a money metal, is absolutely complete, and equally conclusive is his establishment of the relation between the fall in prices of general products and the decline in the price of silver. Naturally, he lays great stress upon the work of Great Britain the typical creditor nation of the world, not, as he says, to depreciate silver but to appreciate gold, in which latter metal the obligations due her were agreed to be paid. The book, as a whole, is one of the best compendiums of the money question that has been given to the public. President Brown never loses his temper, but discusses the financial issue in a way purely judicial and philosophical, and whether the reader agrees with his deductions or not he cannot but admire the able and scientific way in which the bimetallic question is treated.

### Acting and Actors.<sup>2</sup>

*Acting and Actors, — Elocution and Elocutionists, —* "A book about Theater Folk and Theater Art," by Alfred Ayres, the author of the well known *Orthoëpist*, is a neat little volume made up from the writer's articles in the New York dramatic papers.

While the book is in the main biographical, its *motif* seems to be elocution.

Mr. Ayres maintains that all actors should be first elocutionists.

He is almost supersensitive as to the pronunciation of the much-abused *a* by Americans, and the distinct use of the pronouns *you* and *me*.

<sup>2</sup>*An Honest Dollar.* By E. B. Andrews. Hartford: Student Pub. Co.

<sup>1</sup>*Acting and Actors, — Elocution and Elocutionists.* By Alfred Ayres. D. Appleton & Co.: New York: 1894.

He asserts that Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Forrest came up to all his ideas of pronunciation and enunciation, and were consequently America's only really great stars.

Edwin Booth was not a genius, because he put the emphasis on the wrong word at times; and as for Lawrence Barrett, he was not in it at all. Ada Rehan, he says, not only makes the worst of mistakes in accent and pronunciation, but mangles the Queen's English, while Frederick Ward is a barn-stormer of the lowest order.

To sum up he admits that while pronunciation, emphasis, inflection are the true foundation of a good actor, rather than the mere adjuncts, there may be dramatic instinct where these qualities are utterly wanting.

However, Mr. Ayres is magnanimous in quoting from other critics whose views are directly opposite to his own pet theories and estimates.

The book is handsomely printed and embellished with portraits of the author.

### Mine Timbering.<sup>3</sup>

A very useful little volume for the use of miners is the manual of *Mine Timbering* just issued by the California State Mining Bureau. While it does not claim to be a complete treatise on the subject, the text and illustrations cover a wide field, — the result of carefully compiled details of the methods in use in most of the mines on the Pacific Coast. As a text-book for practical use by the miner it is valuable; giving clearly detailed information, illustrated by working drawings, of most of the methods which skill and practice have found best adapted for use in all the various kinds of mining, both lode and deep gravel.

### Books Received.

*The Story of the Nations: Australia.* By Greville Tregarthen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1894.

*Acting and Actors.* By Alfred Ayres. New York: D. Appleton & Co.: 1894.

*The Ebb Tide.* By Robt. Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne: Chicago and Cambridge: Stone & Kimball: 1894.

<sup>3</sup>*Methods of Mine Timbering.* By W. H. Storms, State Mining Bureau: San Francisco: 1894.

# Overland Monthly

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## AS TALKED IN THE SANCTUM.

BY THE EDITOR.



IF OUR chats on indifferent topics lack the true "back-log" flavor that all readers of Charles Dudley Warner and Ik Marvel have learned to expect when a bevy of individuals like unto ourselves begin to talk, it is all owing to our want of big arm-chairs and an old-fashioned open fire-place. We have a sort of a two by two and a half hole in the wall, back of the Reader's desk, that our landlord assured us was a fire-place, but we have never investigated it, and we have nothing substantial to burn in it.

The Reader is the only member of the Circle that has ever seriously broached the subject of experimenting with it. But as all the emanations of our collective brains have, sooner or later, to pass through the Reader's hands before being immortalized in print, we are as a body, naturally, though guardedly, skeptical of his disinterestedness. An open fire would never do in an editorial sanctum. In fact, I never heard of one being so badly placed. It is certainly to the purpose, be it enthusiastically antique or garishly *fin de siècle*, in your own study, in the quietude of your own home. Then if, in a moment of sanity, you commit a manuscript of your own making to its purging flames,—well and good, you commit the act in cold blood, with malice aforethought. But in the Sanctum,—where there are a thousand and one little annoyances and a thousand and one little interruptions,—a faulty construction, a bit of bad grammar, a mis-spelled word, a sentence lacking a predicate, or an illegible "hand-write," is apt to cause the coolest of us—a cool man is too often lazy or stupid, so none of us bid for that distinction—to be hasty, and to do things that he would wish undone.

That the Poet's verses or the Contributor's tragedy should find their way into the Reader's ever-handly Gehenna, with all due respect to them, would not be as serious a loss, I think even they will admit, as the disappearance of the

unnumbered manuscripts that come to the Reader's hand weekly, with the deprecating little request that "in case they are not found available, kindly return with the enclosed postage."

It is possible to rescue a manuscript which its gentle author values above all earthly price, and in the inditing of which he has refused to be fettered by the absurd rules of Murray or the unreasonable dictums of Webster, from the waste-basket; but "all the king's oxen and all the king's men," cannot undo the five minutes' work of a poetic arch-fire and the Reader's inexcusable rancor.

Yes, an arch-fire, however much it might stimulate the quality or flow of our Sanctum talk, would surely bankrupt the magazine in a month. We must be contented with our painted radiator and big south window.

The Contributor is a pessimist of the most troublesome kind in politics. No one ever accused him of being a Republican, and he would leave the room in high dudgeon if he thought that we considered him a Democrat. He is not a Mugwump, for he dislikes theories and believes that to the victor belongs the spoils; consequently he is not a purist, and of all sorts and conditions of men a "reformer" is a thing he most despises. He is simply a citizen of a republic, who believes that "horse-sense" as heretofore recorded is required in governmental affairs as it is required in household affairs.

To show his utter contempt for all parties, he once drew up a scheme of government with the following men at the head of it,—that he invaded the graveyards did not embarrass him, as he said his names only stood for qualities:—

President, George Washington; Vice-President, George William Curtis; Secretary of State, James G. Blaine; Secretary of the Treasury, William M. Stewart; Secretary of War, Ben Butler; Secretary of the Navy, Captain Alfred T. Mahan.

"I am in favor of more dignified exclusiveness at the White House, more true, progressive Americanism in the State Department, and a broader conception of the national needs in the Treasury. The Army wants less red tape and more organization and effectiveness; the Navy, as many modern war-ships as are owned by any other first-class power, or more. We want Americanism instead of partisanship, horse-sense instead of sounding phrases."

The Poet. "The Contributor is like the minister who was engaged by a little Connecticut town to preach hell-fire and brimstone and board himself."

The Contributor sniffed disdainfully, and ran a hand through his scanty hair. "The tariff bill has just been settled again, after a year's struggle and debate in the midst of the hardest times the country has ever seen. Where are the reforms that Mr. Cleveland so vaingloriously promised? Where are the vast benefits that the laborer was to receive? Where are the good times that the new tariff, which was to have been passed by a special session of Congress within a month after Mr. Cleveland came into power, was to bring? Where are last winter's snows? Is there any 'common-sense' in tearing up our entire system of tariff laws every four years, making them the sport of trusts and corporations, reducing them to a basis of stocks, oil, and pork,—a thing to gamble on,—just to please some insane idea of a useless party?"

The Reader. "I prefer to answer for last winter's snows."

The Contributor. "Does not this Wilson Bill strike you all as a pitiful bit of statecraft, when the fact is taken into consideration that five hundred brains



labored over it for twelve months? Would you exchange for it the work of the man's brain that discovered the telegraph, or the work of the man's brain that invented the sewing machine? Does it compare for one moment with Newton's Law of Gravitation or even with Blaine's doctrine of Reciprocity?

"If the Wilson Bill, the plaything of the Sugar Trust and the laughing stock of Europe, is the best we can expect from our five or six hundred representatives, it is time that Free Trade be incorporated in our Constitution."

The Parson. "It strikes me that we have listened to like tirades on the same subject from our colleague before. For one, I trust that the tariff fight has been a lesson to our legislators as the strike was to our capitalists, and now that it is at last settled the banks will open their vaults and money will be easier."

The Poet. "I rise to submit for the Circle's approval, the following motto for Mr. Cleveland's office wall: 'When in doubt go duck-shooting.'"

The Occasional Caller. "For one, I pin my faith to the Democratic Tariff."

The Contributor. "Take my advice and use a safety-pin."

THERE are books on my library shelves that I read with pleasure, and cannot pick up without experiencing a sensation of delight, although I have to some extent forgotten their plots and often their characters. On turning over their pages, snatching a word here and a sentence there, running down a page or over a chapter, trying to discover what endears them to me, I find that it is not always what is written or what is pictured, but the associations and scenes that the novel recalls. I find that I have in the past in some manner insensibly, but indelibly, added to the scenery of the book the scenery of the place at which it was read; to its characters, the people I knew at the time. Its sunsets are the sunsets gazed upon as I read, not the sunsets of which I read. I cannot separate the book from the place, and would not if I could.

The quaint mountain heroes of Charles Egbert Craddock's "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," recall an autumn trip down the Chesapeake Bay, from Baltimore to Old Point Comfort; excursions into the charming realm of that picturesque old Virginian Atlantis, the East Shore; rides over its sandy roads and among the resinous odor of the pine woods; visits in fascinating old colonial mansions; twisting, snake-like lagoons bordered by funereal cypress trees, hung with ghostly gray moss; sober, rickety little towns; ruinous board shanties filled with genial black faces; terrapin and snipe. The rugged, denuded balds of Tennessee can never escape the companionship of the marshes and sand dunes of Maryland and Virginia.

"Jane Eyre" takes me away to Southern Kansas and Northern Indian Territory. A long, hot, dusty ride in the caboose of a cattle train, with glimpses through a dirty window of dirty Indian tepees and dried sun-flowers, on an endless plain of burnt buffalo grass.

"Middlemarch" finds me ever in a big arm-chair in my father's study, with the howling winds of frozen Ontario in my ears. I can see my father's silvered hair, and hear the sound of his faltering steps.

The ice and snow of that winter melt before the picture that is summoned up by Dumas's glorious "Musketeers,"—a tropical island in a sunlit sea; spiced breezes from almond and clove trees; the sound of a great cocoanut dropping in the warm sand at my feet; the red sails of a Malay *tongkang*; the somnolent

washing of tepid waters over a coral reef; the nude forms of brown-eyed natives. D'Artagnan, Athos, Aramis, Porthos, Richelieu, and Louis Quatorze, acted their parts for me under a great almond tree in the Straits of Malacca.

Strangely enough, Daudet's pathetic "Jack" brings back the Nile, the Pyramids, water-carriers, the date-palm, yellow sands, and swaying camels laden with cotton, on the deserts along the Suez; while Ebers' "Egyptian Princess" holds tenaciously to the Boulevards des Italiens and Capucines, the Place de la Concorde, and the golden dome of Les Invalides. So the iterative splash of the water-wheels of the Nile, the lunge of the bullocks as they go down through the soft mud to drink, the cry of the muezzin before the mosque of Hassan, the play of the fountains in the Jardin des Plantes, the flicker of the converging lines of street lamps, and the deep bells of Notre Dame are inextricably mixed, only, Paris is summoned up by the Egyptian novel, and Egypt, by the Parisian.

It was during an autumn trip through the mountains and sage-brush plains of Idaho, that I read "Far from the Madding Crowd." The title of the book would have been *apropos* to my surroundings, had I not been in company with a detachment of Uncle Sam's soldiers and all the paraphernalia of a moving camp. I read the book in snatches, as we camped under the sheltering crags of a rugged spur of the Bitter Root during the noon-day heat, in the cool, almost chilling shadows of a cañon, to which the reflections of our many fires lent an added touch of weirdness; among desert wastes of played-out placers. The quiet heaths and sober country homes of provincial England, and the homely folk that peopled them, stand side by side with vast mountain solitudes, mining camps, Indian tepees, and all the rugged peculiarities of Western life.

Between the lines of Warner's "A Little Journey in the World," I see a journey to an old world; an ocean trip over the Pacific. I smell the salt air of northern latitudes and drink in the warm breezes of the Japanese coasts. I catch myself raising my eyes from its pages to follow the bounding course of a fat, awkward dolphin, or to rush to the rail and gaze out upon a black spot that the quartermaster assures me is a whale. A storm and a touch of *mal-de-mer* break into the thread of the story for a few days, and then I suddenly neglect its fascinations in the fascination of the harbor of Yokohama, filled with its junks, house-boats, and sampans.

A delightful trip down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, and into the heart of the White Mountains, is associated with Stockton's quaint story, "The Late Mrs. Null," while my famous predecessor's "Snow Bound at Eagle's" and a little hunting camp in the north woods of Pennsylvania are forever joined together. Haggard's "Col. Quaritch, V. C." and two picturesque weeks spent in the palace of the Sultan of Johore —

The Contributor. "I move out of pure revenge for past slights, that the speaker begin chronologically with the days of the 'Hugger-muggers' and 'Robinson Crusoe,' and come on down regularly to the 'Yellow Aster.'"

The Artist. "I am curious to know if the 'Yellow Aster' was perused at the North Pole."

The Parson. "If so, the combination was a happy one."

The Sanctum. "Fie on the Parson!"

The Office Boy. "Proof."

## MOUNTAIN ART.



HERE are very few great landscape painters in the world that paint mountains, and

though Americans have pictured them as well as many others, perhaps better, it is possible to go through all the art exhibitions of the season without seeing a mountain picture worthy of the name in any one of them. Frenchmen do not paint them, and the art of Paris dominates that of America. Therefore the subjects are mainly of a pastoral character and limited range.

There is as much difference between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum as there is between the aims of Rosseau, Daubigny, Cazin, Diaz, Corot, and some others of the leading landscape painters of France. A line drawn across their extreme range would not cover one hundredth part of the field that nature offers to the artist. Never a pine tree, nor a mountain side, nor a peak, nor even a running brook; but always a clump of deciduous trees, an opening in the one forest of Fontainebleau, a gray

hut, some still, stagnant water. It is not wrong for Frenchmen to paint so. They are simply expressing the scenery of their own country with rare and subtle insight,—giving to the people a more truthful rendering of it than they ever had before, and clothing it with poetry and sentiment that will be to its lasting glory.

But this is no reason why Americans should paint America in a French way. We seem to have been overwhelmed by the superior powers of the painters of France. Artists can train themselves to see in a landscape whatever they wish to see. One who is given to painting gray pictures can easily find in a sunny midday scene those tones which he affects, by emphasizing which, and eliminating the brilliant color, he may produce with some truth to the place a picture that is markedly of his own style. Another painter, whose aims are different, may sit by his side and make a glowing picture, in which the grays serve only to intensify the positive color. There is a spot in New Jersey where five good painters sat side by side one afternoon, each painting the same scene according to his own gifts, and each sketch being a truthful impress from nature, but all quite different in color and sentiment, varying to the bent or education of the different painters. So that the treatment of a subject is not wholly a consideration of truth, but is largely a matter of choice. The question is whether an artist should narrow his vision to seeing but one side of nature, or whether he should go out doors with his eyes wide open,—seeing all, daring all; sometimes failing ignominiously, but

making a success, every now and then, which sheds luster upon all art, and which he could not have accomplished if he had lacked the nerve to break away from tradition and foreign influence.

While the ablest painters of America are seeking the subjects to which they have been trained in foreign lands, the mountain scenery of their own country is almost entirely neglected, and mountain painting has ceased to be a feature in art. I feel assured, however, that there will be a revival in mountain painting, and that it will some day be carried farther than ever, because the art of the mountains is the greatest of all landscape art, and must endure.

The most genuine of the religious painters, such as Titian and Tintoretto, were also the first genuine landscape painters; and furthermore, their landscapes were nearly all steep mountains. Giotto, Perugino, Angelico, John Bellini, and Raphael (while he was young and unconventional), introduced wild mountain distances whenever they had any fitness to the subject. But less creative artists used flat or architectural backgrounds, and in the decadence of pictorial art which followed the fourteenth century, the mountains in the distance sank until they were as flat as the art of the same period.

From this dead level of art, and the dead level of the landscapes that the artists poorly painted, there sprang up after many years one Salvator Rosa, who may be said to have attacked mountain painting in the most literal sense. He went at it in quite a savage manner, piling crags and cliffs and torrents and rocky ravines together in a wild and wanton way, yet revealing for the first time their pictorial fitness, and giving to the world pictures in which the figures were wholly subordinate and accessory to the landscape. In another mood, Claude Lorraine proved the same possibilities, and soon, with the revival

of mountain painting, there followed another great art period, in which the English took a leading part, and then the Germans and the painters of all other nations, the Americans not the least, until it seemed that mountains had been painted in every phase and every manner, and the work of painting them was completed, and there was nothing more to be said or done. I cannot believe this to be really so, for there seems much yet to be done in this direction. I would rather live in hope that the wonderful development now going on in other branches of landscape art will lead to a revival in mountain painting, in which that class of subjects will be carried to a higher plane than ever before.

It was Turner, among the English, who did so much to reveal the innate grandeur of mountain scenery, and its superlative fitness to pictorial representation. His wonderful insight into mountain structure, and his singular fidelity to truth, made it easier for every later painter to grasp the subtle power of line that dominates, yet lurks, on the mountain's breast. But he cared more to express a multitude of truths of form and color, than to make his pictures beautiful. They are great, and noble, and true, but not attractive, except to the student and connoisseur.

A school of mountain painters arose in Munich and Düsseldorf, whose aim was to paint literal beauty, and this it did so successfully that its influence at one time overwhelmed the entire field of mountain landscape. In the best pictures of this school will be found the most perfect representations of mountains that the world has yet seen,—perfect up a certain point, though not to the highest. Snow-clad peaks of the Alps, rosy in the glow of the setting sun, delicious purple cliffs, rich forest slopes, deep pellucid lakes, gray and lichenized foreground rocks, splashing, sparkling torrents, wild rolling clouds,



MOONLIGHT IN THE UTAH MOUNTAINS.

all so exactly right in color, form and texture, and each so beautiful,—so incessantly, wearily beautiful,—so lovely, so *perfectly* lovely, that chromos by the

have such a picture in his parlor than he would sing "Silver Threads among the Gold" at an evening party. Yet "Annie Rooney" is a pretty tune, and has real melody,—so did the Düsseldorf school of painting have color, harmony, literal truth, and elegance, but was beautiful and inane as Powers' Greek Slave, and no more to be compared to the possibly great pictures of mountain scenery than that piece of sculpture to the Venus of Milo. Düsseldorf reached the climax of unimpassioned technical excellence. It had its day, and landscape art is the better for it, but it represents simply a stage of development.

In the biographies of great painters that have startled, then confused, then enlightened the world,—men like Turner and George Inness, for example,—we learn that their early attempts to express themselves were awkward and constrained; later, they acquired facility and maintained a period of exactness, striving for truth and beauty with much conventionalism, and finally when all this was mastered, and the hand no longer lagged behind the brain, they have spread their wings and flown into the empyrean, whence, above our heads, they have flung down their passionate ideals for us to understand if we can, but which we know full well contain the essence of mighty truth



AMERICAN FORK CANYON, WASATCH MOUNTAINS.

million were made of them, and girls copied them, and common artists imitated them, until they became as tiresome as the tune of "Annie Rooney," and by this time one would no more

and highest art, whether we can completely comprehend them or not.

The life of one such genius may be an epitome of the great round progress of art itself; and if this be true, we have

seen the early history of landscape art with its incomplete and halting attempts at mountain painting, followed by the Düsseldorf period, in which technical truth has been carried to its utmost limit; and in recent times, with a few golden exceptions, there has come a pause, during which the masters of landscape painting have averted their eyes from the mountains and fastened them upon the plain, the brookside, the hamlet, and the village farm. Is it not natural to believe that they will shortly bring their new and wonderful powers to bear on nobler subjects, and cast upon the snow-clad peak and beetling mountain side the play of light and color and warmth, of passion and strength and poetry, with which they are now filling their lowly pastorals? Are they not trimming their wings on the plain for a sublime flight upward, to the pine forests and Alpine lakes, the dark ravines and cloud-hung crests, of the everlasting hills?

A strange thing which fills the uninitiated with surprise, is the respect, amounting almost to adoration, now paid by some of the young leaders to Japanese art. They claim to find in it the simplest and noblest forms of expression, and even say that the ultimate of art, as pursued in France and the highest schools of the world today, will be a means of expression at least analogous to that of the Japanese. The germ of this new thought seems to be that the Japanese paint only the essential elements of a picture, and those only by a system of hieroglyphics. The details are entirely left out. Three or four diagonal lines across a picture mean that it is raining; a caret  $\wedge$  means a mountain; and so on. It was a lesson to me as I once gazed, delighted, on a brilliant picture by August Bonheur, to be told that it was not good, because he painted what he saw. He should, instead, have painted what he felt. But the Japanese go a step farther, and

paint what they neither see nor feel; and yet some of the more progressive painters claim it to be the highest of all art, because it is the simplest and most direct. It certainly has the virtue of omitting unimportant details, but it seems to me that it is somewhere between Japan and Düsseldorf that the ideal domain of art is to be found.

Nevertheless, there is food for deep thought in this recent direction of art, which demands that a man shall have the mind of a prophet and the heart of a child,—he must prove all things, and hold fast only to that which is good. In telling his simple tale he must yet suggest a knowledge of deep things. A man who tells everything in a picture, leaving nothing to the imagination, is like the gossip who tells the whole story at the first sitting. Neither can arouse much interest afterwards. If a painter can suggest a truth, the cultured eye can do the rest. The artist is not to undergo cross-examination and examination in rebuttal. If one cannot discern the beauties in Shakspeare or in Browning, it would be shocking to ask the poets themselves for a further explanation. Connoisseurs despise a picture that is finished in every particular, because it seems to say, "I had to be carried to the last detail, or you would not understand me." Men of intelligence do not elaborate on every thought in their converse one with the other. If he who utters an abstruse thought notes its ready conception by the countenance of the listener, both are at once pleased. Therefore the very great painters depend upon their fellow artists and the capable critics for recognition, and therefore the masses of the people neither understand nor value their highest efforts. Good artists hate good photographs, where every object on the field is reproduced with wonderful distinctness; but will go into raptures over an under-timed one, in which the high lights break weirdly out from broad

masses of shadow; or an over-timed one wherein light and atmosphere have saturated everything to grayness. In their weariness of the perfect photograph, we have even known them to suggest a return to the old daguerreotype, which does not tell all it knows at once.

• But danger for young artists lurks in this kind of art; danger that they may endeavor to conceal in the diffusedness or obscurity of detail their lack of knowledge,—whereas it actually calls for the completest understanding of detail. There are men who splatter a word in writing because they do not know how to spell it, and there are some who paint a picture ambiguously because they do not know how to draw it. But men like George Inness, who so successfully use this means of expression, are consummate masters of both drawing and technique; so was Corot, so was Constable, from whom the gray poet-painters are said to have taken their inspiration, and so was Ruysdael, who seems to have been the fountain head. They, like Turner, understood all the rules of painting so well that they could defy them, and knew how to draw every head of wheat in a sheaf and every feather on a butterfly's wing; but they ceased to do such things when they had learned by and through them to express more elevated ideas; and a breadth and bigness came into their work as they vaulted ever upward.

As to whether absolutely great mountain landscapes have yet been painted, we can only judge by the best examples that already exist, and since the days of Düsseldorf it is in America that the most notable attempts have been made. Amongst many paintings of power and fame I have space only to refer to a few examples from artists like Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran, and Frederick E. Church, whose styles and subjects prove their intention to paint the greatest pictures they could imagine. Church's *Cotopaxi*, in the Lenox Library, for

instance, is an elaborate composition, containing an assortment of Nature's ultimate expressions of sublimity and grandeur, an inventory of which would include one active volcano, two sunsets, (one red, one white,) several lakes, (assorted shapes and colors,) one large waterfall, two cliffs, one desert, one garden of Eden, two rivers, (one tumultuous, one smoothly gliding,) one wood interior, one range of mountains, and a variety of lesser materials, such as assorted mists, flower beds, vistas, lovers' walks, etcetera, all of which are offered in one lot, and guaranteed to astound the idlest beholder. To make these features — any one of which is sufficient material for a modern painting — hold such relationship to each other as even to suggest unity, would be a mighty task for the greatest painter that ever lived; but that Church obviously failed to do it proves, we think, that it cannot be done. Nevertheless, and partly because of this failure, his *Cotopaxi* is one of the most instructive pictures on view today. A student may learn from it a thousand truths,—of the play of light, direct, transmitted, reflected, refracted,—of color in the free sunlight, through a veil of smoke, iridescent in foaming water, sunset glow, the wonderful and subtle zenith-light, or what has been termed the "down-light,"—of textures, wonderfully true in rock, tree, plain, water, everything,—of perspective both lineal and aerial,—of the laws of shadow and of reflections: indeed, it is likely that in this endless enumeration of facts from Nature there is not one error. But the first glance proves that the aggregation of them all into a single picture is an overwhelming mistake.

Perhaps this description will nearly cover all that may be said of the class of painters we are now considering. They had the noble ambition to portray the grandest phases of creation, and did not shrink to attempt the uttermost. In Thomas Moran's large paint-



ing at the Capitol, of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, he has lost bigness in the same way as Church did in his Cotopaxi. He has several different gorges, — one cannot help calling them an assortment,—and as if they were not of themselves sufficiently disturbing, there hang above them wild, thundering, swirling clouds, with lightning and a rainbow in them. Similarly Bierstadt's Mount Corcoran, which almost seems as if it might have been made the perfect picture, had to have two irritating cascades, and at least a suggestion of impossibility in the cumulose uprising of the clouds below the summit of the peak. Another instance is Church's Niagara, which, to a certain point, and seemingly over the most difficult portion, is one of the most masterly and reposeful pictures to be named, but that its glory is all tainted by the fiddling management of the waters in the foreground.

Therefore the query becomes irresistible,—if these splendid painters so often fail, can great mountain painting be successfully done at all? In answer, two great pictures come before me. One is Moran's Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone at the Capitol, which is the companion piece to the Utah subject referred to, the Cañon of the Colorado. It is a superb representation of a sublime and magnificent scene, and *it is a unit*. There is scarcely another subject on earth containing the superlatives of color and form that greet the eye at the point which Moran has chosen for his picture, and the painting produces the same sensations that the actual scene inspires. The other great picture which seems to say that grand art in landscape is feasible, is still in Mr. Bierstadt's studio. The subject is a sunset at the breaking up of a snow-storm in Yosemite Valley. There are the wild sky, the fantastic cliffs and spires, the driving snow, the sunset glow, the river running thickly with

slush ice, a golden light suffusing a portion of the picture, the rest in purple shadow; there is once more the gathering together of Nature's elements of glory, but it is done in a simple and probable way, with one end only in view—the reproduction of a single mighty phase of Nature.

Undoubtedly such work is better, greater, nobler, than to paint a foggy tree in a marsh, as some of the painters do without ceasing. When they get tired of painting a foggy tree in a marsh, they change to a tree in a foggy marsh, and in a moment of supreme enthusiasm they even produce a marshy tree in a fog,—but they rarely go farther than that. These men of limited range argue that it is better to do one lesser thing thoroughly well, than to fall short in attempting the heroic. There is some reason in this, but it is a course of thinking that has taken the bloom from many a good painter's fame. Compare the life-work of any of the artists we have named,—even though their brilliant successes are mingled with many a flat failure,—to that of men who paint but one kind of picture, and say which is the greater career?

That which lifts itself above the level is the mountain painter's subject-matter,—the aspiring, the exalted, the lofty. The dwelling place of Jove is on the summit of Olympus,—God's place is on high, He delivered the laws to Moses on Mount Sinai. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth glad tidings! How are the thoughts exalted in high places! What are the rhapsodies on the mountain top! How paltry seem the affairs of men in the distant valley, when one stands on a lofty summit, with the cañon's gloom beneath him and the great northeast wind upon his brow,—when mountain chains stretch out before him, the forests beneath, and the crags piling tumultuously around his feet,—and his gaze

sweeps over a vast expanse of rifted cliffs and snowy peaks into the far distance, where filmy clouds drift across purple hills, which are lost at last in the infinite beyond! Then the true artist strives in vain to calm his beating heart, his brain is afire, every nerve is tingling. The weight of thousands of feet of atmosphere is lifted from his head, and his soul leaps in ecstasy. For the emotions especially aroused by mountain scenery are those of sublimity, awe, and grandeur,—emotions impossible to inspire by figure pictures or by those of valley scenery. Ruskin says that mountains have always possessed the power, first of exciting religious enthusiasm; secondly, of purifying religious faith.

In the midst of genuine good-fellowship, much good art, and a sincere striving after an intangible ideal, an ungenerous attitude is taken by the younger painters towards these giants in mountain art. One would expect this to arouse bitterness and spleen among the latter. But they have natures not to be shaken by such treatment, though they may be turned aside from their purpose. Perhaps their wanderings among the broad and rolling mountains of the West have widened their characters and strengthened them against all opposition of a trivial sort. Yet, no man can withstand unceasing discouragement, and one of the results is, that even the great mountain painters are being driven to other subjects,—Bierstadt working on large pictures of the Last of the Buffalo and the Landing of Columbus, and Moran toying with scenes along the Thames, and pictures of the swamps of Florida. Perhaps they have done all that it was their mission to perform in mountain painting, and that it will be the task of fresh, strong young hands to take up the labor where they have left it; but the geniuses who are to do this work have not yet emerged from the valley, and their names are not known. They abide, for the present, by

the edge of the wood, where they work over and over again the material that ten thousand other painters have worked in the last hundred years.

My own appreciation of mountain beauty and its pictorial allurements has grown out of my wanderings in Utah, particularly amidst the wild and picturesque scenery of the Wasatch and Uinta ranges, and their endless variety of material for the mountain painter. While treating of these subjects in general, my thoughts have been fixed on many a delicious scene among the sketching grounds. Some of our mountains, with their splendid bold fronts rising from the grassy valleys, are as fine in form and color as any in the world. It is a marked characteristic of the Salt Lake Valley, that the western front of the Wasatch presents its massive wall sheer and precipitous above the level vale, without foot-hills, and absolutely without the lateral ranges which are rarely absent from the neighborhood of high peaks in other countries. It is this feature which makes the Wasatch Mountains so magnificently beautiful, challenging the admiration of artists particularly, who rejoice in the splendid lines carved in the mountain side, sometimes sweeping from the highest peak to mountain foot. These lines are curved and graceful, most of them taking the ideal line of beauty. Indeed the line of beauty is never swung until the mountain flings it forth. You may seek and find it on the neck and shoulders of a beautiful child or woman; it is revealed in the dainty bend of a fern-leaf; it is seen in the graceful trend of an elm-tree bough,—but what are these to the majestic sweep of the mountain side whose crags and forests are lost in the great flowing lines that control its structure!

I think of the alpine lakes, of the Cottonwood cañons, Lake Mary, and the others, and of one high, lonely pool of melted ice that sleeps far up above them all. Vast beds of gleaming snow lie



"WITH THE GREAT NORTHWEST WIND ON HIS BROW."

along its edge in July and August, and the waters have that pale, intangible hue of green so characteristic of glacial pools. The altitude is so great that the vegetation is of a different nature to that which surrounds the lower lakes. The great wind currents which sweep incessantly from the northeast across all the high mountain peaks of Utah, have exerted their steady pressure on the hoary old pines, until they cling in a most weird and fantastic manner to the porphyritic cliffs. It is the limit of timber; the mountains above are bare and scored with perpendicular lines, down which avalanches have rushed with uninterrupted force for centuries.

Or of a certain amphitheater which ends one of the cañons, and where, amidst luxurious herbage, are strewn splendid boulders and fragments of gray limestone, whose firm cleavages and picturesque outlines are the ideals of the rock painter, and whose tender gray contrasts with beautiful effect to the green of the flora which here seems more varied and brilliant than in

any other portion of the mountains. From the fractures in the rocks, young pines, lusty, rich, and dark, are springing. This combination of color and form gives foreground material to the sketcher, which he would have difficulty in finding in such perfection elsewhere. All this wild mountain beauty does not belong to the lake region, but it is the place for cascades and waterfalls, for fields of snow and ice, for broken and bewildering crags, for dizzy heights, whose snows glitter in the sun, and gloomy depths of shadow through which the waters roar in their plunge to the valleys below.

Or of a region in the Uintas, near the source of Bear River, with its thousand rills and streams flowing from the amphitheaters and grassy tracts, which adds so much to the beauty of our high mountain scenery. Nothing could be more artistically opposed than the deep and placid pools, with their fringes of vivid green, and quiet, piny glades, to the gigantic uprising cliffs of rock, bare, broken, desolate, against



HEAD OF THE LITTLE COTTONWOOD

the sky, rifted with chasms in which snow lingers throughout the year, and upon whose breast the morning sun gleams and the setting sun glows, while the valleys are wrapped in deep shadow, and the gray of twilight is stealing among the pines. One of the most accessible of these high peaks is La Motte, from whose summit can be seen the whole range of the Uintas. Stretching eastward as far as the vision will extend, they rise in domes, in pyramids, in cones, all broken and rifted with grim chasms and sides torn with wind and snow,—varicolored, pale ochres of yellowish and greenish gray, deep maroon cliffs, stretches of creamy ridges, bluffs of purple, and over and through all the blue air softening the distance until the most easterly peaks are azure on their shadow sides and lilac where the sun catches them. In every meadow far be-

low, where the grass has been yellowed by frost, lies a pale sea-green alpine lake, bordered by dark boulders which have been cast there by the glaciers of long ago. Above, below, whichever way we gaze, there are grandeur

and magnificence.

Or I think of a memorable morning when I found myself in an expansive basin of the Uinta Range. On every side were beautiful glades, surrounded by timber, through whose boughs could occasionally be had glimpses of farther parks beyond. In these dingles the rich grass was knee high, and threaded across by deep watercourses like trenches, down which crystal streams, ice-cold, slowly passed. Out into the meadows there would venture a group or two of pines, picturesquely posed, like wooded islands in a sea of herbage. Back of the piny fringes of these parks, the ruddy quartzite cliffs frowned down; while at the head of the basin, aerial, majestic, overtopping everything, arises the weird outline of Reed's Peak, a gigantic sarcophagus, and nothing else. You see its resemblance to a great sepulcher at the

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H.A. CUMER

first glance, and never forget it as long as the peak is in sight. A sloping base, about whose feet are crystal fountains,—a coffin-shaped mass resting squarely on its pedestal,—a line of ornamentation sharp and true as if carved by hand,—another slab above it, square and plumb; and on the top an effigy prone on its back,—its face, neck, body, knees, and feet, as fairly proportioned as if modeled by the artists of the renaissance, who made the effigies of kings and queens that lie in St. Paul's or Westminster. But this giant image of the mountains rests on this lofty couch with a matchless repose more subtly wrought than comes within the power of man.

And of what colossal size! From head to foot, as he lies stretched out, he will measure over a thousand feet; his tomb is a quarter of a mile high, and several miles in circumference. His brow is lifted higher to the sky than any earthly thing around. It is the first to catch the winter's snow, and the last to lose it. The rays of the morning sun are flung across his face before the valleys have awakened from the shades of night, and in the evening the deep red glow lingers about his feet when all the world below is fading in the twilight; the whirling winds and the tempests encompass him, but still he rests unchanged, unchangeable, in his solemn repose.

*H. L. A. Culmer.*



### A FACE.

I MET a maiden on the street,—  
 I knew another long ago,—  
 And as she passed with tripping feet,  
 I looked, and lo!  
 I saw the face I used to know.

The winsome smile, so rare and sweet,  
 The downcast eyes, the cheeks aglow;  
 Ah me, it made my old heart beat,  
 Though well I know  
 That on her grave the daisies grow.

*Lucius Harwood Foote.*

THE SONG OF THE BALBOA SEA.<sup>1</sup>

## SONG FIRST.

"In the beginning, God —"

*When God's spirit moved upon  
The waters' face, and vapors curled  
Like incense o'er deep-cradled dawn  
That walked not yet the mobile world,—*

*When deep-cradled dawn uprose  
Before the baby stars were born,  
When the end of all repose  
Came with that vast, first, wondrous morn,—*

*In that morning of the world  
When light leapt forth, a giant born:  
Oh, that morning of the world,  
That vast, first, tremendous morn!*

## PART FIRST.

## I.

WHAT is there in a dear dove's eyes,  
Or voice of mated melodies,  
That tells us ever of blue skies  
And cease of deluge on love's seas?  
The dove looked down on Jordan's tide  
Well pleased with Christ the Crucified;  
The dove was hewn in Karnak stone  
Before fair Jordan's banks were known.  
The dove has such a patient look,  
I read rest in her pretty eyes  
As in the Holy Book.

I think if I should love some day —  
And may I die when dear love dies —  
I'd sail broad San Francisco Bay  
And seek to see some sea dove's eyes:  
To see her in her air-built nest,  
Her wide, warm, restful wings at rest;  
To see her rounded neck reach out,

<sup>1</sup> Parts of this poem have appeared in London and Atlantic periodicals from time to time during the last dozen years in which I have been writing it, but it is completed only now.—J. M.

Her eyes lean lovingly about ;  
And seeing this as love can see,  
I then should know, and surely know,  
That love sailed on with me.

## II.

See San Francisco Bay and live,  
See San Francisco Bay and love,  
See San Francisco Bay and give  
God thanks for olive branch and dove.  
Then take Balboa's boundless sea  
And sail and sail thy destiny.  
Some isles, drowned in the drowning sun,  
Ten thousand sea doves voiced as one ;  
Lo, love's wings furled and wings unfurled,  
Who sees not these wild half-world seas,  
Sees not, knows not the world.

How knocks he at the Golden Gate,  
This lord of waters, strong and bold,  
And fearful-voiced and fierce as fate,  
And hoar and old, as time is old ;  
Yet young as when God's finger lay  
Against Night's forehead that first day,  
And drove vast Darkness forth, and rent  
The waters from the firmament.  
Hear how he knocks and raves and loves !  
He woos us through the Golden Gate  
With all his gray sea doves.

And on and on, up, down, and on,  
The sea is oily grooves ; the air  
Is as your bride's sweet breath at dawn  
When all your ardent youth is there.  
And oh, the rest, and oh, the room  
And oh, the sensuous sea perfume !  
Yon new moon peering as we passed  
Has scarce escaped our topmost mast.  
A porpoise wheeling restlessly  
Quick draws his bright, black, dripping blade  
Then sheathes it in the sea.

Vast, half-world, wondrous sea of ours !  
Dread, unknown deeps of all sea deeps !  
What fragrance from thy strange, sea flowers  
Deep-gardened where God's silence keeps !  
Thy song is silence, and thy face  
Is God's face in His holy place.



Thy billows swing sweet censer foam,  
Where stars hang his cathedral dome.

Such blue above, below such blue,  
These burly winds so tall, they can  
Scarce walk between the two.

Such room of sea! Such room of sky!

Such room to draw a soul-full breath!

Such room to live! Such room to die!

Such room to roam in after death!

White room, with sapphire room set 'round,

And still beyond His room profound;

Such room-bound boundlessness o'erhead

As never has been writ or said

Or seen, save by the favored few,

Where kings of thought play chess with stars

Across their board of blue.

• III.

The proud ship wrapped her in the red

That hung from heaven, then the gray,

The soft dove gray that shrouds the dead

And prostrate form of perfumed day.

Some noisy, pygmy creatures kept

The deck a spell, then, leaning, crept

Apart in silence and distrust,

Then down below in deep disgust.

An albatross,—a shadow cross

Hung at the head of buried day,—

At foot the albatross.

Then came a warm, soft, sultry breath,

A weary wind that wanted rest;

A wind as from some house of death

With flowers heaped; as from the breast

Of such sweet princess who had slept

Some thousand years embalmed, and kept,

In fearful Karnak's tomb-hewn hill,

Her perfume and spiced sweetness still,—

Such breath as bees droop down to meet,

And creep along lest it may melt

Their honey-laden feet.

The captain's trumpet smote the air!

Swift men, like spiders up a thread,

Swept suddenly. Then masts were bare

As when tall poplar's leaves are shed,

And ropes were clamped and stays were clewed;

'T was as when wrestlers, iron-thewed,  
Gird tight their loins and take full breath,  
And set firm face, as fronting death.  
Three small brown birds, or gray, so small,  
So ghostly still and swift they passed,  
They scarce seemed birds at all.

Then quick, keen saber cuts, like ice;  
Then sudden hail, like battle shot.  
Two last, bent men crept down like mice,  
And man, poor, pygmy man, was not.  
The great ship shivered, as with cold,  
An instant staggered back, then bold  
As Theodosia, to her waist  
In waters, stood erect and faced  
Black thunder; and she kept her way  
And laughed red lightning from her face  
As on some summer's day.

The black sea-horses rode in row;  
Their white manes tossing to the night  
But made the blackness blacker grow  
From flashing, phosphorescent light.  
And how like hurdle steeds they leapt!  
The low moon burst; the black troop swept  
Right through her hollow, on and on.  
A wave-wet scimiter was drawn,  
Flashed twice, flashed thrice triumphantly;  
But still the steeds dashed on, dashed on,  
And drowned her in the sea.

What headlong winds that lost their way  
At sea, and wailed out for the shore!  
How shook the orient doors of day  
With all their mad, tumultuous roar!  
Black clouds, shot through with stars of red;  
Strange stars, storm-born and fire-fed;  
Lost stars that came, and went and came;  
Such stars as never yet had name.  
The far sea-lions on their isles  
Upheaved their huge heads terrified,  
And moaned a thousand miles.

What fearful battlefield! What space  
For light and darkness, flame, and flood!  
Lo! Light and Darkness, face to face,  
In battle harness battling stood!  
And how the surged sea burst upon  
The granite gates of Oregon!

It tore and tossed its seething spume,  
And wailed out, room! and room! and room!  
It shook the crag-built eaglets' nest  
Until they screamed from out their clouds,  
Then rocked them back to rest.

How fiercely reckless raged the war!  
Then suddenly no ghost of light  
Or even glint of storm-born star.  
Just night and black, torn bits of night;  
Just night and midnight's middle noon  
With all mad elements in tune;  
Just night, and that continuous roar  
Of wind, wind, night, and nothing more.  
Then all the hollows of the main  
Sank down so deep, it almost seemed  
The sea was hewn in twain.

How deep the hollows of this deep!  
How high, how trembling high the crest!  
Ten thousand miles of surge and sweep  
And length and breadth of billow's breast!  
Up! up, as if against the skies!  
Down! down, as if no more to rise!  
The creaking wallow in the trough,  
As if the world was breaking off.  
The pygmies in their trough down there,  
Deep in their trough they tried to pray,  
To hide from God in prayer.

Then boomed Alaska's great, first gun  
In battling ice and rattling hail;  
Then Indus came, four winds in one;  
And then Japan in counter mail  
Of mad cross winds; and Waterloo  
Was but as some babe's tale unto.  
The typhoon spun his toy in play  
And whistled as a glad boy may  
To see his top spin at his feet:  
The captain on his bridge in ice,  
His sailors mailed in sleet.

What unchained, unnamed noises, space!  
What shoreless, boundless, rounded reach  
Of room was here! Fit field, fit place  
For three fierce emperors, where each  
Came armed with elements that make  
Or unmake seas and lands, that shake  
The heavens' roof, that freeze or burn

The seas as they may please to turn.  
And such black silence! Not a sound  
Save whistling of that mad, glad boy  
To see his top spin round.

Then swift, like some sulked Ajax, burst  
Thewed Thunder from his battle tent ;  
As if in pent-up, vengeful thirst  
For blood, the veins of Earth were rent,  
And sheeted crimson lay a wedge  
Of blood below black Thunder's edge.  
A pause. The typhoon turned, upwheeled,  
And wrestled Death till heaven reeled.  
Then Lightning reached her fiery rod,  
And on Death's fearful forehead wrote  
The autograph of God.

God's name and face, what need of more ?  
Morn came : calm came, and holy light,  
And warm, sweet weather, leaning o'er,  
Laid perfume on the tomb of night.  
The three wee birds came dimly back  
And housed about the mast in black,  
And all the tranquil sense of morn  
Seemed as Dakota's fields of corn,  
Save that some great soul-breaking sigh  
Now sank the proud ship out of sight,  
Now sent her to the sky.

One lone, strong man had kept the deck ;  
One silent, seeing man who knew  
The pulse of Nature, and could reckon  
Her deepest heart-beats through and through  
He knew the night, he loved the night ;  
When elements went forth to fight  
His soul went with them without fear  
To hear God's voice which few will hear.  
The swine had plunged them in the sea,  
The swine down there, but up on deck  
The captain, God, and he.

And oh, such sea-shell tints of light  
High o'er those wide sea-doors of dawn !  
Sail, sail the world for that one sight,  
Then satisfied, let time begone.  
The ship rose up to meet that light,  
The holy virgin, maiden morn,

Arrayed in woven gold and white.  
Put by the harp, hush minstrelsy;  
Nor bard, nor bird has yet been heard  
To sing this scene, this sea.

## IV.

Such light! such liquid, molten light!  
Such mantling, healthful, heartfelt morn!  
Such morning born of such mad night,  
Such night as never had been born!  
The man caught in his breath, his face  
Was lifted up to light and space;  
His hand dashed o'er his brow, as when  
Deep thoughts submerge the souls of men;  
And then he bowed, bowed mute, appalled  
At memory of scenes, such scenes  
As this swift morn recalled.

He sought the ship's prow, as men seek  
The utmost limit for their feet,  
To lean, look forth, to list nor speak,  
Nor turn aside, nor yet retreat  
One inch from this far vantage ground,  
Till he had pierced the dread profound  
And proved it false. And yet he knew  
Deep in his heart that it was true;  
So like it was to that first dawn  
When God had said, "Let there be light,"  
And thus he spake right on:

"My soul was born ere light was born,  
When blackness was, as this black night.  
And then that morn, as this sweet morn!  
That sudden light, as this swift light!  
I had forgotten. Now, I know  
The travail of the world, the low,  
Dull creatures in the sea of slime  
That time committed unto time,  
As great men plant oaks patiently,  
Then turn in silence unto dust  
And wait the coming tree.

"That long, lorn blackness, seam of flame,  
Volcanoes bursting from the slime,  
Huge, shapeless monsters without name  
Slow shaping in the loom of time;  
Slow weaving as a weaver weaves;  
So like as when some good man leaves

His acorns to the centuries  
And waits the stout, ancestral trees.  
But ah, so piteous, memory  
Reels back from all that fearful scene.  
It breaks the heart of me!

"Volcanoes crying out for light!  
The very slime found tongues of fire!  
Huge monsters climbing in their might  
O'er submerged monsters in the mire  
That heaved their slimy mouths, and cried  
And cried for light, and crying, died.  
How all that wailing through the air  
But seems as some unbroken prayer,  
One ceaseless prayer that long night  
The world lay in the loom of time  
And waited so for light!

"And I amid those monsters there,  
A grade above, or still below.  
Nay, Time has never time to care,  
And I can scarcely dare to know.  
I but remember that one prayer;  
Ten thousand wide mouths in the air,  
Ten thousand monsters in their might,  
All eyeless, looking up for light.  
We prayed, we prayed as never man,  
By sea or land, by deed or word,  
Has prayed since light began.

"Great sea-cows laid their fins upon  
Low-floating isles, as good priests lay  
Two holy hands, at early dawn,  
Upon the altar-cloth to pray.  
Ay, ever so, with lifted head,  
Poor, slime-born creatures and slime-bred,  
We prayed. Our sealed-up eyes of night  
All lifting, lifting up for light.  
And I have paused to wonder, when  
This world will pray as we then prayed,  
What God may not give men.

Hist! Once I saw,—What was I then?  
Ah, dim and devious the light  
Comes back, but I was not of men,  
And it is only such black night  
As this, that was of war and strife  
Of elements, can wake that life,  
That life in death, that black and cold

And blind and loveless life of old.  
But hear! I saw, heed this and learn  
How old, how holy old is Love,  
However Time may turn :

"I saw, I saw, or somehow felt,  
A sea-cow mother nurse her young.  
I saw, and with thanksgiving knelt,  
To see her head, low, loving, hung  
Above her nursling. Then the light,  
The lovelight from those eyes of night !  
I say to you 't was lovelight then  
That first lit up the eyes of men.  
I say to you lovelight was born  
Ere God laid hand to clay of man,  
Or ever that first morn.

"What though the monster slew her so,  
The while she bowed and nursed her young ?  
She leaned her head to take the blow,  
And dying, still the closer clung,  
And dying gave her life to save  
The helpless life she erstwhile gave,  
And so sank back below the slime,  
A fiber in the loom of time.  
The one thing more I needs must say,  
The monster slew her and her young ;  
But Love he could not slay."

*Joaquin Miller.*

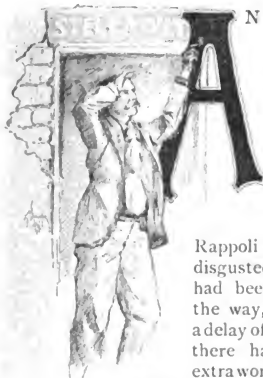
[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

THE TRUTH ABOUT AN ITEM IN A DAILY PAPER.

"Where wind-bound boats lie moored in groups,  
With idle spars."



N assorted lot of idlers and curiosity seekers lounged about Fisherman's Dock. A belated felucca was making ready for sea.

Giacomo

Rappoli was intensely disgusted. His partner had been loitering on the way, and there was a delay of an hour. Then there had been some extra work in drying out

the nets, which Giacomo was forced to do single-handed. Fajani approached, with a joke about girls in general and his own in particular, to which Giacomo gave a surly rejoinder.

He moved rapidly along the high rail where the nets hung, separating with his great brown paws the many strands, exposing to the winds those parts not yet dry. And then Fajani told him the great news. Paulina had given him her tintype in a little copper frame and they were to be married. Fajani was happy. There were times when he had been jealous of his cousin Antonio, but Paulina had made all this plain, and Fajani was happy. He had asked her to be his wife, and she had simply answered yes; and because in her gross nature was intermingled the fibers that distinguish the woman from the man, she had given him her picture, and had blushed as she

gave it to him. This was a sentiment that was not within the range of his conception, but he appreciated without understanding, and he liked her better for it. She seemed to be different from her countrywomen.

Usually happy, he was full of song, and the people who stood on the dock smiled patronizingly, and all the world was with him as he sang in a rich baritone a song of sunny Italy, and pushed out from the dock to catch a slant of wind to carry them toward the fishing grounds.

THE breeze blew fresh after the rain, and the run to the Heads was made in unusually quick time. Before the felucca had reached the open, the zephyr of the early morning off towards the Farallones had changed into a howling gale. The light boats of the fleet swayed to and fro; as the wind increased in violence one fishing smack after another sought refuge toward the San Francisco shore. The sun was shining brightly withal, and showers of spray glinting like diamonds flew into their faces and over the fishermen.

Rappoli and Fajani headed their boat back toward the wharf, hoping to reach its shelter ere the storm increased. They were calloused to the threatened peril, and carelessly enough did not heed the warning voiced to them from the other boats. Just ahead, and on a line with the Point, an additional warning came, in the form of a thin line of dark green water dotted with angry whitecaps. Many of the more cautious lowered their sprits and gathered in the clumsy brown canvas, the latter being too heavy to reef.



The felucca caught the squall with her head dead in the wind. Fajani paid no attention to the dark green ripple on the port bow, and he failed to bring his boat about again after the first squall had exhausted itself. There was a momentary lull, and then before either realized the danger the second blow came with a tremendous force, and Rappoli and Fajani were in the sea, the latter with his feet entangled in the crab nets and fishing gear.

Fajani, with his great brown hairy arms seeming to defy the elements, grasped his companion and hauled him alongside the overturned boat, where he soon had him astride the keel, on which he himself sat.

Lucky it was that the boat was ballasted with loose railroad iron, and that it was of unusual beam. Wave after wave broke completely over them, but they managed to retain their hold for sixteen long hours, an almost inconceivable proof of their physical endurance.

Sixteen hours, and that on the bottom of an overturned boat. Every muscle was strained to retain their hold.

Fajani looked at Rappoli, and he thought of Paulina. What if he should drown? His fingers were numb, and the great cords on his neck and arms seemed like iron. His legs were growing rigid. With the coming darkness the cold wind seemed to blow right through him. He tried to call to Rappoli. Rappoli might be saved and he not. He must send a message to that girl. There was something he wanted to say. Rappoli's features, as his body pounded up and down on the overturned boat, seemed like those of a dead man.

The lights of the city were growing dim in the distance. The boat was fast drifting toward the Pacific. Earlier in the day they had shouted loudly and madly for help to vessels anchored in the stream, but no one had heard them. The demon of the gale was whistling and howling in a chorus of song. The

waves increased in size; every comber broke over the little vessel with a crash as of thunder and a current of foam.

THE lights of the city are gone. The watery eye of Yerba Buena light struggles through the waves in a nebulous splash. The striking of a ship's bell tells the hour.

The end has come.

The sun rises, and casts a pale sickly yellow light on the closed lids of Fajani. The storm seems to spend itself in one last pitiless slap at his helpless and rigid body. He has been trying to say some incoherent things to his friend, but he has no voice. One of his feet is crushed. Rappoli has disappeared in the last wave, and Fajani, with a look of horror on his drawn face, lies half unconscious across the sinking boat.

ALMOST as quickly as it arose the storm goes down. A boat is approaching, friendly hands are stretched to the fisherman, friendly voices are calling. He does not hear and he does not see. He slips along the boat's bottom, and is lost to sight in the pitiless sea. Then again, not ten feet from the rescuers, his body shoots up, stiff and torpid, his arms straight along his sides, and his fingers like bird's claws; his eyes wide open, unseeing. Great clots of blood ooze from his nose and drop down his brown beard upon his bronzed and almost naked body. His body comes up, up, until his feet are almost exposed. A hoarse voice that has nothing human in it cries out, "Paulina!"

Quickly, as if weighted with lead, the body descends again into the deep.

The stillness is intensified by the shrill cry of a sea gull, as it skims lazily over the spot where Fajani was last seen. It sounds like a demon's laugh.

THE Latin quarter sleeps, wakes, eats, lives, and dies, within itself; and the great city does not give much attention

to its wants, or to what is going on generally. Tumble-down houses, narrow, cramped lanes, with here and there a lamp throwing a flickering light. Within, in the shadow of great mills and ware-houses, rookeries, and brothels, the fisherman has his home; among a population not as thrifty as himself, elbowing on one side the worst form of vice, and on the other bounded by the barren, unsightly, and dismal Telegraph Hill. Among the old houses that seem to have become paralyzed while dancing a hornpipe to an earthquake, the streets are full of children, noisy, dirty, and happy; sometimes a drunken sailor, visiting the different sailor homes or lodging houses, is seen to climb

munity. Nothing to indicate his name or residence, only a miniature tintype, which, with a scapular, had been found in the palm of his right hand,—crushed into the flesh, a shapeless mass,—but still recognizable.

After a long search the officer located Paulina. She was asked to identify the corpse: a nameless horror seemed to



one of the little alleys with an unsteady gait. At other times the sense of smell is assailed by garlic and the aromatic odors of a spiced dinner.

THE policeman who had been detailed from the morgue to ascertain who the Italian was that had been found dead on the beach near the Cliff House was having hard work. By his dress and general appearance it was decided the dead man had belonged to the fisher com-



"PAULINA!"

make her shrink within herself. She would not go. He was no kith or kin of hers, she said.

When the policeman left the place, she burst into loud wailing, bemoaning her hard luck. Here this fool had to die and make her unhappy, and expose her to the stare and the gossip of all the neighbors. And through the blinds, where the sun was beating down hot, she could see those horrid Geckos pointing their fingers at the house.

Fajani's grave is in the paupers' row,—it is overgrown with rank weeds, and nothing save a moldering stick of redwood marks his resting place.

AN hour after the policeman's visit Paulina was singing as blithe as a bird, and as happy and as free from care as if no shadow had ever crossed her life.

In the saloon across the street Antonio was drinking with some friends, and at times he went to the door to look at Paulina's shapely ankles on the flat roof opposite, where she was hanging up the clothes.

And that same evening Antonio

wooed the dark Paulina, and the romance of Italy was transplanted to the shores of California. Bending over the form of the fisher girl, the tall, swarthy Ragusan breathed tales of love and garlic, and the picture of a happy home with a myriad of children rose to the mind's eye. The girl gazed dreamily to the middle distance in the vari-colored landscape—

"Where up and down, the swan-winged boats,  
Glide all day long."

*Pierre N. Boeringer.*



### A POET.

WHAT is a poet? It is he  
Who, though he wallows in the mire  
Of deep, degrading poverty,  
Or feels within the fretful fire  
Of hunger, still uplifts his voice  
And sings of beauty and of love,  
With such sweet force that men rejoice  
And think the sounds are from above.

Or he, perchance, whose path of life  
Has led him safe and scarless through  
The doleful din, the sickening strife,  
Of mortal's fight with fate; but who  
With tender sympathy can stop  
To lift the shroud from misery  
And cause the world to drop  
A tear,—a poet, too, is he.

*Henry W. Allport.*

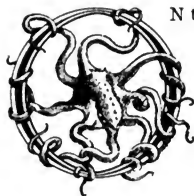


## THE RUINED MILL.

**I**N this far western El Dorado land  
 Of sudden, heaped-up mountains, rushing leaps  
 Of waters and wide idle wastes of sand,  
 There is a mountain stream that softly sweeps  
 Beneath the clustered willows where the pines  
 And glossy-leaved madrono branches meet  
 Above the banks of tangled blackberry vines;  
 Where Napa lays her proud head at the feet  
 Of St. Helena, and in summer time  
 The juicy grapes lie purpling in the sun;  
 Where wild birds carol in a twinkling rhyme  
 And all life's aims seem fading into one:  
 Scarcely to hope, or wish, or even plan,  
 But with the heart laid close to earth to dream  
 That thus it ever was since time began,  
 To dream and listen to this mountain stream.  
  
 Long years ago, one came and looked, and thought  
 To chain this wild fawn to a grinding wheel.  
 He barred its way with stubborn rock and taught  
 Its gathered drops to crush the grain to meal.  
 Ah well! he failed. I cannot tell you why.  
 At least the wheel is still; and so for years  
 The vines have quivered with a tender sigh  
 And drawn fresh beauty from the gentle tears  
 The heavens dropped upon the silent mill.  
 They were such soft and clinging, loving vines,  
 So mossy, and the wheel has stood so still  
 That each caressing leaf and tendril twines  
 Wherever it may please about the rim,  
 About the gray old paddles, to and fro  
 Along the flume and up the walls to dim  
 The sunlight on the broken floor below.  
  
 A worthless ruin in the eyes of trade,  
 Its round of daily toil forever past  
 The old mill nestles in the forest shade  
 At leisure to grow beautiful at last.

*Isabel Darling.*

## NAVAL NEEDS OF THE PACIFIC.



IN the Pacific Ocean the United States owns a sea-coast extending from San Diego on the south to the western point of the Aleutian Isles, excepting the frontage of the British Possessions. This sea-coast is the natural drainage and outlet of that vast territory lying west of the great Rocky Mountains, and the cities surrounding the Pacific Ocean are the legitimate markets for the ever-increasing products of this rapidly growing section.

The possibility that the future holds for this vast empire, "if we but wisely shape our fates," is dimly seen, if we compare a single State with the United Kingdom of Great Britain, where an area of 127,000 square miles supports a population of nearly 38,000,000 of people, whose products fill every market, and whose power circumnavigates the globe. The area of California is 158,360 square miles, or 101,350,400 acres, of which not five million square miles are cultivated, and of which twenty million are forests, with a population of only 1,208,130 people. Its coast line is 850 miles; its shore line 1,200 miles; and its products cover the wants of civilized man. It is possible in this single State to maintain in comfort more people than now live in England. Can it be said that the American nation is less capable than the English? If their equal, then it is possible that in the future the commerce of this American empire fronting on the Pacific Ocean will surpass in volume that which now ebbs and flows around the British Isles,

and more than one hundred millions of people will barter and exchange their products with the nations of the Pacific. This commerce will require vast fleets of swift merchantmen to supply its wants, and a vast navy to police its interests. The past records no more patent fact, than that nations who hold front rank commercially must rank high in naval power adapted to all the conditions which environ their commerce.

The Pacific Ocean contains sixty-nine millions of square miles, surrounded by people who number hundreds of millions, and containing numerous islands, many of great importance commercially, and invaluable in a strategic sense as centers of supplies and observation, and as coaling stations. The last few years have demonstrated the political fact, that the leading naval powers of the world,—England, France, Germany, and Russia,—have already made lodgments in the Pacific for future use. And Japan, a warlike race, inspired with modern methods and adopting modern implements, is now trying her strength by land and by sea for the acquisition of territory and recognition as a civilized power. China's immense latent power is slowly but surely emerging from centuries of commercial cowardice, guided by trained leaders using modern ideas, inspired with the spirit of conquest. Chile has shown her skill and courage, and knowledge of the use of advanced weapons. England has already great fortifications and an ever increasing navy at Esquimalt. The combinations are already forming which Western America will be obliged to meet and compete with, in order to obtain her fair share of commerce.

From Alaska, from the mouth of the Columbia River, from San Francisco,

from the possible Nicaragua Canal, lines drawn to Australia will surround the Hawaiian Islands; and from Chile or the Nicaragua Canal, or the Isthmus, to China or Japan, the same thing occurs: in fact, of all the great ocean lines on the Pacific Ocean it is the center station, the strategic point, whose distance from our naval center of the West determines the class of ships required to police the future trade of the Pacific. The shortest distance from the present naval center of the Pacific, San Francisco, to Hawaii is 2100 miles, with no intervening coaling station possible; a distance so great that it demands ships of the highest type, commanding,—first, a large radius of action; second, great defensive powers; third, high speed. No ship yet built seems to fill all these requirements so well as the Oregon class of battle-ships lately designed by the Navy Department, and now nearing completion.

There can be no difference in opinion, that in case of serious trouble requiring active effort, the distances on the Pacific require not only a ship with speed and coal capacity, but one which can fight at its arrival, and of such battery power as to be a fair match for any possible antagonist. The varied points to guard would require at least one of these ships in Japan, one in China, one at Australia, one in Central America, one on the sea-coast or at San Francisco, one at Puget Sound, and one south, at Chile. These would make a formidable squadron used collectively, or efficient ships in detail. They should be in size, power, and armament, as nearly of one type as possible, to insure a common and uniform knowledge of the power in the ships when used in fleets.

To convoy the battle-ships and inform them what friends or foes are to be expected, armored cruisers of the Brooklyn type represent the combined opinion of naval architects, and are able to meet all possible requirements,—their size

being one of the factors most liable to change, according to the opinion of the bureaus constructing them.

As to swift destroyers of commerce, America is in the lead with the Columbia or Minneapolis type, which have a theoretical radius of action of 24,000 miles at moderate speed, with the heretofore unattained speed of twenty-three knots, which at present is in advance of any demands.

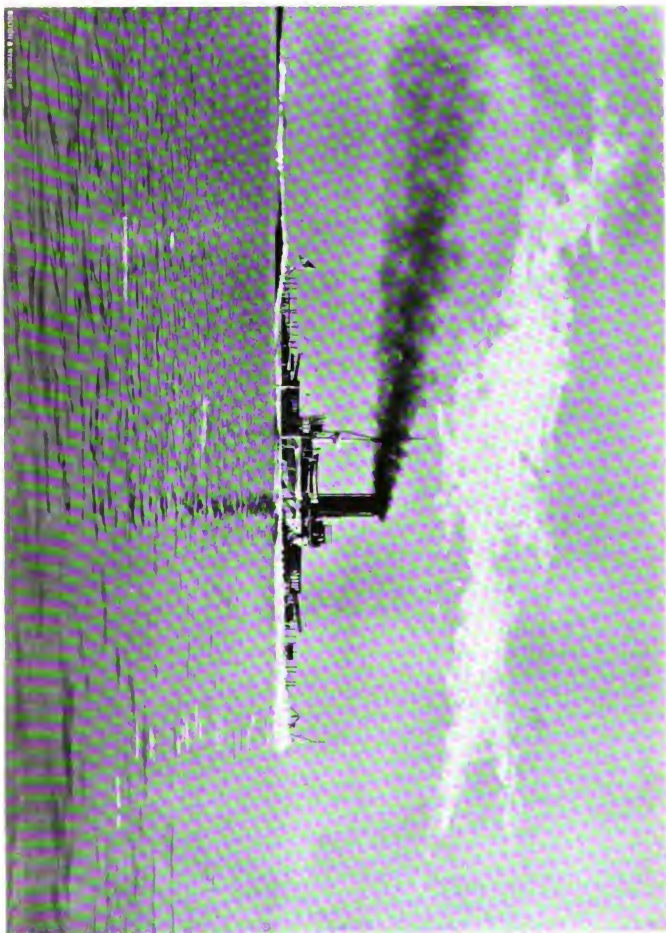
For unarmored cruisers, there is the Olympia type, with a large battery of five-inch rapid firing guns, a speed of twenty-two knots, and high free board, combining large radius of action, great speed, a formidable battery, and a length of hull and draught of water that enable her to enter the small and shallow harbors prevalent on the Pacific.

For harbor defense purposes, the Monterey, a double-turreted monitor, seems to fill the requirements; while for the shallow rivers, sounds, and bays, gun-boats of light draught, medium speed, and fair battery, are required to enable the successful patrolling of the shallow waters of our coasts.

The shallow, crooked, and narrow rivers of China require a special cruiser to maintain the position that the United States has always held in that country. The Navy Department has recognized the importance of this, and two boats, designed especially to meet that want, are now under course of construction.

While there are other special services that will have to be met by special designs, the above is a general outline of what the emergencies of today require. While it is very desirable, from the point of discipline, to have the various classes described of uniform design, continual improvements and changes in the devices used require modifications in every ship, in adopting the latest and best attainable, and this prevents entire uniformity.

That the ability to meet any of these requirements is contained in the Navy,



is amply proved by the history of the building of the present fleet of vessels. Under Secretary Chandler, the Dolphin, Atlanta, Boston, and Chicago are creditable designs, considering the state of the art at the time of their construction. Their hulls rank well today, but their engines are of the older type, as they were designed immediately preceding the great changes in marine engines. The last Congress provided funds to re-engine and re-boiler the Chicago with the latest type of motive powers. When this is done, she will rank with the most advanced.

Under Secretary Whitney's broad and comprehensive view of the future, plants capable of supplying all the wants of the modern navy,—to supply armor plates, guns, shafts, etc.,—were started and have since been completed, the capacity of which far surpasses those of any other nation.

Under the energetic American policy of Secretary B. F. Tracy, the types of vessels required to meet the various emergencies were carried to their highest and greatest development; and so far as they have been finished and tried, no serious errors or faults have been discovered, and it looks today as if the possible wants of the future had been fairly anticipated.

With improvements in device and quality of material will come marked changes, which will make it possible to obtain, with less displacement, greater speed, greater endurance, and greater fighting capacity, than we have heretofore attained. The rapid improvement

and success of all branches of naval architecture gives assurance to the great American people that the future of the naval policy of the Pacific Ocean is in good hands, and will be well cared for. While the Americans are slow to move in these matters, when once in motion they have a boldness and comprehension, which easily enable them to master every problem, and will demand the early completion of sufficient ships to maintain our material growth. Complications that are growing in the commerce of the Pacific must impress themselves, sooner or later, upon legislation and lead to the construction of defensive vessels in numbers adequate to the danger that confronts them.

The exigences of the last Congress were such, coupled with the desire to complete and test some of the vessels ordered, that they have left a gap in construction that may yet be seriously felt. The present able and conservative Secretary, Mr. Herbert, is fully acquainted with the history of the Navy, and comprehends all the points regarding these matters, and delay at present means but a more earnest advance along the entire line. The people of the western coast of America may earnestly and energetically develop the vast interests according to their best ideas, knowing full well that the great impulse of American nationality will bring into perfect harmony all elements of the government, and shape legislation to build up and protect this mighty Empire of the West, and guard against the encroachment of any rival power.

*Irving M. Scott.*







## COAST TREES OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.



I AM the redwood tree, —  
 By the cliff-bound Western sea  
 I rear my temples green,  
 Leaving space between  
 My evergreen boughs, for the royal red  
     madrone,  
 The fir, with fragrant cone,  
 And the slender chestnut oak, —  
 That graceful tree beloved by the fairy  
     folk,  
 Who dance on the needles brown  
 Where the soft light flickers down  
 From my spires that touch the sky.  
 Up on the summits high,  
 Down in the cañon grand,  
 My shadowy temples stand.  
 I am the redwood tree,  
 By the cliff-bound Western sea.

I AM the chestnut oak,  
 Beloved by the fairy folk, —  
 Tan oak, they call me most  
 On the wooded Western coast.  
 Slender and light I'm made,

To grow in the redwood shade,  
Till the forest vandals come  
To hew me down in my home.  
My bark they carry away  
Leaving me stripped and gray  
Till the ferns and flowers and brake  
My funeral canopy make.

That is white with the fog of the sea.  
My leaves like the redwood's seem,  
But you see not cones, but the gleam  
Of berries small and red :  
And instead  
Of towering up to the sun  
I lean with the laurel sweet where the  
ferny rivers run.  
I am the beautiful yew  
Beloved of the fog and the dew.

I AM the royal madrone,  
Peerless I stand, and alone  
In my wonderful sheen and glow.  
Red as the wines that grow  
In the valleys wide and still  
Is the tint of my bark in the forest  
greens on the hill ;  
And my trunk is smooth to the touch  
Like a polished cane or crutch ;  
My leaf is a rich dark green  
With a beautiful finish and sheen.  
I live in the forest cool  
By the springlet's grassy pool,

When my sap runs up in the Spring  
The vandal axes ring.  
I am the chestnut oak,  
Mourned by the fairy folk.

I AM the beautiful yew, —  
Beloved by the rain and the dew ;  
My low dense boughs I fling  
Over the trickling spring,  
Where the misty wind of the West  
Is cool from the ocean's breast,  
And the cañon is dear to me,

And the mountain side I keep  
Where the long fir shadows sleep.  
I am the royal madrone  
Peerless I stand and alone.

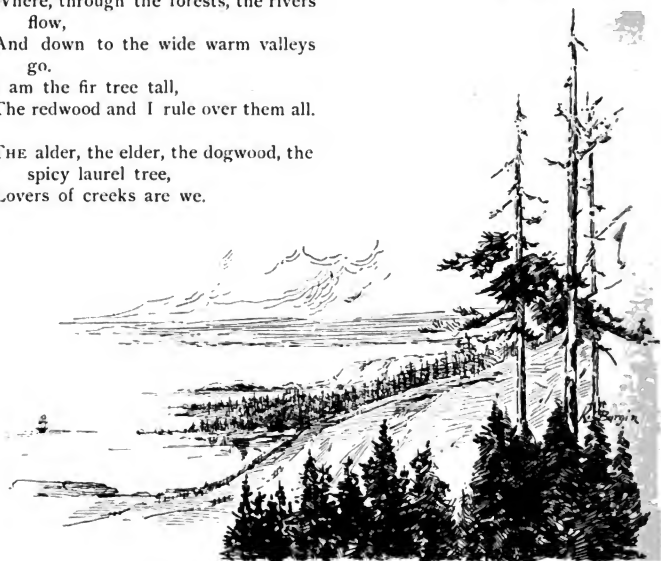
I AM the fir tree tall,  
The redwood and I rule over them all.  
High overhead our tops pierce through  
Into the sunlight and the blue;  
I can see the ships on the ocean's  
plain,  
I can see the clouds roll up the rain,  
I can see the north sea fog come down  
Over the harbor and the town,  
Then through the forest slowly creep  
Up and over the mountain steep.  
When, on the summit's height I stand,  
Many a mile I look inland,  
Where, through the forests, the rivers  
flow,  
And down to the wide warm valleys  
go.

I am the fir tree tall,  
The redwood and I rule over them all.

THE alder, the elder, the dogwood, the  
spicy laurel tree,  
Lovers of creeks are we.

The sportsman knows us well,  
Crowding his way through the dell,  
To cast his hook in the stream  
Where the foamy ripples gleam;  
And he tangles his pole and line  
With many a twine  
In the lowering boughs we spread  
Over his careless head.  
The hunter marks the place  
Where we part a little space;  
For down to the clear pool's ferny  
brink,  
The deer will come at the dawn to  
drink.  
The alder, the elder, the dogwood, the  
flourishing green bay tree,  
Lovers of creeks are we.

*Lillian H. Shuey.*





"SHE SOLD HIM A CHRYSANTHEMUM."

## OUTWARD AND VISIBLE SIGNS.

### IV. AFTER STRANGE GODS.

THIS is not my story. It is the story of my friend Kew Wen Lung, the *gong-toi*, who has his little green and yellow barber shop in Sacramento Street, and who will shave you for one bit, while you hold the shaving bowl under your chin. This price, however, includes the cleaning of the inside of your eyelids with a long sliver of tortoise shell held ever so steadily between his long-nailed finger tips. Kew Wen Lung told me all about it over three pipes in his little room back of the shop, where a moon-faced, old-fashioned eight-day clock measured off the length of the telling, ticking stolidly on, oblivious to its strange companionship of things in lacquer, sandalwood, and gilt ebony.

There were a great many ragged edges and blank gaps in Kew Wen Lung's story, which I have been obliged to trim off or fill in. But in substance I repeat it as I got it first-hand from him,—squatting on the edge of his teakwood stool, contentedly drawing at his brass *sui-yen-hu*.

OF COURSE it was only at the World's Fair that Rouveroy, who was a native of a little sardine village on the fringe of the Brittany coast, could have met and become so intimately acquainted with Lalo Da, who until that same Columbian year had passed her nineteen summers in and about a little straw and bamboo village built upon rafts in the

Pei Ho River, somewhere between Pekin and Tientsin. Lalo Da was not her real name, but one which Rouveroy was accustomed to call her. Her real name was unpronounceable by French lips, but, translated into English, I believe it meant "The Light of the Dawn on a White Rice-Flower."

Rouveroy was a sailor before the mast on the French man-of-war, "Admiral Duchesne," and was detailed as a guard in the French exhibit of china and tapestry in the Manufactures Building. Lalo Da belonged to the Chinese pavilion in the Midway, and was one of the flower girls who sold white chrysanthemums in the restaurant there.

Now I have seen Lalo Da, and I am not in the least surprised at Rouveroy for falling in love with her. Indeed, I myself—but that is neither here nor there now,—and she was fond of Rouveroy, and I am only the teller of a plain, unvarnished tale. But she was as good to look upon as is the starlight amidst the petals of dew-drenched orchids when the bees are drowsing and the night is young, and the breath of her mouth was as the smell of apples, and the smooth curve of her face where the cheek melted into the chin was like the inside of a gull's wing as he turns against the light. This was how Kew Wen Lung spoke of her. For me, she was as pretty a little bit of Chinese bric-a-brac as ever evaded the Exclusion Act.

For Rouveroy, Lalo Da was simply Lalo Da; he could compare her to nothing but herself, which was an abstruseness beyond the reach of his rugged Breton mind, so he simply took her for herself, as she was, without consideration, comment, or comparison.

He met her first when he was off duty one day, and was seeing the sights in the Midway. He went to the theater in the Chinese pavilion, and then afterwards with a companion lounged into the restaurant. She sold him a chrysanthemum here, and he came the next

day and bought another, and the next, and still the next, until at last she began to recognize him, and they talked together. He discovered to his great delight that she spoke a broken French, which she had picked up from her father, who had been a clog-maker in the French colony at Tonkin. One had to hear Lalo Da talk French, with her quaint little Chinese accent, in order to appreciate it.

She was with her sister-in-law, Wo Tchung, a *low-nueng'ingh*, with a face like a Greek comedy mask, who mended the costumes for the actors in the theater, and who smoked all the time. The two lived together in a pretty little box over the theater, full of chrysanthemums of all sorts of colors, and there Rouveroy spent most of his evenings when he and Lalo Da did not have to be otherwise engaged, while old Wo Tchung smoked and smoked, and while Lalo sang to him the quaintest little songs in the world, half French, half Chinese, accompanying herself upon her two stringed *sitar*, with its cobra skin sounding board.

Altogether, it was an experience the like of which Rouveroy had never dreamed. Lalo Da seemed to him a being of another world, but whether his equal, his inferior, or his superior, he was unable to say. At times in his more rational moments he was forced to acknowledge to himself that this could not go on forever. He was a sailor before the mast, and she was a Chinese flower girl. Manifestly they were not made for each other. Soon he would go away,—back to Brittany, and possibly marry some solid-built, substantial Jeannette or Marie; and when the great White City should be closed, Lalo Da would return to her little straw village on the Pei Ho, to be mated with a coolie who worked in the tea fields, and who would whip her. It was folly to allow himself to love her; it was cruel to try to make her love him; the whole affair was wrong;



it was unjust ; it was unkind ; it was never intended to be,— but O, it was sweet while it lasted !

It lasted just one day over a month : at the end of that time Rouveroy climbed to her little room one Sunday evening, and sat down, very quiet and very grave, in her window seat. Lalo Da came and sat upon his knees, and put her hands upon his face. Wo Tchung passed him his tea, and gave Lalo her little pipe with its silver mouth-piece. She teased him while he drank his tea, and joggled his arm until he wet his big yellow beard. She laughed a laugh that was like the tinkling of a little silver bell ; but looked into his face and suddenly became very serious. Then she spoke to him in French.

"Yee-Han," she said,— for that was her way of pronouncing Rouveroy's "Jean,"—"Yee-Han, what is the matter tonight ?"

Rouveroy took a yellow envelope from his pocket. "Lalo, I must go away. I have received orders to join my ship at New Orleans."

Then Lalo Da put her two small arms around his neck and cried.

A week later the Admiral Duchesne was two days out from port.

IN the big Chinese pavilion on the Midway, Lalo Da dragged out the days as best she might, with her heart sick in her little body and a choking ache in her throat. During the day she vended her white chrysanthemums with smiles upon her face that were more pitiful than tears ; but at night she took a little china image from her bosom and burnt sandal-wood and incense sticks before it, and putting her forehead to the ground, prayed that she might see her big "Yee-Han" very soon.

The days grew to weeks and the weeks into months,— her china joss gave her no sign, and the prayer-sticks fell askew and unfavorable where she cast them. Her longing after Rouveroy took the

form of homesickness, and when an opportunity occurred of returning to China and to the little island village on the Pei Ho she took advantage of it, and within the week found herself with Wo Tchung in the streets of San Francisco. Chinatown in San Francisco, with its dirt, its impurity of air, its individual and particular foulness, and its universal and general wickedness, was not the clean and breezy freshness of the village in the Pei Ho ; but it was Chinese, and as such her heart warmed to it. Lalo Da's father belonged to the Lee Tong association, and while they stayed the Lee Tong looked after them, and they lodged in Dupont Street, at the house of one of the heads of the Tong, whose name was Foo Tan, and who was known as a doctor of some repute.

One day, soon after they had arrived, Lalo Da was minded to offer her usual prayer with an unusual sacrifice before the great joss, in the temple just off Sacramento Street. She went early in the afternoon, carrying with her as an offering a roasted sucking pig, all gay with parsley, lemon peel, tissue paper, and ribbons. She laid the offering before the joss, and wrote her prayer on a bit of rice-paper. Standing on the matting before the joss, she put her two fists together, placed them against her chest, and bowed to him twice,—after which she bowed her forehead to the ground, and then, sitting back upon her heels, put the slip of rice-paper in her mouth, chewed it to a spongy paste, rolled it into a little wad, and flung it at the joss. That was the manner of her praying. Last of all she shook the prayer sticks till her arms were tired, and flung them out upon the ground in front of her. They fell more favorably than they had ever done before. She rose with a lightened heart, paid her bit to the mumbling old priest, and departed. As she went joyfully down the dirty stairs she met Rouveroy.

For the past month he had been sta-

tioned at Acapulco, then the Admiral Duchesne had been ordered to San Francisco, and his curiosity had driven him, when on shore leave, to wander into the tangled maze of narrow lanes, crooked streets, and unkempt piles of houses, that make up Chinatown.

The old life began again ; and again Rouveroy would climb to Lalo Da's little eyrie under the roof, where one could look out at the city dropping away beneath to meet the bay, and the bay reaching out to kiss the Contra Costa shore, which in its turn rose ever so slowly toward the faint blue cap of Diablo. Close below them the great heart of the city beat and beat all day long, but they did not hear it. The world might roll as it liked in those days.

There had been an unusually warm summer in San Francisco that year, and small-pox broke out in the crowded alleys of Chinatown. It was very bad for a while, and one morning Lalo Da woke to the consciousness of a little fever and nausea, and a slight pricking and twitching in her face and in the palms of her hands. She knew what it meant.

When the small-pox attacks an Oriental it does not always kill him, but it never leaves him until it has set its seal upon him horribly, indelibly. It deforms and puckers the features, and draws in the skin around the eyes and cheek-bones, until the face is a thing of horror.

Lalo Da knew that she was doomed that even if she recovered, her face would be a grinning mask, and that Rouveroy, her "Yee Han," would shudder at it, and never love her any more. She was sure of this,—ignorant as she was, she could not see that perhaps Rouveroy might love her for herself, not for her face.

What Lalo Da went through with that morning, as she sat up in her bed with rattling teeth, I do not like to think of. But in the end she resolved to do a fearful thing.

Now let us be as lenient with her as

we can. Remember that Lalo Da was after all only half-civilized ; and before everything else, remember that she was a woman, and that she loved Rouveroy very much. In a like case a man would have bowed down and submitted. Lalo Da, being what she was, fought against fate as a cornered rat will fight.

She expected Rouveroy that evening. She said to herself, while her nails bit into her palms, "I will not be sick until tomorrow."

Nor was she. How she nerved herself to keep up that day is something I never understood ; a man could not have done it. She had made up her mind slowly as to what she should do, and being once resolved, set about it remorselessly. Remember always that she was half-civilized, that she was a woman, and that the little fever-devils just behind her eyes danced and danced all day long. She sought out the doctor, Foo Tan.

"Foo Tan," she said, "what is it that will best make the eyes blind?"

He told her, and she wrote it down on her fan.

"It is not otherwise dangerous?"

He said "No," and then she left him.

When Rouveroy came that evening, he found her in bed, all but delirious.

"It is *le petit verrol*, Yee-Han,—small-pox ; promise me that you will go away for three months, and not try to see me until I am better. You must not be near me, heart of my heart, lest the sickness should fasten upon you as well. Remember, you have promised. Now go. Goodby. I will send to you when it is time."

She kissed him upon the mouth and upon the eyes. Then the strain gave way. The little fever devils joined hands, and spun around and around behind her eyes, and she began talking very fast in Chinese about white horses and *cahu-chamahs*, and white-hot winds that blew in from the desert across the Pei Ho River.



After a long while he went away, and Wo Tchung went to the door with him, and called him to remember that he was not to try to see her for three months.

THE days began to pass very wearily; the hot weather held and the rain would not fall. The Admiral Duchesne went up to Mare Island for repairs; and while Foo Tan fought for the life of Lalo Da, and while the health officers kept the yellow sign upon the door and strewed chloride of lime around the house, Rouveroy went drearily about his duties, wondering what could be the meaning of shooting pains across his forehead, and a maze of dull sparks weaving kaleidoscope patterns before his eyes.

At last, one day, when everything five feet distant would be occasionally swallowed up by a lurid mist, he reported to the ship's surgeon. The ship's surgeon examined his eyes, then laid down his instrument, and said very gently, as he cleared his throat:—

"You must be prepared for a great shock. The vitreous humor has been somehow poisoned, and the optic nerves paralyzed; it is a form of very acute hypermetrophy. My poor fellow, in a few weeks you will be totally blind."

This was true. All the light in the world went out for Rouveroy within the next month, and he went about with arms dangling at his sides,—for a blind man never swings his arms when he walks,—and people who talked to him always spoke in a loud, distinct voice. He managed to keep himself together

pretty well in the day-time, but at night he would often beat his head against the floor, and hurt himself with his nails and teeth.

At the end of three months, and about the time when his hearing began to get acute, and he had begun to occupy himself with making things out of bits of string, and had forgotten to turn his head in the direction of the speaker when addressed, he got word from Lalo Da and went back to her.

Lalo Da mourned over him, and kissed his sightless eyes again, and the two went back to China, and eventually went to Tonkin, where Lalo Da's father still fashioned clogs, and where Rouveroy found employment in the French colony, making hammocks, fish-nets, and net-purses.

"You see," Lalo Da had said to Wo Tchung, "I know that he knows I have had the small-pox, and that my face is no longer the face of a human being, but he can't *see* it, and so he will always know me only as I was in the old days when I was a flower girl, and he used to come and see me in the little room over the theater."

And so the two live on in Tonkin, the one distorted by disease and the other blind. You would not know them for the same people that had once met each other in the Midway Plaisance.

This is the story as my friend Kew Wen Lung, the *gong-toi*, told it to me. Personally, I do not believe very much of it; however, you may have it for what it is worth.

Frank Norris.

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## TWO DAYS AT THE HEAD WATERS OF THE NAVARRO.

WRITTEN BY THE SECRETARY AND ILLUSTRATED BY THE PRESIDENT.

At five o'clock sharp, Tuesday morning, April 3d, Doctor Houston and myself set out from Ukiah, Mendocino County, California, with a horse and buggy, for the head waters of the Navarro, on a trout

fishing excursion. We were informed of a "splash dam," on the main stream, about

four miles by a trail from the terminus of the wagon road, and distant about twenty miles from Ukiah. It was said that the back waters of the dam form a small lake, well stocked with steel-head salmon of an excellent quality, and that the scenery round and about it is both charmingly beautiful and impressively grand.

It may be convenient for those who are not woodsmen to know that I have used the term "splash dam" as I heard it used in the lumbering districts of Pennsylvania. It applies to a dam for the storage of water, and when the quantity desired has collected, it is suddenly allowed to pass through flood-gates in such force as to float the timbers placed in the bed of the stream below it for transportation. It was intended our trip should encompass that territory which lies between the head waters of the Navarro and the said dam.

Leaving the Russian River valley at the mouth of Orr Creek, our route lay via the old Mendocino City stage road, gradually ascending Orr Creek cañon, over Pine Ridge, and for several miles skirting the divide between the Navarro and Big River waters.

The morning was perfect, and on reaching the summit of the divide the

scenery was grand beyond description. Like Basil, whose

Thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window panes in the winter,

I could utter no word. Three thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, looking northward and westward as far as the eye could reach, was a dense forest of majestic redwoods, like sage and stately sentinels of forgotten ages, waving their bright green plumes three hundred feet aloft in welcome to the fitful breath of the morning.

During the rest of our drive I was inclined to silence, presumably from an excess of emotions such as I never before had experienced. I had seen many of Nature's wonders, but for the want of a more appreciative sense of the sublime, I could only see in them the consequences of natural results, like the Irish tourist who visited Niagara Falls; he was seen searching about with a puzzled look of inquiry on his countenance, to discover the wonderful inspired sentiments which were to pervade his whole being on beholding the mighty torrent thundering down from above.

"I can see nothing to hinder it," said Pat.

It was half past two o'clock when we arrived at Amos Snelling's cabin. Here the wagon road terminated, and it was at this point that we had already decided to camp over night. This spot was surely the paradise of the recluse, but we rather sought companionship with the familiar objects of civilization which belonged to it.

There was a field of about twenty acres under fence, affording hay and pasturage, a comfortable and commodi-



"FISHERMAN'S LUCK!"

ous cabin, a stable and stock corral, and just on the margin of the stream we were to fish in was a bit of garden enclosed. Mr. Snelling was not at home to receive us, but seeing the latchstring of his domicile hanging on the outside, we "stood not upon the order of going,"—in—but accepted his generous hospitality with thanks in advance.

We found the kitchen well supplied with cooking utensils. We also found a sack of potatoes. Of the potatoes we appropriated half a dozen next morning for breakfast. The premises were not quite tenantless; there were a horse and two Angora goats in the field, and a numerous and noisy family of pigs roaming at large. The horse saw our approach from its far corner of the field, and came up to us with a friendly greeting, seeming to observe our movements

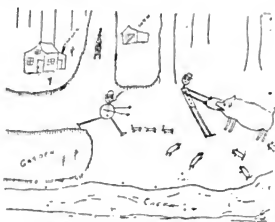
in detail, and to understand their purpose. The goats appeared more indifferent to negotiations for terms of friendliness, and by sundry shakes of the head and an agitated



THE WIND BLEW  
THROUGH THEM.

profile display of chin whiskers, they seemed to say, "The right of possession is ours by virtue of seniority."

We were quite familiar with their sign language, and decided not to engage in a controversy, where we knew the chief arguments, either *pro* or *con*, to be mainly—"buts." She of the riotous pig family took on such airs of insolent familiarity as to make herself tiresome. She suddenly regarded our belongings with looks askance, as if debating the propriety of following our example by helping herself to whatever she saw, when our backs were turned. She demonstrated her diabolical designs at the first opportunity, by rearing upon her hind legs, seizing our bag of provisions from under the buggy seat, and making a bold break for high timber. The Doctor, who is an all-round athlete,



"FORCIBLY TOOK IT FROM HER."

and a sprinter of more than ordinary speed, gave chase, and forcibly took it from her. Her next raid was made upon a tin can of angle-worms. Fortunately it was of the quart size, and she could not swallow it whole. We finally barricaded all approach to the buggy, to prevent her from running away with the wheels; and after a hurried lunch we started in to fish for our dinners, the Doctor going below and I fishing up stream.

Now began the full enjoyment of our outing. Early impressions seem eternal. A sunny spot of dry leaves dotted with blue-bottle flies; their oft-repeated aimless flights above, to light upon the same leaf again; the lengthened hum of a passing bee, striking the ear suddenly and slowly, gradually growing less and less in volume until the sound is lost, as in the whisper of a thought; the croaking of a tree-toad, and the choir of frogs crying "creep, creep"; a bunch of flowers on the bank; the yellow butterflies in threes and fours,—all these, and many other kindred objects, are associated with the events of my experiences with the rod and fly.

This was our first fish of the season. The afternoon was warm and sunny, and a prettier stream to whip could not have been wished for. Clear, cold, sparkling water, dancing over the pebbles in little waves not more than six inches high, now spreading wide in shallow depths; now hugging the bank in excavated cosy hiding places beneath

projecting rocks and roots of trees ; then smoothing down its ruffled pace in eddies below,—hesitating, halting, returning again, as if to explore the territory it has passed in too great haste ; then silently stealing away, bearing its bubbles—playthings of its rollicksome mood—upon its bosom, to hurl itself with threatenings dire upon some boulder that had withstood its onslaughts for untold ages, and will perhaps dispute its right of way until time, with the running waters of the earth, shall be no more.

In something less than two hours we met at camp again, the Doctor having caught sixty-four trout, and I sixty. They were very firm and plump, and of a fair average in size. The Doctor, who by the way is familiar with many of the sciences, proved himself possessed of still another in the culinary line, by doing them crisp and brown—"to a turn."

There are two stages of trout fishing, marked by degrees of ecstasy so similar that it is difficult to determine to which one belongs the precedence. The first is catching the trout, which any one will reason is quite essential to the second,—which is eating them. It may be possible that hunger would induce me to change my present opinion, and favor the latter as the more enjoyable.

I can conceive of no finer sport than angling for gamy fish. Picture such a stream as I have just told you about, and imagine yourself with rod ready poised to make the cast for your first trout of the season, confident of success, no less certain than actual possession would be. What arrangement of phrases would describe the emotions, what occupation would so wholly employ the mind and veil the phantoms of its petty cares, or so impart new vigor to the fagged energies of the toil-worn ?

The weather was so mild and the air so fragrant with the scent of the fir and redwoods, that we decided to sleep under the trees instead of occupying the

house, as had been our intention to do. We found a spot just on the edge of the stream, which seemed to have been purposely designed for the occasion. A pile of drift had lodged against the bank, and was now dry, and in sufficient quantity to burn till morning. Our position was protected on three sides by smooth rock walls, the opening facing the pile of drift-wood. Within the enclosure, which was not more than thirty feet square, grew a cluster of young firs, their dense foliage forming an impenetrable roof above us ; while the ground beneath was carpeted to a depth of four or five inches with dry leaves and the boughs of evergreens. Provided with our buggy robes, in addition to our blankets, we soon had improvised a comfortable bed ; and with a blazing, crackling fire at our feet, stretched ourselves out to enjoy a pipe and the benevolent sensation of having dined sumptuously at Snelling's Camp.

Companionship is as necessary to the enjoyment of an outing as fishing tackle is in the neighborhood of a trout stream. It does not lie in meditative solitude alone, or in the contemplation of new and grand scenery. To be alone under the same conditions would detract from the interest of the surroundings, and leave a blank in the history of this night spent under the giant redwoods and Lilliputian fir trees.

During the interval between dinner and bed-time, the Doctor recounted some of his early experiences in the way of fishing. He said that when he first began fishing with artificial flies, he found it difficult to overcome a kind of paralytic impediment to his movements, when he saw a trout break the water. He explained : " Sometimes a trout will spring out of the water a foot or two, turn gracefully as an acrobat, take a header down, and stay there until it has forgotten the circumstances of fraud in the decoy, which it is not likely to do during the remainder of your

stay. The time to strike your fish is at the first glimpse you have of it, for in ninety-nine cases out of a possible hundred, the trout on springing into the air carries your fly in its mouth, and holds it there until it strikes the water again in its descent."

Subsequently, I have found the Doctor's theory to be correct in practice.

It was ten o'clock before we fell asleep, and half-past four when we awoke in the morning. Our fire during the night had produced a large bed of glowing embers and hot ashes, such as suggested roast potatoes and broiled fish and slices of bacon. We acted upon the suggestion. A most noticeable feature of the atmosphere was its stimulating effect upon the appetite, and we had occasion to observe that ours were increasing in alarming proportions to our bodily capacities.

After breakfasting, we began preparations for a trip to the dam. Our intention had been to pack our outfit on horseback, but feeling equal to the task of packing a pair of blankets each and provisions enough to last us a day or two, we agreed to leave the horse, and thus save ourselves the inconvenience of caring for him until our return to camp. After we were all ready for the advance movement, the Doctor made a discovery over which he went into ecstasies that did one good to listen to. The prize discovered was a bucket that some one had improvised by cutting off the top of a coal oil can and thrusting a piece of telegraph wire through holes punched near the rim for a bail.

"The bucket," he argued, "will hold our coffee-pot and tin plates, and serve a good purpose to boil things in,"—he could carry the whole "shooting match" on his arm, and not feel it. I was wholly in the dark as to what things we should have to boil in the kettle, and it was not until later on that I realized the mysterious workings of a care-

ful Providence in suggesting its uses for any purpose whatever.

For about a mile from camp the trail was passably good, but as the distance increased the trail contracted in proportion. Sometimes it would lead to what seemed to be a common center, from whence radiated game trails in all directions, and it appeared to be a matter of "Hobson's choice," which one we took. The Doctor, being longer in the reach than I, was most of the time from a quarter to half a mile ahead of me. The design of whatever stimulus suggested the tin kettle was no longer an unsolved problem. It had exceeded itself as a common bucket, as it were, and had assumed a new rôle as an audible guide-board, which duty it performed even more intelligently than the sign-boards we see displayed at cross-roads, for I could determine with a degree of certainty what the traveling was like ahead of me, as indicated by the various moods of the tinware, between calm serenity and a boisterous excitability.

As we advanced, the trail became more and more difficult. It was grown over with chaparral,—the branches so interwoven above it as to oblige me to stoop in order to trace it. I could hear the Doctor tearing his way through the brush like a herd of buffaloes on a stampede; then I heard the contents of my guide-board,—nee bucket,—spill with a clatter that reverberated up and down the cañon, striking terror to the denizens of the forest, sending them scurrying hither and thither, not knowing in what direction their safety lay. Indications pointed to a falling barometer in the immediate neighborhood of the commotion. The Doctor had suddenly reined up against the ground in a sitting posture. He subsequently explained that ordinarily he could have sat down about nine hundred times easier. The impulse came with such force as to impress him twice with the funny side of Hoyt's comedy of "A Hole in the

Ground." He took one of the impressions away with him, and left the other where he sat down.

His halt was due to insecure footing just on the edge of one of those numerous little ravines which intersect the main cañon all the way down. The descent was at the proper angle to afford free and rapid transit to the bottom, and he was en route before

"SUDDENLY REINED UP."

he could say goodby to his friends, or Jack Robinson. He and the tinware became separated at starting, but as in duty bound each individual piece started in pursuit, overtaking him just at the landing, and announcing its arrival by banging him on the head. A running stream of sulphurous vituperation led from the scene of the disaster. Noting his humor, I saw at once that it was one of those sad cases wherein our sympathies are best shown by maintaining a decorous silence, and gravely assuming the demeanor of a studious pupil intent upon the clinique, I listened while the Doctor diagnosed the infernal liar who told him the trail that led to the dam was a good one.

We proceeded again on our way for another half hour, and then called a halt and decided on a change of tactics. After making a generous allowance for the probable toughness of the man's conscience who named the distance to the dam from our starting point as being four miles, we were positive that we had already exceeded its elastic license by a mile, if not more, and not knowing what phenomenal proportions a whole lifetime of assiduous exercise might have developed in the size of his conscience, we decided not to experiment further, but to camp in that immediate neighborhood that night.

We had now reached a strip of table

land, wooded by those awe-inspiring giants, the redwoods. I could not treat their presence as common, nor could I shake off the feeling it inspired of their princely greatness. The spot chosen for our camp was within hearing distance of the stream, and within the rim of a decayed redwood stump about thirty feet in diameter, surrounded by suckers of the parent stem, which formed an enclosure like an Indian tepee.

After making what preparations were necessary to our comfort on our return, we went to the stream, intending to go directly to the dam before springing our rods. At sight of the running water we found the self-imposed discipline too severe to be self-inflicted. To speculate on what numbers were lying in wait, and follow with the eye the movements of an ungainly fly, all out of proportion, near-sighted and legs awry, bobbing along in blind security, onward to the margin of blue bordering the ripples, wetting its feet, and then—a swirl on the surface,—and then we were both whipping the same pool simultaneously.

The traveling now became much easier, and we felt a strong desire to kick ourselves for not having known it sooner. The trout were taking the royal coachman in right royal style, and at five o'clock we had filled our baskets; but the main purpose of our trip remained yet to be accomplished, unless we should postpone it for another occasion. This we decided to do, feeling satisfied from what we had already seen that we should direct our footsteps thither again, to spend a fortnight in July or August.

Just before reaching the turning point, the Doctor had gone on ahead of me. When I next discovered him, as I rounded a bend in the stream, he was standing on a narrow strip of beach at the lower end of a pool about three hundred feet long, and of irregular width, from twenty to seventy-five feet. His rod was bent, and his eye intent up-



on the rapid motions of his line, as it cut the water with a rippling sound, which I could hear even where I stood.

He had struck a monster salmon, and



HE HAD STRUCK A MONSTER SALMON.

it was giving him an entertainment by displays of strategy in salmon warfare that were truly marvelous. Sometimes it would spring out of the water, two feet above the surface, rapidly shaking its head from side to side, with jaws wide apart, as if reasoning an advantage in mid-air to free itself; then plunge again, to renew the battle with unabated vigor, lashing the water into foam; then sounding its depths to sulk.

"I've got him," shouted the Doctor, who could only have known of my approach intuitively, for he had not once taken his eye from the business in hand.

But at that most interesting moment, only for a second's space, some unforeseen tangle occurred, and before he could pay out more line the fish had torn the leader off, and was free.

Automatically reeling in the limp line again, the Doctor set about repairing damages. Meanwhile I was trying to locate the salmon that had escaped us so cleverly, and great Scott! — pardon the ejaculation of my surprise, — the place was full of them. There they were, leisurely swimming about, truly a wonderful sight, and worth going a long way to see. The water was from six to ten feet deep, and within that small compass there were not less than fifty large salmon.

A heavy splash as if a man had fallen overboard caused me to look up, and I

beheld the Doctor once more engaged in an exciting set-to. He had struck another, and the same tactics were being employed as in the former encounter. After a brave and furious struggle for twenty minutes, the fish grew less and less active, and finally turning on its side, suffered itself to be towed ashore and safely landed at our feet.

There is something pitiful in the expression of a vanquished salmon. I could not help saying, "Poor fellow!" as it lay passive to our scrutiny, and unresistingly allowed us to handle it. It was a ten-pound fish, captured with a six and one-half ounce split bamboo, and a number eight hook.

I now proposed three cheers for the Doctor, which were given with a will by the entire party, and we did n't give a whoop who in Mendocino County heard us, either.



"THREE CHEERS FOR THE DOCTOR."

It was now getting late, and we began retracing our footsteps up the stream. The evening twilight was of short duration, and the darkness of night was upon us with hardly a warning of its approach. It was nine o'clock when we reached our camp, and to say that we were hungry would but tamely express it. My first movement was to lie down on my back, and elevate my heels to a perpendicular, to allow the water in my boots to run out. Never try it. The stream will course downward on the inside of your clothing, and suddenly swish out under the back of your neck.

In a few moments all the necessary arrangements were completed for the

enjoyment of a comfortable dinner. The now famous tin kettle was again brought into service, as a pot to boil part of the steelhead in. I am of the Doctor's opinion that boiling is the better way to cook a large trout or a salmon. Being nicely done, he spread it on our tin plates; then drawing a large lump of butter until it was brown, in the frying-pan, he poured it hot over the fish. To this, during the course of eating, add a little lime or lemon juice. The recipe, will disappoint no one.

Our sleep during the night was undisturbed, and we awoke feeling but little the worse for our trip the day before.

As if preparatory to "turning out," the Doctor thrust his arm from under the blankets, and began a careful examination from the outside of his sleeve, apparently to locate a flea. Being satisfied upon this point, he cautiously turned down the sleeve, and exposed to view a bluish protuberance about the size of a horse chestnut, attached to his left fore-arm. It was no "chestnut," however, but a wood-tick.

Wood-ticks are familiar to most of us that occasionally indulge in a woodland ramble during the summer months. Preparatory to the emergencies of an outing, it may be well to know about their methods of attack, and how to extract them to avoid very unpleasant results. Inserting the sharp point of its head into the opening of one of the pores, it turns slowly to the left, thus acting upon the principle of a left-handed corkscrew, burrowing its head deeper with each revolution, until it has literally screwed its head into the

pore, which immediately contracts again about its neck, and no slight brush will dislodge it.

The impulse of the moment when we discover one hanging to us, is summarily to pull it off, and in more cases than otherwise, the body is dismembered, and the head left remaining, to produce a painful irritation. To remove one properly, seize it between the thumb and forefinger, and carefully and slowly turn it toward the right, the same as you would insert an ordinary thumb-screw, and the tick, head and all, is removed without trouble.

After the usual routine of breakfasting, we started for Snelling's cabin, where we arrived at two o'clock in the afternoon. Keeping to the bed of the stream, our return trip was performed with much less fatigue and fewer abrasions than we had suffered the day before by way of the trail. During the morning, we caught something more than 150 trout each, reserving the larger ones only, and returning the smaller ones, to be caught again on some future occasion.

After dressing our fish nicely, and packing them in alternate layers between green alder leaves, and sprinkling each layer with granulated sugar to preserve their firmness, we had by actual count four hundred and eighty beautiful specimens of the *Salmo fontinalis*, with which to gladden the eyes of our friends at home; and scald with briny tears of chagrin the all awry optics of the envious tatterdemalion who yelled "Fisherman's luck" as a good speed to our starting.

L. Johnson.





## THE LAST JOKE OF MULEY HASSAN.

"A TRUE joke," said Muley Hassan, the *cadi* of Hillah, as we sat on the summit of the largest of the innumerable burial mounds of the ancient city of Warka, eating our noonday lunch, "always has an element of surprise, of unexpectedness, about it. I confess that I am often led to do things somewhat inexcusable in themselves, on account of the amusement I receive from the surprise and amazement which my actions occasion. Now, I have thought, my friend, of several excellent jokes in the last few days; and ever since the tower of Bowariyeh, yonder, came in sight across the plain I have been dwelling upon one, in the execution of which I bespeak your assistance."

It happened that although my comrades of the Chaldean exploring expedition sent out by the University of Transylvania were well versed in Assyrian, Chaldean, Hebrew, and Aramaic, and could even read Arabic, I was the only one who could speak and understand the last named language. But my friend Muley Hassan, *cadi* of Hillah, interpreter and chief of our Arab retinue, had been educated in England, and so there never had been any occasion for me to use my Arabic. Indeed, Muley Hassan was not aware that I could speak Arabic, and it was owing to this fact that on the evening before I had learned of one of his excellent jokes,—which certainly did contain enough of the unexpected to afford the liveliest amusement to the mind in which it originated. Muley Hassan proposed to the Arab retinue that we Americans should be seized and haled before him at sunrise of the second day of the encampment at Warka, when he, in his judicial capacity as *cadi*, would condemn us to death on the charge of instigating treason to the

Turkish government, the manner of our death to be burial alive in the clay coffins which filled the great mounds of the ancient necropolis. Muley Hassan laughed long and loud, as he described to the Arab retinue the wild amazement, the speechless surprise, we would show when sentenced to death. There was to him, moreover, something delightfully absurd in the entombment of four living citizens of the young republic of the West in the receptacles which held the forgotten citizens of the well-nigh forgotten empire of the East. The Arabs did not laugh with Muley Hassan at the ludicrousness of the proposed joke, but they smiled when he mentioned that he would retain a fourth of our property and that the rest should be divided among them.

"What is your joke, Muley Hassan?" said I.

"I will tell you later. The learned Smedberg is coming, and although it is principally a joke on the Arabs, still there is no reason why he should not be startled too."

Doctor Smedberg had laboriously climbed up the steep side of the high mound on which we sat. "The rest of us are going to make some examination of the city walls," said he. "We shall endeavor to trace the limits of the city proper, and form some estimate of its extent. While we are doing this, Atherton, if you and the *cadi* will exhume a few coffins near the top of the mound, we will return and examine them. I see that the weather has saved most of the trouble of digging by conveniently washing away the earth. Observe the manner in which the mound is constructed. First, a number of these clay coffins, shaped like inverted soup tureens, are placed side by side and end to

end upon a platform of bricks, then the interstices are filled with earth, then a flooring of bricks is placed over all, then more coffins, and so on indefinitely. Do not dig through the upper layer, and do not open any coffins."

In a few minutes Muley Hassan and I had removed the earth from above and between some half dozen. Upon the largest and most finely ornamented was an inscription and I read aloud,—

"Rabshakeh of Borsippa, captain of King Nebuchadnezzar."

"Let us look into it," said Muley Hassan. "There are thousands of coffins in this mound alone. The examination of one will make no difference to Smedberg."

The coffins consisted of one piece of pottery of the dimensions of a huge bath tub. It could be lifted and replaced without leaving any evidence that it had been disturbed.

"We will look in on the Captain Rabshakeh," commented Muley Hassan.

The end of the coffin was raised, there was a fleeting vision of a blue-garbed body, then only a heap of impalpable dust, and a few small copper utensils lay before us.

"It is the way with them," said Muley Hassan. "Kept away from the air, these bodies often retain their forms, the very cloth in which they are swathed remaining intact; but the moment the air touches them, they crumble into dust. Rarely they do not immediately crumble, and it was for that reason, no doubt, that Smedberg requested us to open none of them. But of my joke: it is this,—I will lie down under one of these coffins; this of Rabshakeh will do very well. Shortly, Smedberg, Jackson, and Terhune, will come. The coffin will be lifted, and the professors will glance hastily under it to see the vanishing Chaldean, when a hand will grasp them, an unearthly shriek will salute them, and—but you must be holding the coffin, for in their fright they will

drop it, and it might strike my outstretched hand. Toward evening, when the shadows lengthen, I will creep under the coffin again. Then you must bring the Arab workmen to open the coffin. How they will run. They will think it is the evil one himself. There is but one better joke that I have ever contrived, and I shall tell you that tomorrow,—tomorrow early."

The city walls were less extensive than Smedberg had believed, and it was not long before Muley Hassan descried my colleagues threading their way through the mounds in our vicinity. As the supply of air under the coffin would not be large, he propped up the edges with potsherds, but in such a manner that none but the most careful observer would notice them. To say that my colleagues were surprised, terrified, horrified, at seeing a living hand reach out of a tomb which had not been touched for twenty-seven centuries, will give a mild idea of the almost reason-dethroning sensations that seized them. The revulsion that came when they perceived what the apparition was left them weak and trembling. They would not stay to see the joke repeated on the Arab workmen, but reluctantly promising to send these unsuspecting individuals to assist me in ostensible excavations, they departed to examine the remains of the tower of Bowariyeh, the ancient temple of Vul-ninip.

The shadows were lengthening over the dead city of the dead. The appointed time for the approach of the Arab workmen was at hand. The figures of the three Transylvanian professors creeping about in the heaps of rubbish at the foot of Bowariyeh showed black against the western glow.

"Do you see the workmen?" asked Muley Hassan, as I gazed toward the west through my field glass.

"Yes," I replied.

"Then it is time for me to esconce myself in the last resting place of Rab-

shakeh," said he, for I had not told him that the workmen were going towards the tents, not coming towards us. My colleagues had been busy about Bowariyeh, and had not yet given the orders as requested. I sat down on the coffin.

"This is an excellent joke, but it is nothing to the joke I shall play tomorrow." Muley Hassan's voice came clear and distinct, for now that the unobserving Arabs were to be dealt with, the coffin was propped with bricks.

Ah, that joke of tomorrow. What of my plans of resistance? Smedberg could not sight a rifle, and Jackson and Terhune were most indifferent fighters. I must fight alone, unless we ran away.

"Yes, my joke of tomorrow will be a fine one. You will all appreciate it." will Smedberg, Jackson and Terhune."

I began to pile loose bricks upon the broad, flat top of the coffin of Rabshakeh very softly, to make no noise.

"Are the Arabs coming?"

"I cannot see them," said I, piling on more bricks; and now I judged that they were more than he could lift.

"Muley Hassan, cadi of Hillah," said I in Arabic.

"What!" exclaimed Muley Hassan.

"It is the new inscription I am placing on the coffin," said I, still in Arabic. "for the last resting place of Rabshakeh is to have a new tenant. Good-by, Muley Hassan." And I started away, but there was a mighty heaving under the coffin, and the pile of bricks upon it began to topple and tumble. Quickly I tiptoed back and threw myself upon it. I could hear Muley Hassan pant as he struggled to raise the coffin, but I am a heavy man and he could not move it.

"Atherton, Atherton," he screamed.

I thought to myself that if he believed I was a long way off, he would think that the coffin was too heavy for his strength of its own weight and the weight of the things I had piled upon it, and would lie still until I could in-

crease the weight. I had practised ventriloquism when young, and I answered in a voice seemingly from the foot of the mound.

"Yes, my friend, I will soon be there. It was only a joke."

Then I piled on bricks until the top would hold no more; and then, by making buttresses at the sides, I heaped the bricks still higher upon the coffin, all the while encouraging Muley Hassan in a voice which came slowly nearer up the side of the mound. At length I saw that no living man could lift the load,—and the sun being nearly down, I feared lest I might lose my way in the maze of mounds, and set out for camp.

As the evening shadows deepened, and Muley Hassan did not appear, my colleagues and the Arabs grew uneasy. Ibrahim, second in command of the Arabs, bade accompany him in a search for their missing chief.

"I will go with you," said I, apprising Ibrahim that I understood Arabic. "Perhaps Muley Hassan has encountered some wild beast. There are lions about these ruins, are there not?"

"At times, master; and devils, too, at times."

As I had expected, the Arabs started for the mound where Muley Hassan and I had spent the day, and soon we heard on the dusky air faint cries for help.

"Listen," said Ibrahim.

"Listen again," said I, and from the grim mounds about us came other cries for help,—now here, now there, mingling with the voice of Muley Hassan.

"It is not Muley Hassan," said I. "Do you not hear those other voices? There are devils here, luring you on. Listen!" And a low chuckling sounded about us, rising into a screeching laughter as the Arabs fled into the darkness.

As I followed through the mounds I heard another screeching, maniacal laugh, which was not the effect of my own ventriloquism, but came from the direction of the coffin of Rabshakeh.

*Wardon Allan Curtis.*



# THE PANGLIMA MUDA.

A ROMANCE OF MALAYA.

BY ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN.

## XI.

GLADYS leaned back on her cushions with a sigh of relief, and gazed up through the interlacing boughs at the gradual reddening of the sky.

Beach stole occasional glances at her, as he labored steadily on with his paddle. He had never seen her in broad daylight before, and he noted with quickened pleasure her tall, lithe form, her gracefully poised head and slender neck. Her mind was filled with thoughts that gave her face a pensive, almost sad, look; yet there were lines in the corners of her mouth that caused him to wonder, strangely enough, if she would not be as firm in friendship as she had been in war.

She raised her long black lashes sleepily, and looked up into Beach's face with a smile. The color, which her month's captivity had not been able to conquer, came into her cheeks, and communicated itself to those of her admirer. Beach was thinking that if they reached Temerloh they would probably have to give up their expedition into the interior for the present, and that if Mead and his sister went on to Singapore for safety, it might be just as well for him to accompany them; then he

checked himself in surprise at the ease with which his conscience acquitted him of the trust his government had placed in him. At any rate, he excused himself lamely; he did not know when he had seen a prettier girl; he would really like to know her better,—and then he caught her eye again.

"Did you get a nap?" he asked hurriedly.

"I think so. Does it not seem selfish — my lying here asleep, while you are working hour after hour? I wonder if I could not row, while you rested? I once could handle a boat rather well. May I try?"

She looked so charming in her desire to aid, that Beach, forgetting everything but his wish to humor her, handed her the paddle.

"Is the Tuan sick," growled Wahpering from the bow, "that he gives his work to women? The Panglima prau with ten oars come in one half hour. We get to Cave Rocks first, there can fight while Tuan sleep."

With a muttered imprecation at the Malay's impertinence, Beach took the paddle and drove it into the water with renewed vigor, although his muscles ached and his limbs were stiff with the unwonted toil.

Suddenly the Malay in the stern stopped and raised his paddle above his head. All ceased and listened, as the boat glided swiftly on down the stream.

In a moment they could make out distinctly what Wahpering's trained ear had heard for some time, the regular

plash of paddles, and the accompanying squeak of rattan oarlocks.

The Panglima heard it too, and a grim smile of victory flushed his swarthy features. Wahpering saw the look and understood it, and touched the handle of his kris significantly.

"No can reach Cave Rocks. Bind Panglima—mouth and hands. Take out oars,—so no make sound. Lie down all in bottom boat. No speak,—prau go by. Now, *pergi*,—go,—under *tambuso Lekas!*"

The maneuver was easily made. The top of a giant jungle tree had fallen over the river, resting on the stilt-like platform of mangrove roots. Vines and ferns had entwined themselves about its trunk and branches, until the tree afforded an almost impenetrable screen from without. The boat was worked noiselessly to the darkest recess of the leafy alcove, and the branches and vines were carefully arranged over the entrance.

The noise of paddles became more distinct, mingled with a low buzz of talk. Then one moment of breathless suspense, and the swift war prau swept into view.

Gladys closed her eyes with an instinctive shudder, and reached out and took her brother's hand.

Twice the prau paused before a more than ordinarily dense mass of overhanging foliage, while a stalwart Malay in the bow thrust a long pole into its midst. Wahpering started uneasily, and spoke excitedly in his native tongue to his brother, who nodded his head and handed him the long steering oar.

"We're in for it, if they try that game on us," whispered the Doctor. "However, I would not mind spitting that ugly Mamat. I owe him one for laughing while I chased those cursed butterflies in the sun."

Wahpering watched every movement of the enemy's boat with a tiger-like intetness, as it came swiftly abreast their

hiding place. He could almost have touched the Malay in its bow, as he raised his pole and with a heavy lunge thrust it through the mass of foliage. It was aimed straight for the bottom of the hidden boat, and would have struck Beach full in the breast. Quick as lightning the old headman raised the long paddle and turned it from its course. Once more it broke through the fragile screen, and once more Wahpering rendered its aim purposeless. The Malay oarsmen grunted impatiently and dipped their paddles in the water, but the poleman motioned them to hold.

The prau had drifted a few feet down the stream. The Doctor, in his eagerness to see what was taking place, raised himself on his elbow just as the pole came crashing through for the third time. The sensitive craft responded to his weight and Wahpering lost his balance. The pole struck the long wooden prow of the boat with a dull, heavy thud. With a look of disgust and contempt, Wahpering commenced calmly to strip off everything but his sarong and kris. His brother did the same.

The Panglima's eyes flashed as he watched these preparations for the death struggle. He did not doubt for a moment what the end of the contest would be between his fifteen men, the flower of his own picked body-guard, and his poorly armed captors: his mind was rather bent on some plan of escape for himself from the fury of the old Pung-hulo. He strained quietly at his bonds, as he heard Mamat, the chief of his guard, give the orders to bring the prau back to the point from which the noise came.

"It was a hollow log," he heard one of his men say.

"We will see," Mamat answered.

Wahpering moved from the bow to the side of the Panglima. The Chief closed his eyes and ceased his hopeless struggle.

Again and again the poleman essayed

to raise the heavy mass of limbs and vines that protected the hidden boat. Finally, with a growl of rage, he snatched up a steel-headed lance, and threw it with all his might through the opening he had made. It glanced along the beak of the prow and disappeared into the darkness of the lagoon.

All was still for an instant, the pursuers listening for the result of the throw, the pursued undetermined whether to fight or wait until discovered. Then the silence was broken by a fierce, hoarse bellow of mingled rage and pain.

The oarsmen in the prau lifted their boat almost out of the water in their mad haste to get into midstream.

A monster *sladang* rose from out of the mud almost under the neck of the captive boat, and dashed out into the current. In his massive shoulder stuck the blade of the lance. His savage, blood-shot eyes were rolling with pain, and his powerful horns tore away the limbs and vines as though they were threads.

The war-prau pulled swiftly down the stream to give full room to the great horns. The bull floundered on beyond his depth, pounding the water into a creamy foam, then with an angry snort he shook his head menacingly at the departing boat and turned back to the shore.

"Saved by a miracle!" whispered Gladys, as she watched the black form of their savage deliverer crush through his feeding ground of lily pads and go bellowing up the bank.

"Yes, it took a miracle to make up for my awkwardness," said the Doctor ruefully. "What next, Wahpering?"

"*Macan-an*,—eating," answered the Malay, opening a bag of provisions.

"Not such a bad idea. I actually feel faint. Sixteen hours of hard work without a mouthful! It reminds me of a march I made with Grant down in—"

"You will feel fainter, Doctor, after a glance at the contents of our larder," broke in Beach, holding open the bag.

"What shall it be, Miss Mead,—a prawn-ball or a duck's egg,—a fried fish or a plantain leaf of curry, or possibly a stick of sugar cane?"

Gladys reached down into the conglomerate mass of food and fruits, and picked out some biscuits and an orange. Turning to the old headman first she smiled sweetly with a—" *Trima kasi*, I thank you, Punghulo." Then looking up reprovingly into Beach's handsome face she said, "I am ashamed of you, sir, for making sport of Wahpering's thoughtfulness. Remember, such actions are unbecoming a cavalier."

"I apologize," replied the young man, bowing low; "and as a proof of my contrition I eat this prawn-ball, odor and all."

"O, don't worry about Wahpering's feelings," interposed the Doctor. "He's after something else than compliments."

Gladys looked sadly down at the captive and shuddered.

Wahpering backed the boat carefully from its hiding-place, and headed it down the stream.

"*Jaga, biak biak*,—carefully," he cautioned. "We make Cave Rocks before they turn back—good; if no make Cave Rocks, Tuan Doctor better pray Allah for 'nother *sladang*!"

The Doctor dropped his head to hide the angry flush that mounted to his temples at the old headman's scornful rebuff, and plied his paddle with a fierce vigor.

The air was becoming oppressive. The cicadas in the trees above had ceased their shrill reiterative songs, and the sun poured down its full heat into the jungle-closed river.

"How much farther, Wahpering?" asked Beach, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

The Malay raised his paddle, and pointed straight ahead and high up among the trees.

All followed his motion. The trees seemed to be set against a solid black background.



"THREW IT WITH ALL HIS MIGHT."

"Looks like a rain cloud or the wall of a cañon."

"Cave Rocks," answered the Malay. "Plenty safety there. Sakies give us help. *Lekas*, hear paddle!"

The men threw all caution aside, as the vast pile of volcanic rocks loomed up before them, and sent the boat bounding through the water with a redoubled speed. The river, which before had wound and twisted through the forest like the track of a gigantic snake, now stretched out in a perfectly straight line for more than a mile. Directly in the middle of this watery race-course loomed the honeycombed mass.

As their keel grounded on the shelving beach at its foot, the woods rang with a fierce, exultant yell, and the war-prau swept into sight around a bend.

"Cheer away, my hearties," shouted Beach, waving his helmet gayly above his head. "We've got the laugh on you this time." And not waiting for his companions, he threw his arm about the girl's supple waist, and in a moment they were twenty feet above, standing in the mouth of one of the many caves that indented the wall.

Wahpering followed with the provisions and arms. The Doctor was the last to leave the boat. The hostile prau was advancing more rapidly than he realized.

He raised the Panglima slowly, and walked carefully to the bow, where Mead was waiting to help him land. But the boat, released of its freight, slid softly off the shaly beach, and was being gradually carried down the stream in

the direction of the rapidly gaining prau.

"Drop him and jump, Doctor!" shouted Mead, making frantic efforts to reach its side.

"Jump, for heaven's sake," he yelled again, seeing him hesitate.

The Doctor started to put down the Chief and take up a paddle, but seeing the advancing prau not a dozen rods away, he raised the Panglima above his head, and threw him with all his strength into the bottom of the boat, and sprang for the shore.

The boat responded to the impetus, and shot from under him into mid-stream.

"All right," he gasped, as he emerged from the water. "I think that drop rather surprised him, hey!" And grasping Mead's hand, they sprang up the rocks.

Wahpering had watched the escape of the Panglima in speechless amazement. His drawn kris was in his hand ready to stab his foe, and throw his body down among his followers the instant they landed on the beach; for he was no longer needed as a hostage. He had faced death and betrayed his nation for this moment, and while the sweets of satisfied revenge were still in his mouth, he saw them snatched from him, and he powerless to prevent.

The ping of a musket-ball close to his head brought him to his senses, and with a howl of baffled rage he raised a huge boulder above his head, and hurled it with an almost superhuman strength at the receding boat. It struck the half deck and split it into a hundred fragments. Again he raised a stone, regardless of the bullets that began to chip the rocks about him, and hurled it vainly at his enemy.

A mocking peal of laughter was his only answer.

"O, the fools, the dogs! Why you no throw him in river?" he hissed, turning fiercely on the Doctor, who was push-

ing the cartridges into the magazine of his express.

"Do I look like a murderer?" snapped the old man. "Come in out of the wet."

The Punghulo fell moodily back, muttering in his native tongue.

"He is calling you anything but a gentleman," laughed Mead. "This is your second offense today."

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders, and poked his head over the edge of the precipice.

"There he is in the arms of his family. Now I suppose we must look out for fun. Hello there, Wahpering, don't sulk,—what next?"

"If shoot Panglima,—rest run away."

"Possibly, old fellow, but I had rather try running myself, first."

Wahpering saw that he must forego his revenge, and look out for his own safety. Already the Malays, urged on by the Panglima, were beginning to scale the cliff. Turning scornfully to Beach, he said:—

"Take woman and the little Tuan Doctor and follow my brother." Glancing at Mead, he finished, "Stay, if no afraid."

Then, prying off a mass of rock, he sent it down among the besiegers. He smiled grimly, as he listened to the cries of pain that followed the crash.

"Give me rifle."

Mead handed him the gun. He crawled carefully to the edge of the cañon, looked down on the scattered warriors, and fired twice. Not waiting to see the effect of his shots, he said:—

"Come. They give us plenty time, now. No like medicine."

## XII.

THE passage which they were following led them back into the heart of the mountain and upward. It was crossed by others at right angles, and twice they came upon rooms of varying size. A softly diffused light filtered down



through the many fissures and cracks of the sides and roof, making torches unnecessary. The reverberations of the rifle shots sounded muffled and far away to the hurrying fugitives.

The gloom, the strangeness of the place, and their ignorance of everything

The passage grew narrower and steeper, and they turned off into a lateral one, that seemed to terminate in a lofty chamber.

The guide raised his hand, and said in Malay,—

*"Nanti,— wait,— Wahpering."*



"HE HURLED IT AT THE RECEDING BOAT."

about them, made speech seem out of place, and backward glances foolish.

They could not exult at their escape, with only a few hundred yards separating them from the Panglima, and so they hurried along the narrow, winding passage, without question or comment.

Gladys clutched Beach's arm convulsively, as the report of Wahpering's rifle reached her ears. He knew that she was thinking of her brother, and did not try to comfort her.

Gladys sank down on a great square block of red sandstone, and leaned her head against the rugged wall.

Beach stood over her.

"Can I do anything, Miss Mead?" he said, his voice filled with a genuine sympathy.

"I am only tired, and anxious about Tom. Do you hear footsteps?"

Beach sprang to the mouth of the passage to listen, as Mead and Wahpering rushed through.



THE ELEPHANT PATH.

The old headman only paused to lift the rock on which the girl had been seated, and take candles from under it. Then he placed his shoulder against a massive boulder that formed an angle in the wall, and pushed with all his strength. It turned slowly, as on a pivot.

The watching fugitives did not wait for the word, but one after another crowded into the dark opening. The cries of their pursuers came faintly to their ears.

Wahpering closed the great stone after him, and laughed quietly.

"No more Panglima Muda. Light candles."

For half an hour they tramped along the corridor. Their spirits had undergone a wonderful change. They were

united, and free from all danger. The long, grotesque shadows that their candles cast up the sides of the walls, the half-drunken gyrations of a colony of bats, the Doctor's attempt at a tune, all afforded subjects for mirth,—everything acted on their spirits like champagne, and they went trooping along the passage, laughing and joking like a party of school children.

"By George, is n't it great!" shouted Beach. "I feel as though I could kiss the darkness for not having a kris or a musket-ball concealed in it."

"Better not try," broke in Mead. "You might swallow a bat."

Gladys laughed musically at Beach's enthusiasm.

"I declare, the Doctor has broken his monocle!"

The old man stepped as though he had been shot, and grasped the end of his silken cord in dismay.

Wahpering turned to see what was the matter, and smiled broadly at the look of distress on the Doctor's face.

"Tuan Doctor's Allah, no more."

"Never mind, Doctor," laughed Beach, as he saw the storm gathering in his companion's face. "You can have my watch crystal."

Gradually the darkness was pervaded by pale shafts of light; then their candles became unnecessary. Suddenly they turned a sharp angle of the passage, and found themselves in the softly subdued light of a great cavernous room.

The perfume of the jungle came gratefully to their nostrils, and long pencils of sunshine fell from the lofty roof down on the dry shaly floor.

The Doctor gave a long, low whistle of astonishment, as he sought to adjust his lost eye-glass, and went forward into the center of the room.

"Hello! there has been a fire here,—bones,—a kettle."

"Sakies!" answered Wahpering.

"Sakies, hear that, Beach! We are now in the haunts of the aborigines—the rightful owners of this rich peninsula, the men who loaded Solomon's ships with gold dust, apes, and peacocks, of whose origin we know nothing. For aught there is on record, they may speak pure Sanskrit. The Exposition must have a pair!"

Beach only smiled, and rushed forward to arrange a tiger skin, which Wahpering had taken from an alcove in the wall, into a seat for Gladys.

"It strikes me," commented the Doctor, with a twinkle in his eye, "that our Commissioner's interest in the great World's Fair is waning. Problem,—given the effect to find the cause. Can you help us, Miss Mead?"

Gladys laughed gayly, and turned the conversation, to Beach's relief, ere the Doctor could make himself more plain.

"We ought to thank the Sakies, Doctor, instead of laying traps to kidnap them. They are in reality our hosts."

"Poh! Poh! In the interest of science, my dear young lady, in the interest of science anything is justifiable. Why, when I was in South America—"

"That's one of his longest," broke in Beach irreverently. "Hello, where is Wahpering disappearing to?"

The Doctor looked up in time to see the Punghulo walking into what seemed to be the solid face of the wall. As they drew near, they found that a dark shadow covered, like a screen, a deep notch, from which came a current of hot out-door air. Beach felt his way cautiously into the darkness, and through the rift that seemed to connect them with the world, until he found himself confronted by a mass of greenery. Pushing aside the vines and ferns, he stepped into the dim, translucent depths of the jungle.

There was a well-marked path just below them,—a path, or rather, as the two men studied it, it seemed to be a series of mud holes, each worse than the last.

"Well, I'll be shot!" ejaculated Beach, as he watched Wahpering coming towards them, springing from the edge of one pit to another.

The Doctor laughed outright at the young man's amazement.

"It is an elephant path, my dear Commissioner. You might dig up a half mile of it and take it back to Chicago. An elephant is a timid beast, and believes in stepping in the footsteps of his forefathers, regardless of mud, slime, or the poisoned sticks that the natives drive in the bottom of them."

"And I suppose it is our route out," said Beach, his expression of amazement changing to one of dismay.

"One can readily see that you were brought up on city pavements, and know nothing of the delights of our country roads in the spring."

The little party had gone completely through the mass of rocks that was a small mountain, by subterranean passages known only to Wahpering and the Sakies, and had accomplished a feat that would be almost impossible to pursuers, who were forced to scale it and cut their way through the jungles. They were practically as safe from the Panglima's men as though they were on the Ocean Esplanade in Singapore.

Wahpering came forward, followed by a sturdy little copper-colored man, with long arms, high cheek bones, and straight coarse black hair.

The Doctor looked at him curiously. "A Sakie," Wahpering explained. "Trong, Chief. His people come in one day with litter and carry lady along elephant path to river."

The little Chief touched his forehead with the back of his hand, and looked down modestly. He was dressed simply in a coarse bark sarong, and carried a blow-pipe.

Beach put out his hand to take the weapon, whereupon he sprang backward with the agility of an animal, and pushed a diminutive poisoned dart into the mouth end. Wahpering said a few words in his tongue, and he lowered the weapon and handed it to Beach.

When they returned to the cavern, they found that a fire had been built, and that Gladys had taken charge of the preparing of their meager repast of rice and fish, to which the Sakie chief had added fruits and dried buffalo meat.

After the meal, Beach threw himself down on a tiger skin at the girl's feet, heedless of the Doctor's invitation to join him in an exploring excursion, and watched her as she deftly repaired a rent in her brother's canvas jacket with some string and a thorn.

"What is it that the copy-books say about necessity being the mother of invention?" she asked, smiling. "I hope our inventions will keep pace with our necessities."

"They certainly have so far," replied Beach. "Everything seems to have worked out like a stage plot. Is n't it jolly!"

In truth, since the day of their capture at the stockade by the Panglima, he had not for a moment acknowledged the true gravity of their position. While in conversation with the Doctor, he had striven to give his face a serious cast, and to speak seriously of their chances of escape, as though it were really a matter of life and death. He dimly suspected that the romance in his mind refused to consider the entire adventure as anything more than an exciting episode, such as he had expected to meet in so distant and unknown a part of the globe.

The discovery of a girl — captive like themselves — had added the one element to the rose color of the plot that it lacked; and he had given himself up to the excitement and pleasure of watching the moves and counter-moves of the play, in which he was one of the characters. It was like a tale of adventure by Stevenson or Clarke Russell, made real.

The whipping of Wahpering, the horrible death of McIlvaine, the burning of the bungalow, or the thud of a rifle bullet close to his head, failed to make the adventure less impersonal or amusing.

Three days without food, — the Doctor had growled — was what he needed to convince him that they were on no holiday excursion, nor taking part in any charade.

In the modern novel, Beach knew that one of the characters of such a little tale as their adventure would make would be expected to fall in love with the captive heroine, and with the most willing readiness he had taken upon himself the lover's rôle. All the more readily, perhaps, as the heroine in this case would have commanded his admiration under less romantic circumstances.

From the night on which he had found the handkerchief at Sandringham, he had let all his thoughts and dreams center about its fair owner. So for two weeks he had been doubly a captive,—a captive in body, and a captive in mind. Then for twenty-four hours he realized the happiness of meeting and talking to his captor, and instead of striving for his release, he had fallen deeper into her toils.

He looked up into her face now, and watched the deep lights in her eyes, the delicate coloring of her neck and face, with a sense of exultation that made him glory in his captivity, and drove from his mind all thoughts of danger from his other captor,—the Panglima.

"Jolly!" echoed Gladys blankly, with a look of surprise in her lifted eyebrows.

Beach's smile faded.

"Well, I don't know that you would call it exactly jolly. Of—of—course, we are not out of danger; but then, you know,—that is to say,—I was n't thinking of the danger."

"No!" she said archly.

"O, I say, that's not what I mean."

Gladys took no notice of this expressive ejaculation, but kept her eyes on her work.

The half lights from the vaulted roof above fell about her head like a halo, and kept Beach's mind wandering from his halting explanation to the picture before him.

"Of course, I had n't forgotten the danger, but just then I was thinking that we were by ourselves, and could—could chat,—you know,—and—and get acquainted."

Gladys laughed softly at her admirer's confusion, and stole a glance at the top of his great blonde head.

"I have felt that I have known you ever since I found your handkerchief under the piano," he went on, growing bolder in the girl's silence.

"Odd, is n't it? Don't suppose you knew that such a fellow existed."

Gladys laughed merrily. "Of course I did. I was selfish enough to be almost glad that you were prisoner like myself. It gave me courage to hope that we might all escape together."

"Were you really glad?" he questioned eagerly. "Honestly, so was I,—and more, I shall be sorry when we get back to civilization!"

Gladys did not ask why, and Beach fell once more to watching her labor of love on the old coat.

### XIII.

AT DAYLIGHT the next morning, Trong, the Sakie chief, appeared at the mouth of the cavern with a rude rattan chair suspended between two long bamboo poles, ready for the day's journey. Gladys seated herself securely in it, and eight sturdy little men grasped the poles and darted off into the elephant path. Beach started to run by her side, but the swaying and pitching of the chair, as its bearers sprang from side to side in their efforts to get over the mud-holes, soon forced him to the rear.

The Doctor gathered together a load of Sakie pots and baskets.

"They will make a good article for a Smithsonian report," he said in reply to Mead's smile.

"It is a subject that has never been thoroughly written up. You see,"—he went on, glad of an appreciative listener,— "they are the only remnants of the aborigines of this peninsula,—the people that the Malay found when he came over from the rich valley of the Menung Kabu, in Sumatra. They have resisted the religion of Islam and the civilization of the European. They are of as much interest to science as the aboriginal Indian or negro, and a learned pamphlet with illustrations by Jonas Poultney, Ph. D., will not look bad."

Mead laughed, and took the collection from the Doctor's back, and swung it across his own broad shoulders.

"I'll carry it, Doctor, if you will send me an autograph copy of your work."

"I'll do better, my boy," answered the gratified old enthusiast pompously. "I'll acknowledge the obligation in the preface. Yes, I'll go farther, and dedicate it to you. 'To Thomas Mead, Esquire, in recognition of kindness shown in the collection of the materials for this little work.'"

The elephant track did not belie its looks. For hours they toiled along its uneven course, slipping, falling, and bruising themselves.

The nimble natives found themselves more than once forced to lower the litter, while they helped each other from a seething mud-bath, or picked off the numberless yellow-striped leeches that fastened themselves to their bare legs; and often Gladys would cry out for them to stop that she might rest for a moment from the wrenchings and side-aches.

Weary and sore, they came at noon to an open space, large enough to admit of their resting and cooking their mid-day meal. A little stream cut across their course, and its banks and the bordering jungle showed the marks of Chinese tin miners.

Gladys sprang lightly from the chair, while the natives took from beneath it a roll of palm matting, and stretched it over a rude framework of hastily cut poles.

The noonday heat beat down with a fierce intensity into the little notch in the jungle, and made the sparse shade of the four-by-five hut a thing not to be despised.

Wahpering built a fire, and cooked the inevitable rice, and roasted a few roots of the tapioca.

"Should n't we make a nice picture for a kodak fiend?" laughed Beach, glancing about the little party.

"It would take more than a kodak to do us justice," commented the Doctor. "In fact, I am afraid we shall never get justice for the past month's outrage."

"O, Doctor," said Gladys, "you might never have had the pleasure of knowing me. Is that not reward enough, without seeking for justice?"

"Poh! poh!" answered the old man, his kindly face lighting with pleasure. "You are safe enough in talking to an old fellow like me, who knows you are joking; but the Commissioner there would give his eyes to hear you say the same thing to him."

Gladys dropped her eyes, and a tell-tale blush stole over her fair cheeks. Beach turned angrily away.

"It's only natural you young folks should feel that way," went on the imperturbable old man. "You are both handsome and romantic—in Beach's case I would say silly. Tut, tut, don't get on your high horse; I have told you that before. Why, do you know, he was actually jealous of me the time I got that stolen interview with you." And the Doctor laughed unrestrainedly at the absurdity of the thought. "But there, there, I am forgetting that I was sent out to these God-forsaken wilds by the great Smithsonian Institution to make a collection of its flora and fauna, to study its anthropology, ethnology, lithology, and metallurgy, to obtain archaic time-pieces, measuring instruments, games of chance, musical instruments, and—"

"And to succor the oppressed," finished Gladys tragically.

"And not to abet such foolishness," he went on, unmindful of his listener's interruption.

A family of little gray monkeys swung far out on the swaying limbs of the giant timboosa trees, and peered down in wonderment at the strange noises. A native espied them, and as quick as lightning his blow-pipe was at his mouth, and a tiny dart sped upward toward one of the most daring of the lot.

In an instant the almost human little victim dropped with a pitiful cry at Gladys's feet. His mates went scuttling away, scolding and chattering with fear.

The victorious sportsman came running up with a deprecatory touch of his forehead, picked him up, and darted back to the edge of the bank.

"A welcome and unexpected addition to their bill of fare. I don't suppose they ever heard of the manna of the Israelites."

"O, Doctor, how can you joke about such a thing. It seems almost like taking a human life."

"Like the Panglima's, for instance?" queried the Doctor.

Gladys shuddered.

"You need n't fear him, my dear. To-night we shall be at the bank of the river again. By morning we shall be safe in Temerloh. Then, with a detachment of Sikhs, we shall glide down the Pahang to its mouth, and then along the coast to Singapore. When I tell the Governor of the horrible death of McIlvaine and of our imprisonment and your kidnapping, he will send something besides Sikhs and policemen after this English-speaking murderer, or I am mistaken in my belief in British pluck!"

"God save the Queen!" shouted Mead enthusiastically.

"Yes, save her until after the death of her charming son," commented the Doctor dryly.

"However, we are wasting time. I am going to take a look at these old tin mines. Will you come along, Mead? I suppose you know that this peninsula mines one half the tin of the world,—right in the face of the McKinley Bill. Fact, the Consul told me so." And so the old man ran on, retailing fact after fact from the inexhaustible storehouse of his memory.

"Wonderful old man," said Beach, as the Doctor and his new-found disciple disappeared over the bank "He has quite given me up as a hopeless case."

"And are you?" she asked, laughing softly.

Beach glanced up in time to catch the sweet, almost tender, look that filled the

big black eyes as they met his own, and his heart beat with a fierce, wild longing that for the moment drove away his speech.

"Gladys!"

She did not draw away her hand, as he took it in his, but said, as a happy smile played about the corners of her mouth,— "You have not answered my question yet."

So the Doctor found them an hour later, when he returned laden with the spoils of his exploration.

He glanced at them curiously, sought to adjust his missing monocle, smiled broadly, and then bent down and took the flushing face of the girl between his pudgy hands, and before she could escape, kissed her.

"Ah, you rascal!" he laughed, as she darted out of his reach. "I no more than give you your freedom, than you lose it again." And the happy old scientist stood chuckling quietly at his joke, while Beach nervously twisted the ends of his yellow mustache.

#### WORLD'S FAIR NOTE.

(Sent out by the Department of Publicity and Promotion.)

Lieutenant John Quincy Adams Beach, Special Commissioner for the World's Columbian Exposition, and his bride arrived in Chicago yesterday, direct from Singapore. Commissioner Beach brings with him four Sakies and their chief, Trong; also a complete Malay bungalow. In company with Lieutenant Beach is the noted traveler and ethnologist, Professor Jonas Poultney, Ph. D., who has a splendid collection of Malay and Sakie curios, embracing archaic time-pieces, musical instruments, games of chance, and weapons of war. Through the kind offices of Doctor Poultney the Smithsonian has decided to loan the entire collection to the Fair.

From the "Straits-Times" of Singapore.

#### PAHANG.

THE "PANGLIMA MUDA" OF JEMPOL KILLED.  
HIS HEAD TAKEN TO PEKAN.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

PEKAN, 30th October, '92.

The famous *Panglima Muda* of Jempol, the instigator of the Pahang War and the murderer of McIlvaine, of the Jelebu Company, has been caught at last, and killed in the Ulu Jempol by a party led by

the famous Punghulo Wahpering. His head, together with that of a Malay named Mamat, the *Panglima's* right-hand-man, was brought to Pekan this afternoon, and after examination by the medical officer, was buried by convicts. The Resident and *Tungku Mahmud* went to the hospital this evening, and identified one of the heads as that of the *Panglima Muda*, while that of Mamat was identified by many Pekan Malays who were acquainted with the man. The account as to how Wahpering came across the *Panglima* is as follows:—

It appears that the Sakie scouts, whom he had engaged for the purpose, brought him information that the *Panglima Muda*, together with two others, was in a bungalow in Ulu Jempol, at a place called Sungei Buloo, a tributary of the Sungei Tepus, and where people hardly ever go, it being so far up in the Ulu, and covered with dense jungle all along. Acting on this information the Punghulo Wahpering at once set off with 30 to 40 men, and when Sungei Buloo was reached, he got his followers to surround the bungalow, while he decided to enter alone and arrest, or in case of resistance, kill the *Panglima Muda*. The darkness of the night, when these arrangements were put into effect, materially helped to prevent him from being seen. After the men had been duly posted, with instructions to fire in case they saw the *Panglima Muda* attempting to escape, the Punghulo entered the bungalow.

Directly he saw the intruder, the *Panglima Muda* rushed at him with his diamond-handled kris, (he had no gun with him,) but the Punghulo expected this attack, and fired, with the cry "Allah is good!" This, however, had to be supplemented by another shot, and then the once redoubtable *Panglima Muda* was no more. In the meantime, Mamat, on seeing his chief fall, shouted "Amok!" and rushed out of the house, armed with a kris, but only to be riddled with bullets. The heads of both the rebels were then severed and brought here, the bodies being buried on the spot. It may be stated that the warrior who has distinguished himself in killing the *Panglima Muda* is no other than the same Punghulo Wahpering that was captured in connection with Messrs. Poultney and Beach, the two daring Americans who invaded the rebellious country during the war.

It is thought that the capture and killing was actuated more by some desire for revenge than for the reward. However, there seems to be no doubt that the Punghulo Wahpering has fairly earned the reward of \$1,000 that is advertised for the head of the *Panglima Muda*, and I believe that a part of the amount in question will be divided among the men who assisted in the exploit.

It is thought that the Orang Kayah will not long keep the field, now that he is deprived of the aid of so powerful and crafty an ally.

Rounsevelle Wildman.

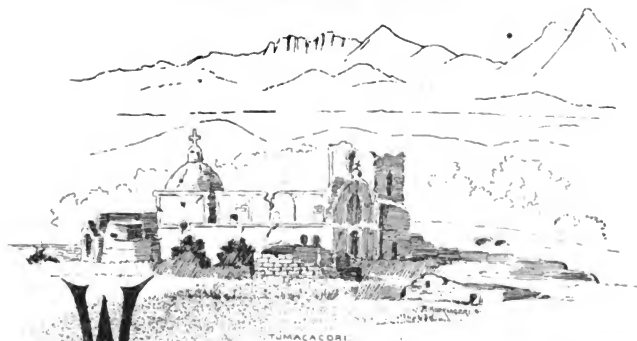
[THE END.]





## BUILDING A STATE IN APACHE LAND. IV.

## ARIZONA A TERRITORY AT LAST.



**W**HEN the Civil War was nearly over, General Heintzelman accompanied me on a call at the executive mansion, to solicit the organization of a territorial government for Arizona.

President Lincoln listened to my tale of woe like a martyr, and finally said, "Well, you must see Ben Wade about that."

I subsequently called upon Senator Wade of Ohio, the chairman of the Committee on Territories, and repeated my story of Arizona.

The bluff old Senator said, "O, yes, I have heard of that country,—it is just like hell—all it lacks is water and good society."

He finally consented to attend a meeting at the President's, to discuss the subject.

Ashley of Ohio was chairman of the Committee on Territories in the House, and readily agreed to favor the organization of a territorial government. In

a few days President Lincoln appointed an evening, to hear the Delegation in favor of Arizona from 8 till 12. The chairmen of the committees on Territories attended, and General Heintzelman and some other friends were present. I presented the maps, historical data, some specimens of minerals and Indian relics, and after a long conference and some interesting stories by the President, the organization of a territorial government for Arizona was agreed upon.

The country was at that time under martial law,—General Carlton. If any system of government is repellent to Americans it is martial law. Whatever may be the expense of juries, lawyers, witnesses, and courts, they form the only means which civilized society has yet devised for the settlement of disputes. It is true that a territorial form of government was never contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, as no provision was made for such a form of government; but this omission is covered by the general welfare clause,

which gives Congress the power to "provide for the general welfare."

The formula adopted in an Act of Congress organizing a Territory, is "An Act to provide a provisional government, etc., etc., etc." In course of time, no doubt, all the Territories will be admitted as States, as the territorial form of government is not provided for as a permanency by the Constitution, and is moreover anomalous in the American system. The people residing in the Territories are to a considerable extent disfranchised politically, and are not, in fact, full-fledged American citizens. The idea of taxation without representation is irritating to their sense of justice, and for many other cogent reasons Congress will be forced by public opinion to admit the Territories to all the rights of sovereign States.

The delegate from New Mexico and myself sat at a table, and drew up a bill dividing New Mexico into nearly equal parts by the hundred and eleventh degree of longitude west; and providing for the organization of "The Territory of Arizona" from the western half. The bill soon became an Act of Congress, and was approved by President Lincoln on the twenty-third of February, 1863.

The offices were divided out among the supporters of the measure at an oyster supper, and as I was apparently to get nothing but the shells, I fortified myself with a drink, and exclaimed: "Well, gentlemen, what is to become of me?"

They seemed not to have thought about that, and the Governor-elect said:

"O, we will give you charge of the Indians, you are acquainted with them."

So I was appointed "Superintendent of Indian Affairs." The salary of the office was two thousand dollars a year, payable in greenbacks worth about thirty-three cents on the dollar in the currency of Arizona.

Arrangements were made for the transportation of my new colleagues

across the plains at government expense; but I took Ben Holladay's coach at Kansas City, and crossed the continent to Sacramento, and thence by river steamer to San Francisco. The Indian goods had been shipped to Yuma.

In San Francisco I met my old friend, J. Ross Browne, who had just returned from Europe, and invited him to accompany me through Arizona at my expense. He afterwards wrote an account of the journey, "Wanderings in the Apache Country," published by Harpers.

Archbishop Alemany, whom I had known as a parish priest in Kentucky, called upon me in San Francisco, and asked if I would take a couple of priests down to Arizona, to restore the service among the Indians at the old Mission of San Xavier del Bac on the Santa Cruz, to which I assented with great pleasure.

After a voyage by sea from San Francisco to Los Angeles, I presented my orders from the Secretary of War to the commanding officer at Drumm Barracks for an escort of cavalry, and transportation to Arizona; and prepared for the journey across the Colorado Desert.

We arrived at Yuma just before Christmas, and during Christmas week regaled the Yumas, Cocopas, and neighboring tribes of Indians, with their first presents from Uncle Sam. After distributing the Indian goods at Yuma, we proceeded upon the Gila River some two hundred miles to the Pima village, where my old friends, the Pima Indians, gave a warm welcome, not entirely on account of the Indian goods.

At the Pima villages one Sunday, I requested the priests to celebrate the mass, and tell the Indians something about God,—remembering my own failure in teaching theology. The troops were drawn up, the Indians assembled, and Father Bosco through my interpreter preached the first sermon the Pima Indians ever heard.

At dinner, the good Father took me by the ear, and said, "What for you make me preach to these savages?—they squat on the ground, and laugh at me like monkeys."

The next place for the distribution of Indian goods was at the Mission of San Xavier del Bac, three leagues south of Tucson, among the Papagos, a christianized branch of the great Pima tribe. The Papago chiefs were my old friends and acquaintances, and received the priests with fireworks and illuminations. They knew of our coming, and had swept the church and grounds clean, and ornamented the altar with mistletoe.

The Indians had been expecting the priests for many years,—

For the Jesuits told them long ago  
As sure as the water continued to flow,  
The sun to shine, and the grass to grow,  
They would come again to the Papago.

installed the priests in the old Mission buildings, and turned over the goods intended for the Papagos for distribution at their convenience.

I met an old friend at the Mission called "Buckskin Alick," who had lived there all through the war without reading a newspaper or changing his clothes. As nails were scarce, Buckskin Alick had constructed a mill held together by rawhides, and was grinding wheat for the Papagos. In the meantime he had taken up with a Papago girl, to the scandal of the tribe. The priests told him he must marry the girl or leave. He appealed to me for protection, but I told him I had resigned my sacerdotal functions to the priest. He married the girl, and kept the mill.

In 1863 a considerable number of prospectors had come into Arizona, mostly from the California side, on account of discoveries of gold on the Has-sayamp. Old Pauline Weaver was the discoverer, as he had been a trapper and pioneer since 1836. His name is carved on the walls of the Casa Grande with that date.

The gold washers there were doing very well, and ranches began to be established on the river. But the Apaches were not inclined to leave the settlers in peace when they had some fine horses and mules, and some fat cattle. So the Tonto Apaches made a raid on the Has-sayamp, and carried off nearly all the stock.

King Woolsey had come into the country then, and was a prominent man among the settlers, and undoubtedly a very brave one; so he raised a company to go after the Tontos. (As every one knows, "tonto" means "fool.")

There were not more than twenty-five men, including some friendly Maricopas. They were well-armed, but their commissariat consisted principally of panole and jerkey.

They followed the Indians across the Verde to a place about half way between Globe and the Silver King, where they came to a parley. The tanks of water there are surrounded by rough ledges of basalt rocks, and the country in the vicinity is covered by scoriæ, as though a volcano had vomited the refuse of the subterranean world to disfigure nature.

The Indians came in slowly for a talk, but were insolent and defiant. Delshay, the Tonto chief, demanded a blanket, and some coffee and whisky. The Americans had neither coffee nor whisky for their own use, and he was quite put out about it, but partook of panole and jerked beef.

The parley was very unsatisfactory, as the Indians were surly, and made demands which it was impossible to grant. There were about twenty-five Indians at the council, and fifty or more on the surrounding ledges. As the Indians became more hostile the situation became more serious, and it was evident to the Americans that they were surrounded, and in imminent danger of massacre.

Woolsey was not only a brave but a very intelligent man, and he saw at once

that either the Americans or the Indians were to be slaughtered, so he said: "Boys, we have got to die or get out of this. Each of you pick out your Indian, and I will shoot the chief for a signal."

The fusillade commenced, and all the Indians that could run stampeded. The only American killed was Lennon, a half brother of Ammi White, my Indian agent at the Pima villages.

Lennon had picked out his Indian and sent a bullet to his heart; but the Indian in the agonies of death made a lunge at Lennon with his spear and transfiged him. They both fell at the Bloody Tanks in the embrace of death.

The Americans rescued Lennon's body, and having strapped it over a pack mule, carried it away to the next camp, where it was buried with Christian services at the foot of an aspen tree.

The Americans brought away twenty-four scalps.

After the Bloody Tanks affair some of the men engaged in it came into the Pima villages, where I was in camp. J. Ross Browne, who was with me, took down the account in short hand, and I made a list of the Americans engaged in the expedition. I remember, when Browne got through with his stenography, he asked one of the men if he had any Indian relics. The man replied, "Yes, I have got some jerked years," and he presented Browne about a dozen "jerked years" strung on buckskin.

I concluded to make a scout up country and see what was going on among the Indians, and as there were no troops at my command I organized a company of Pimas and Maricopas as scouts. They had recently received arms and ammunition from the government, and I had uniforms and swords enough for the officers. They soon learned to drill, and already knew how to shoot.

The commissariat was not quite up to military regulations, but we set out all the same, following along the Has-

sayamp to Antelope Peak, when we turned east by Walnut Creek to the Verde, over an infernal trail.

The way down the Verde was not much better, as the Black Cañon has never been considered strewn with roses; but we hunted and fished to the junction of the Verde and Salt rivers without seeing any Apaches.

The only "sign" we saw was cut on a tree,—twenty-four Americans and twenty-four arrows pointed at them, which the Pimas interpreted to me as the number of Apaches killed at Bloody Tanks, and the number of Americans the Apaches threatened to kill in retaliation.

There was not a soul on the Verde, and not a white man nor a house on Salt River, from the junction of the Verde to its confluence with the Gila. We camped at the "Hole-in-the-Rock," and next morning crossed Salt River at the peak about Tempe, and crossed over to the Pima villages, glad enough to get to that haven of rest. It was 100 miles to Tucson, and 280 miles to Yuma, and not a soul nor any provisions between the two places.

There was no great inducement to stay in the Territory at that time, except for people who had an insane ambition for orchestral fame on the golden harps of New Jerusalem. Many of the people had read about the government of the United States, in school books; and perhaps had enjoyed the felicity of hearing a Fourth of July oration in youth; but these were myths of antiquity in Arizona. There was no government of any consequence, and even what there was was conducted on the Democratic principle, not for protection but for revenue only.

I anticipated the fourteenth amendment, and distributed the Indian goods without regard to race, color or former condition of servitude. Anybody that came along in need of blankets or tobacco was freely supplied. I wound up

the Indian service with loss of about \$5,000 out of my own pocket.

At camp on the Hassayamp, Henry Wickenburg came in with some specimens of gold quartz he had found out to the West, at a place subsequently called Vulture, and wanted me to buy the find. I said, "Henry, I don't want to buy your mine, but I will give you twenty-five dollars' worth of grub and a meerschaum pipe if you will go away and leave me alone."

I was also importuned to purchase Miguel Peralta's title from the King of Spain for the Salt River Valley; but my experience with Spanish grants in Texas, California, and Arizona, did not incline me to invest, even if the grant had been made by the Pope of Rome, and guaranteed by the Continental Congress.

The only members of the Woolsey Expedition remaining in Arizona that I know of are Peeples of Phoenix, Chase of Antelope, and Blair at Florence.

The government of the United States can never recompense the people of Arizona for the atrocities committed by the Apaches. It will never do to make the plea that a government so vain-glorious and boastful could not have conquered this tribe of savages, if the will to do so had existed. Now, after forty years of devastation, the government pays the Apaches one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year in goods to maintain a quasi peace. The settlers are not at any time secure against an Apache outbreak, and there are at the present time some Apaches on the war-path, which the government acknowledges its impotency to capture. "A Century of Dishonor" was a well written book, and contains many unpleasant truths.

In the meantime, while I was delivering the Indian goods, my colleagues in the territorial government had crossed the plains, and established the capital at a remote place in the northern mountains, which they called "Prescott," in

honor of the Mexican historian. Just as was supposed, they quarreled all the way across the plains about who should be the first delegate to Congress from a Territory they had never seen.

Upon my arrival at Prescott they were perfectly disgusted to learn that I had already been declared a candidate, and was likely to get the votes of the people. The political machine had not then been organized, and the people had some say in the elections.

The election was held in due time, and I was elected the first delegate to Congress from Arizona.

The "carpet baggers" worked the Territory for all it was worth, as is evidenced by the public debt, which is three times as great as any State or Territory in the Union, *per capita*. The capital was moved from town to town, as a political factor in the election of delegates, but now rests at Phoenix, in the Salt River Valley, where it will permanently remain, as no other place in the Territory can ever rival Phoenix in the abundance of all that contributes to the comfort and happiness of life. The soil is fertile, the climate healthful, and with water storage in reservoirs a city will grow equal to any on the Nile.

At this time there was not an inhabitant on Salt River where Phoenix now stands, and the Salt River Valley was a desolate and abandoned waste. It had been occupied some thousands of years ago by a race who cultivated the land by irrigation, and built houses and cities which have gone to ruin. The most diligent search has developed but few evidences of the extent of their civilization. They had not advanced very far, as they left no relics of either iron, copper, or steel. The land in cultivation would have supported a population of from fifty to a hundred thousand souls.

It is an excusable ambition for a man, especially in the Western country, to

desire the honor of representing his State or Territory in Congress.

It was necessary to cross the deserts to San Francisco, and thence via Panama to New York and Washington.

I had scarcely taken my seat, when a distinguished-looking gentleman (Roscoe Conkling) came up and introduced himself, saying in a very pompous way :

"I observe you have drawn a front seat,—and as I presume you do not wish to debate, I shall feel very much obliged if you will have the courtesy to exchange seats with me."

I replied, "With the greatest pleasure, sir," and took a back seat, more becoming my station.

In a few days the chairman of the Committee on Mileage came around to my seat, and said, "Poston, how is this?—your mileage is \$7,200, and mine is only \$300."

I replied, "Frank, what is the price of whisky in your district?"

He said, "About two dollars and a half per gallon."

"Well," I said, "it is fifteen dollars a gallon in Arizona—that equalizes the mileage."

He certified the account, and never said another word.

The salary was \$5,000 a year, which added to the mileage, made \$12,200;—but it all went, and a great deal more, in entertainments and presents at Washington. It was esteemed an honor to represent the Territory for which so many sacrifices had been made, and such severe hardships endured, and money was not spared to bring it to public notice on every suitable occasion.

The members of Congress usually manifest courtesy to the delegates, as they are considered in a political sense orphans of the Republic, not having any vote nor in any other way being recognized as equals. They were not obliged at that time to serve on committees, nor expected to answer the roll-

call. It was an easy berth for an indolent man without ambition or avarice.

The Thirty-eighth Congress was considered a very able assembly. The Civil War had brought the most illustrious men of the nation to the surface, and their acquaintance leaves a pleasant memory. When I look over their photographs, now it is like shuffling an old pack of cards which have been played out,—they have nearly all gone to the Upper Chamber,—in this world or the next. Grow and Holman are the only ones in the House now. Thaddeus Stevens was the leader of the House, and treated me with the most distinguished consideration,—even to the compliment of dining at my house,—which was unprecedented in his long public career. The old sinner said the exception was made because my wife was a Baptist.

I made but one speech, and that was on the subject of Indian affairs. An appropriation of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars was obtained for the construction of irrigating canals, to enable the Indians of Arizona to become self-supporting. This was the first instance in which irrigation was brought to the notice of the government.

President Lincoln was always accessible amid his heavy cares. As my family lived in the neighborhood where the President had been reared, my little girl made him a satchel of corn shucks from the field where he had hoed corn barefooted in the briars, thinking he might appreciate a souvenir from his old home. One afternoon I escorted my daughter to the executive mansion to deliver the present. The President received it graciously, and made many enquiries about the old neighbors.

The 38th Congress passed the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution, and as the delegates could not vote they were requested to sign a paper giving their adhesion. I signed it for Arizona, but it was a bitter pill.

*Charles D. Poston,*

*President Arizona Historical Society.*

[THE END.]

## THE COMING HORSE SHOW.



THREE years ago next month there was published in this magazine a paper describing the wonderful successes achieved by horses bred and handled in California, and touching also upon the progress made generally in horse-breeding in this young State. While the records of the running turf and trotting track have since proved, in a manner even more

conclusive than was then anticipated, that our race horses have no superiors on this continent, it yet remains to be shown that we can supply animals for purposes of utility and pleasure that can hold their own with those bred in older countries. No more effectual method of testing the question can be taken than the holding of a Horse Show after the recognized plan followed in the Eastern States and in Europe.

Some six months ago a number of the leading citizens of San Francisco and other principal towns in the State formed themselves into a Board of Directors, under the presidency of Mr. Henry J. Crocker, and established the Horse Show Association, with headquarters at the Mills Building, San Francisco. No time was lost in getting out a list of classes and prizes, with a view to a Horse Show after the style of that held annually at Madison Square

in New York, and definite arrangements were soon made for holding the first annual fixture at the Mechanics' Pavilion in this city, on November 28, 29, 30, and December 1, next.

So cordial has been the support given to the undertaking by breeders, owners, and horse-lovers generally, that the Directors find themselves with a larger number of classes, and a more extensive series of special prizes, than has yet been seen in connection with any affair of the kind in America.

As previously stated, Mr. Henry J. Crocker is President of the Association, and to his energy, tact, and generosity, the position already achieved is mainly due. The Secretary is Mr. Robert A. Irving. The Vice-Presidents are C. P. Huntington, D. O. Mills, Lloyd Tevis, and A. N. Towne; while the Board consists of such well-known men as William Alvord, Col. C. F. Crocker, Louis B. Parrott, John Parrott, Timothy Hopkins, James D. Phelan, Joseph D. Grant, C. De Guigne, Gen. W. H. Dimond, J. B. Crockett, Harry Veuve, C. A. Spreckels, William Babcock, E. W. Hopkins, Peter J. Donahue, Geo. A. Newhall, W. Mayo Newhall, Jas. Brett Stokes, Russell J. Wilson, Maurice Casey, James Robinson, Gilbert Tompkins, Major J. R. Rathbone, P. E. Bowles, Dr. George F. Shiels, William H. Howard, Webster Jones, W. O'B. Macdonough, Wilfrid B. Chapman, H. E. Huntington, Louis F. Montegale, Fred R. Webster, William S. Tevis of Bakersfield, Frank Hicks of Los Angeles, Frank Devine of Riverside, Geo. B. Sperry of Stockton, Edwin F. Smith of Sacramento, and M. Theo. Kearney of Fresno.

The program includes about 110 separate classes, under the various heads of thoroughbreds, trotters, roadsters,

hackneys, coaching stallions, carriage horses, tandems, four-in-hands, saddle-horses, ponies, hunters, draught horses, mules, etc., and the prizes offered by the Association show an aggregate cash value of upwards of \$7,000, with a large number of very valuable special prizes, ranging from \$600 down to \$100, chiefly in the form of silver cups, given by various friends of the Association; so that altogether the worth of the rewards to be distributed will aggregate \$10,000.

As the entries are not fixed to close until October 25th, it is not possible to form any reliable estimate of the number; but so ready has been the response already to the inquiries made of horsemen as to their intentions, that it is fully expected the competition will be on the whole most interesting. To instance one of the most arduous fixtures in the program, namely, the four-in-hand section, there is every prospect of fully a dozen teams putting in an appearance, all turned out in the most correct style, well horsed and driven. Amongst them will be coaches and breaks of the most approved build, imported and domestic, such as are shown in the accompanying sketches. In the thoroughbred and trotter sections there is assurance of horses of world-wide reputation coming into the ring, while in the utility and fancy classes not only will the breeding farms of California be well represented, but there will be entries from the East and Canada, that will attract considerable attention.

Under the head of draught breeding classes, there is promise of a most interesting and useful collection of animals of fine breeding and individuality. In all likelihood this will be not the least striking feature of the show, and one that is wanting at Madison Square. There is probably not an adult or child in the State that would not be gratified by seeing paraded in the ring a collection of fine, handsome draught stallions, ranging from sixteen to eighteen hands,

and several exceeding two thousand pounds apiece in weight, and such animals will be on the ground. As a set-off to these invaluable monsters will be specimens of the beautiful, docile little Shetland, Hungarian, and other diminutive breeds of the genus horse, the capabilities of the State under this head being surprising, and at present by no means generally appreciated.

The exhibits in the pony classes should be attractive, as the breeding of Shetlands has been quite an extensive business on the Haggin-Tevis ranches in Kern County, and many of the little animals are distributed through the State, while Mr. Arthur W. Foster, of San Rafael, has for some time past been breeding a most valuable type of pony, the product of an imported Hungarian stallion, 10 hands 3 inches in height, crossed upon selected native mares.

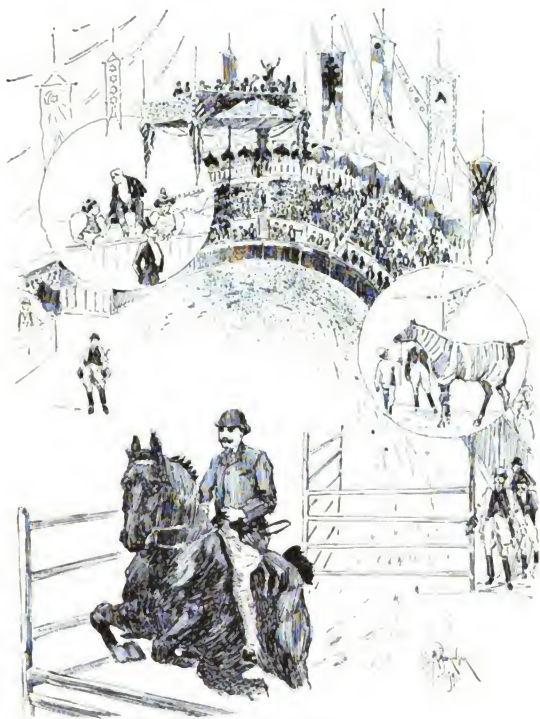
In the hunter classes the show will certainly break new ground, and the premiums offered in the various jumping contests should induce fair competition, especially with the growing demand for jumpers fostered by the recent programs of the California Jockey Club and the movement now on foot to form the Pacific Coast Steeplechase and Pony Racing Association.

The various exhibitions of driving, riding, jumping, and feats of skill on the box and in the saddle, will lend exceptional charm to the occasion, and each morning, afternoon, and evening, there will be parades and displays calculated to afford the utmost pleasure to lovers of horses, and the public generally.

Travel and inspection throughout the chief horse-breeding parts of the State, undertaken on behalf of the Association, has proved to the Directors that there are fine horses in many directions little suspected when the show was planned.

The main divisions of horses that will come under notice at the show will be thoroughbred running horses, the American trotter, the American road-





HORSE SHOW SCENES.

ster, the coachers of various types, the hackney, heavy draught horses of different breeds, and ponies of several kinds, while the ordinary harness and saddle horses of daily life will be exhibited in various capacities. It would be too large an undertaking to specify the individual characteristics of all the classes, but it will no doubt be of interest to note what are the points which chiefly denote excellence in the more important varieties.

To begin with the thoroughbred. It

would save a world of trouble to the reader and the writer too, if the great horse Ormonde were available by way of example for a *viva voce* lecture, but as the next best thing his portrait is presented with this article. No animal within the writer's knowledge can so fully illustrate the perfection of the highest class of horse that exists, and it may safely be said that in almost every detail he meets the requirements of an ideal galloping machine. It should be a matter of congratulation with every

Californian that this great horse, the property of Mr. W. O'B. Macdonough, is now owned in this State, and if all goes well, he should do great service in America, as he has already done in England. The form and appearance of the thoroughbred horse, when truly shaped, represents the most striking combination possible of strength, symmetry, beauty, and speed, that can be found. The height of such animals

arms and thighs, with the knees and hocks close to the ground, good flat cannon bones, with tendons well defined, tense and steely to the touch, pasterns of moderate length and well-shaped feet, the hoofs of which are smooth and fine in texture, are the essentials below. Given the existence of all these characteristics of the high-class running horse, and such action as covers the ground in the walk, canter, and gallop, with that go and rhythm that the thoroughbred alone can display, and we have everything that can be desired. Color is a matter of taste, and it might be said accident, but bay, brown, and chestnut, are the most common; blacks and grays, especially the latter, being comparatively scarce.

The trotter is a distinct product of America, and his evolution may be said to be still in progress. He is found to go in all shapes, but in these latter days, when enormous pains are taken in breeding the light-harness race-horse, men are less disposed to commend an animal for mere swiftness, and generally insist that we must have them "well put up," to use an expressive term, with, above all things, feet and legs that give promise of standing the tremendous demands made upon them by the exigencies of training on the track. As a result we have in the American trotter, an animal whose understandings are the marvel of horsemen in general. The tendency is at present to favor the infusion of thoroughbred blood into the best trotting strains, and as a consequence the trotter grows in good looks as time goes on, and in some instances is fining down to the point where, to the eye of the uninitiated, he is not readily distinguishable from his galloping brother. Perhaps the most striking instance of this that we have in California is the great Palo Alto stallion Advertiser. In respect of height and color the same remarks apply as in the case of the thoroughbred, except that a consider-



THE SHREVE CUP.  
VALUE \$600. FOR THE BEST TROTTING STALLION, FOUR  
YEARS AND OVER.

varies from fifteen hands to sixteen hands two inches, the mean of the two extremes being usually found to afford all the requisites of a first-class animal in the greatest excellence. A neat, bloodlike head, with gamecock throttle, arched neck, long rein, sloping shoulder, deep girth, short back, arched loin, somewhat high croup, and tail well set on, are the points to be looked for in the construction of the upper part of the animal; while long and muscular



HENRY J. CROCKER AND HIS HORSE "CLAYTON," BY "CLAY" (SON OF "ELECTIONEER").



THE HENRY J. CROCKER CUP,  
FOR THE BEST POLO PONY TO BE SHOWN AROUND  
BENDING POLES.

able number of first class trotters, especially of the celebrated Director family, are black.

The American roadster is too well known generally to need description in these pages, and when possessed of other good points beyond mere speed, is an animal that is esteemed in all parts of the world. The breeding of the genuine roadster, however, has been too much neglected in the craze for producing fast harness horses for racing purposes, and it has never been more difficult than it is today to get a fine, reliable team of the kind.

The coach-horse section is composed of various breeds; those that have been kept distinct being the Cleveland Bay, Yorkshire Coach, French Coach, and Hanoverian or German Coach. The essentials are power of draught, machine-like action, well clear of the ground, and lion-like courage to face hills in front of heavy loads, and drag vehi-



THOROUGHBRED STALLION "ORMONDE," PROPERTY OF W. O'B. MACDONOUGH.

cles over roads which are at times deep in mud, and sticky. The Cleveland Bay is probably the best known of the class in this country, though for coaching work in England he is not now greatly

esteemed, his characteristics rendering him more suitable for state carriage work, where a handsome, up standing animal is called for, rather than one of sound wear-and-tear qualities. In the latter essentials the Cleveland Bay is excelled by the Yorkshire Coach Horse, which is possessed of more thoroughbred in his composition. The French Coach is a smaller animal than either of the foregoing, but when endowed with a fair proportion of bone, in which respect he is apt to be deficient, he has just claims to be considered a valuable type. The German Coach is a larger animal again, somewhat after the Cleveland Bay style, but lighter of bone, faster and more showy in action, his knee work being quite remarkable. For its best qualities this breed is indebted in no small degree to a considerable proportion of English thoroughbred blood, running back some century and a half. The usual height of these various breeds of coachers is from 15.3 to 17 hands, the best specimens being about 16.2 in all of them, except the French horse, which is seldom found of fine quality over 16 hands. It will readily be understood that horses of the weight and substance found in these breeds cannot be pushed



THE HUNTINGTON CUP.  
VALUE \$400. FOR THE BEST THOROUGHBRED STALLION,  
THREE YEARS OLD AND OVER.



PAIR OF HUNGARIAN PONIES, "HIAWATHA" AND "TACK," PROPERTY OF A. W. FOSTER.

to the speed of the American roadster, and any coach-horse that can cover ten miles an hour up and down hill, on ground heavy or light, is generally reckoned a valuable animal.

forward stride, together with his determined stroke of the hind legs brought well up under his elbows, thus constituting that perfect all-round action

The hackney is in the present day a conspicuous favorite wherever perfectly finished, true-actioned carriage horses are appreciated, and as a harness horse possessing beauty of conformation, courage, and good wear-and-tear capabilities, he cannot be surpassed. His most striking quality is the perfect form of his carriage and motions, and the intensely elegant manner in which, going fast or slow, he elevates his forehead with a graceful lift of the knee and almost imperceptible poising of the limb in his



A. W. FOSTER'S HUNGARIAN STALLION "CARLISLE."

which makes such an animal a source of infinite delight to drive, sit behind, or view, as he progresses down the road. In height the hackney proper varies from 14.2 to 15.3, the best specimens being 15.1 to 15.2. Of late years enormous prices have been realized for good animals of this breed, and in England the eminent breeder, Sir Walter Gilbey, not long ago paid \$26,250 for a stallion named Danegelt, while another English breeder recently bought the

considering the youth of our State. Probably the French horses are the most numerous, though hardly the most desirable, as they are too often soft-hearted and gummy-legged,—two great drawbacks in large, heavily built animals. The Clydesdales, a Scotch breed, are by many esteemed the best heavy draught horse considered generally, and in the California production pictured on these pages, Pointsman, Jr., a grand specimen, is seen. He is 8 years old,



FOUR IN HAND CARRIAGE. PROPERTY OF GEORGE A. NEWHALL.

stallion Bonfire for \$14,750 in New York, which was shipped to this country as a foal, and has now been taken back to the land of his birth. There are at present but few specimens of the hackney in this State,—the stallion Green's Rufus, owned by Mr. John Parrott of San Mateo, and Paragon, owned by Mr. F. G. Berry, of Fresno, being the best known animals.

Of heavy draught horses the Shire, Clydesdale, Suffolk Punch, amongst the breeds originating in the British Isles, and the Norman and Percheron of France, are fairly well represented here,

stands 18 hands, weighs 2,200 pounds, and is active as a kitten. He is built like a pony, and is simply handsome magnificence itself. It is not sufficiently understood in this country that these large, heavy horses must not be used to any extent out of a walk, as their especial function is to move huge loads, and if rattled along sharply at such tasks their immense bodily weight overtaxes their legs and feet, and soon renders them useless. The Suffolk Punch is a more finely bred horse than the Clydesdale or English Shire, and probably possessed of those characteristics





FOUR IN HAND BODY BREAK. PROPERTY OF W. S. HOBART.

which are best suited to this climate. In color he is invariably chestnut, while all the other heavy draught breeds are of all colors, in the French breeds gray being the most common. The hairy

nature of the Shire horses' legs, although deemed a recommendation in Great Britain, is considered a disadvantage in this country, as necessitating more care and greater liability to grease and other eruptions in bad weather.

Most of our readers will know that in the celebrated farms of Rancho del Paso and Palo Alto we have the greatest institutions of their kind on earth, while many of the smaller breeding farms in the State have earned names that have made the horses of California famous the world over. It is, however, not to be gainsaid that, in respect of fancy and all-purpose horses, the State has not so far taken that place which its opportunities justify, and it is in this connection more than any other that the forthcoming show is likely to be o



POLO PONY, "JUMPING JACK." PROPERTY OF H. R. SIMPKINS.



THOROUGHBRED STALLION "SALVATOR." PROPERTY OF J. B. HAGGIN.

lasting benefit. This condition must be ascribed to the neglect of our breeders in general to adopt any thorough system of breaking and handling suitable animals for harness and saddle purposes, the result being that their hands are perpetually full of the raw material, which, if converted into serviceable assistance for purposes of locomotion, would have a value far beyond what it now possesses as an asset, and a genuine trade might be cultivated that would largely extend the wealth of our most judicious and skillful breeders. To raise horses for sale much after the manner of hogs is a crude method, that, as civilization advances, must be abandoned.

Another respect in which the show will be productive of great good will be, that it will afford breeders in different districts the best possible opportunity of learning what each one of them is doing, the character of the stock owned by each, and the suitability of the methods adopted in breeding, raising, and training, the various animals they may

handle. In times gone by a vast number of valuable stallions have been secured for the many horse ranches in the State, but speaking generally, their owners have thereafter left matters pretty much to take their own course. Beyond some desultory exhibits at the local fairs, where the parade and judging processes have been more of a burlesque than anything else, and if all we have heard from time to time be in but a measure true, not free from the grossest favoritism, there has been little means of testing the value of the efforts made to breed horses of real worth.

At the Mechanics' Pavilion every class will be judged, and also submitted to proper veterinary inspection by qualified men, both judges and veterinary inspectors being appointed whose names will be a guarantee for everything that is honorable and straightforward. Of itself, therefore, the capture of a ribbon will bestow upon any successful exhibit a hall-mark that must immediately enhance its value for all time, and the pub-



lic will come to consider success at a San Francisco Horse Show the best test of genuine merit in any class of horse, aside from mere questions of speed.

It may be well to remark that speed, pure and simple, will not be called for as a factor in any class, and in no instance will any speed contests be conducted. Breeding, conformation, action, and manners, will in nearly every case be the controlling elements for the con-

the judges and the public may be attracted to their exhibits. Seeing that this is the first show of its kind in California, some exceptional effort will be called for to avoid mistakes in the manner of turning-out and showing horses, and where exhibitors have no previous experience to guide them in these respects, they should embrace any opportunity within their reach of securing competent advice and assistance.



FOUR IN HAND COACH, PROPERTY OF THE BURLINGAME CLUB.

sideration of the judges, and it may safely be stated that the show will be the means of teaching many lessons as to the value of well-mannered animals. If it be true that "manners make the man," it is ten times more so with regard to man's best friend.

Friendly interest in the good work now beginning prompts the recommendation to exhibitors to spare no effort to have their animals in the very best and most correct trim possible, so that

California is at the present time no exception to the general rule in one respect,—everyone is complaining that it does not pay to raise horses. It is doubtful whether it pays in any country. The fact is that nowadays nothing left to do itself pays, there are too many trying the game, communications are rapid and economical, and people know too much to put up with anything that does not exactly suit their requirements. But the man who *breeds and makes* can



TROTTING MARE SUSOL, BY ELECTIONEER.

generally do well at the business, if he understands it and has fair luck. Nothing has done more to help that sort of horseman than high-class shows, where he gets the finest of all chances of showing his productions, and can make good deals with the right kind of customers. The show provides him his establishment in many respects, crowds to look at his wares, and good judges to certify to their merit, if they have any. What more can a holder of stock want than this? When the average horse-trader goes around among the ranches in the State now, he is not more enterprising than to buy a few dozen "scrubs" on which he thinks he can make from one dollar to five dollars per head, and he more generally nets the lower figure,—which is

all he deserves. Now, if the rancher would make an effort to raise good horses, costing no more than bad ones, remember, to feed, and would handle and break them carefully, not in Mexican rough methods, and seek a

CLYDESDALE STALLION, "POINTSMAN, JR."  
PROPERTY OF G. W. MCNEAR.



A HACKNEY MARE.

proper market for them, would he not be likely to make a hundred dollars where he now secures something less than nothing, because he has started by raising rubbish, and spoiling even that in the handling? If any there be

who doubt this, let them come to the show and study the question. If they learn nothing more than the value of a horse properly mouthed and broken, their time and trouble will have been well spent; and if they fail to grasp the

SPANISH BARB STALLION  
PROPERTY OF C. A. BALDWIN.

LARKIN STREET

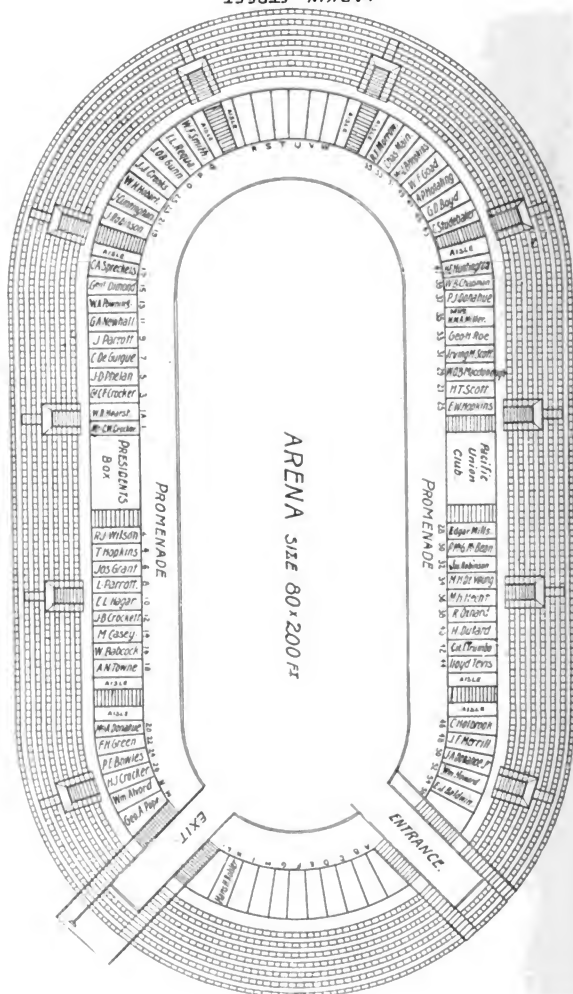


DIAGRAM OF PAVILION



GERMAN COACH HORSE. PROPERTY OF GEORGE B. SPERRY.

situation they may rest assured that they would be better out of the business of horse-raising.

There are men who are making it a business to buy horses in the State at the present time—handle, mouth, and break them properly, then ship to other States; and as they keep doing it again and again, the reasonable conclusion is the game is worth the candle. What they can do, the resident Californian can do to still better advantage, if he goes rightly to work; and the dealers

will still keep coming, because they will be able to turn their money so much oftener, when they have not to spend time in handling and breaking before shipment.

To picture all the possibilities attaching to a series of successful Horse Shows in San Francisco, would involve more guesswork than readers would appreciate; but it is certain that no better step could be put forward to foster an industry which is of vast importance in this State.

*Benedict.*





THROUGH the open window the hot air brings,  
 Slow and incessant, the long-drawn cry  
 Of the fakir, who, down on the sidewalk, sings,  
 In commending his wares to the passers by,—  
 "O lavender, English lavender."

Small sort of song that, but somehow in tune  
 With the breathless heat of the fiery day;  
 And the dreamy air of the summer noon  
 Grows dreamier, hearing him chant his lay  
 Of lavender, English lavender.

It is strange we old fellows, who fancy in truth  
 The love-life within us long withered and dead,  
 Can be startled and brought face to face with our youth,  
 With a random word by a stranger said,  
 Like "Lavender, English lavender."

For the cry, and the breath of perfume that floats  
 From the dead leaves down in his basket there,  
 Have stirred from my heart-strings the echoing notes  
 Of the past, with its passion and joy and care.  
 O the lavender, English lavender!

I am thankful, ah! thankful, I cannot trace  
 One bitter thought with the sweetness blent;  
 There comes to me only her girlish face  
 And her Quaker dress with its fleeting scent  
 Of lavender, English lavender.



She was young — and loved me,—but adverse fate  
 Divided — the usual way — and so,  
 I have only the memory shelved in state,  
 Like the treasures that house-wives shelve and strew  
 With lavender, English lavender.

That only,—but yet after all these years,  
 This ghost of a love rises up unsought,—  
 And my eyes brim over with foolish tears,  
 When a careless word brings the sudden thought  
 Of lavender, English lavender.

And the pain comes back,—but knowing my life,  
 I feel it is good. For in no sweeter way  
 Could a man find a conscience in moments of strife  
 Than I, in this fugitive breath from a spray  
 Of lavender, English lavender.

*Francis E. Sheldon.*



#### FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM MRS. LOFTY'S DIARY.<sup>1</sup>

MAY 1st. It is good to be home again. I have gone through every nook and corner of the house with Sarah. Poor Sarah! She employed herself while I was away in getting married, and loaning all her savings to the new Benedict to start a butcher shop. One day the Benedict was missing; so were the savings; the wholesale meat men made more fuss than the widow, for, as it turned out, the butcher shop had been started on credit, and considering the nature of the stock they had no resource but to charge it up to profit and loss. So Sarah is back with me, quite blithe and contented. That class of people is an eternal mystery to me. Don't they love and hate as we do, or are they better actors, or more unselfish, or more stoical, or *what* is it? At all events she does not seem to be in need of sympathy, and I have not intruded

mine upon her, remembering certain discreet reticences on her part.

It is very odd how queer the chairs and tables look after you have been away from them six months; you have to get acquainted with them all over again. For a few hours you can regard your familiar belongings with the fresh and unprejudiced eye of a stranger; then suddenly it is all as old as the hills again. The same broken saucer deftly mended, and relegated to a place of honor in the china cabinet; the same branch casting the same shadow on the same water in your favorite etching; the rocking chair that squeaks; the patch of sunshine on the same spot on the floor as a year ago today; the same reflection in the glass when you go and look into it. Only one thing is new. Dottie has lost a dozen baby graces, and grown inches. She informed me gravely today that her hair had grown so long

<sup>1</sup>See OVERLAND for June, 1894.

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that it would have to be cut off, "Dest like yours when the wezzer tums hot to-morrow day."

There are some changes socially. Nancy Hammond has married and gone to Europe on her wedding tour. So that is off my mind.

In the forty-eight hours since I have been home I have heard twelve times of "Miss Tomkins." In fact, I had heard of her frequently while away. She is a cousin of Mrs. Smitherton, and is here imbuing the class in self-culture with Delsartean suppleness and elocutionary graces. I am certain I shall detest her. So far as I have been informed she has not a single redeeming fault. I am to join the class tomorrow at Mrs. Smitherton's.

May 3rd. I have met Miss Tomkins. It certainly is not by beauty that she has conquered her world. She is no longer young, and is inclined to embonpoint. Being Delsartean and advanced, of course she does not wear a corset; nor, for all that she is an exponent of physical culture, has she herself acquired that art so much inculcated now-a-days of "holding your stomach in." Her hair, eyes, and complexion, are undecided in tone, and she has a wide, straight mouth, with loose lips. I should not like to kiss her. When we were introduced, with *empressement*, by Mrs. Smitherton, she took my hand in both hers, and looked straight into my eyes.

"O, my dear," she said, "I am so glad to make your acquaintance. I was wild to come to see you yesterday with cousin Laura, but I could n't steal a moment. You women who are enshrined in hearts and homes are happier than you realize; you don't know what it is to be hurried here and there at the beck and call of every one."

As I did not seem to find anything to reply to all this on the spur of the moment, she gave my hand a little squeeze, and dropped it; and we all got into line to take our abdominal breathing, and

our vowel sounds, and reach for our toes, and wiggle our joints in their sockets. I glanced down the line on occasions, to see if those women were really taking Miss Tomkins seriously. They were, indubitably. To give the woman her due, she has one supreme grace: that of self-unconsciousness.

After it was over she sought me out, and fixing my eyes with her colorless orbs said, "O, you are going to be such an acquisition to our class. This sort of thing will be just nature with you, and not art at all."

Well,—I trust I shall be able to hold my stomach in.

May 15th. Every Saturday Miss Tomkins discourses for an hour on some subject supposed to be of general interest to women, and we all go and sit under the droppings of the sanctuary while she instructs us in the training of servants, the way to beautify our complexions, how to make our homes attractive, and preserve our husbands' idolatrous affections. When Miss Tomkins expatiates on these subjects, she reminds me irresistibly of a bald-headed drug clerk selling hair tonic. But those women dote upon her, and hang upon her words of wisdom. They all say to one another as we come away, "Is n't she perfectly lovely?"

She is not lovely one bit; if she were, they would all be ready to tear her eyes out. Women can easily condone cleverness in one of their own sex, but not loveliness. I never before in my life realized the power of words,—just words. Being a woman, it really matters very little what you are or what you do, if you only *express* proper and exalted sentiments. Today she was talking upon the care and rearing of children, (she would begin her discipline before the poor infant was even in contemplation,) and I saw some of those women who do every day as well as the Lord will let them puckering their brows, and searching their consciences



wherein they were at fault because their offspring had pug noses, bad tempers, a disregard for the abstract truth, or a covetous turn of mind.

Systems indeed ! when we are all born under a system, and loved by system, and die by system, may I be spared a reincarnation ! I would rather be resolved into the primal elements of some globe still seething and spouting in fiery chaos. As for bringing up children, I believe in spanking, myself ; there is nothing like a counter-irritant in certain states of nervous excitability. The great pity with most of us is that we ever get too big for the application of such medicine. And I notice that the humanitarians who are so much opposed to corporal punishment will make a poor little creature stand on one leg for an hour, or send it to bed supperless.

I came home and hunted up Dottie immediately, to soothe my ruffled feelings. Mr. and Mrs. Saunders and Harry and I, among us, are bringing her up admirably. When she gets too bad betwixt the four of us, we can all shirk the responsibility, and each one declare, "It is none of *my* doing." It is very comforting. And when she informs you graciously that, "That bad dirl is gone, and here is Dottie back again," you are almost ready to believe in her fiction of duality. Sometimes in the midst of a tempest she can be induced to drive the bad girl out of the front door herself with her papa's cane, and immediately we have a vision of sparkling azure eyes, tear-sprinkled rosy cheeks, laughing carnation lips, and pearly teeth, all shining through tangled meshes of sunny hair, that fills the soul with pure delight. Afterwards she never admits any moral responsibility. She calmly lays her misdeeds to "that ozzier dirl," and feels that it is no concern of hers.

May 20th. The Club Reception came off last night. The class in self-culture was there in great form, all keep-

ing our stomachs well in. Miss Tomkins appeared in a white gown, made after some pseudo-classic style. I suppose it would have looked very æsthetic on a different sort of woman (me, for instance), but it made her look like a college boy got up for a burlesque opera. She danced every time, though plenty of the girls and young matrons played the rôle of wall-flower,—and promenaded continuously, fanning herself and discoursing, between dances. I noticed she seemed particularly attractive to the younger men,—the ones still wearing their first claw-hammers. I watched some of them narrowly to see if they were guying her, but no ! they were taking her seriously, too. Even Harry danced—an almost unprecedented thing for him—and with her.

On the way home, I said to him, "In mercy's name, what is it? From a man's point of view, tell me, Harry, *what* is it?"

"What is what?" he asked.

"What is it in Miss Tomkins that attracts every one?"

"I don't know," he replied, "unless it is the fascinating novelty of brains."

"Pshaw!" I said. "She has no more brains than the rest of us."

"There you are mistaken," he replied. "She is the cleverest woman I know."

I did not argue the point with him, but it is not so. She is not clever,—she only has a knack of words, and a self-confidence that rises to the plane of genius. But even if she be clever, no one can ever make me believe that is any element of attractiveness as far as men are concerned. They may overlook cleverness in a woman, or even tolerate it in certain instances, but they are never drawn by it.

During the evening she sought me out, and when she discovered me, she said, "I have been looking for you, and when I saw four men in a bunch here, I knew where I should find you."

Curiously enough, she made that

speech in a manner that seemed complimentary, and not offensive, as it would have been from any one else. Goodness knows, three out of the four men were only boring me; and what they were standing around for I don't know. Miss Tomkins scattered them, and in that much I was indebted to her.

June 1st. I don't know what sort of spiteful thing has taken possession of me. I appear to be developing a new interest in life,—lying in wait for Miss Tomkins. I have no idea why I should. She never did me any harm; on the contrary, when I drop my attitude of mental hostility in her presence, she laps me in a soul-satisfying bath of well being and self-approval. She is very intimate with me, and comes and goes at all hours; always dropping in just a moment on her way to fulfill some engagement, or on the way home from having filled one. I never saw a woman so much in demand. She is an old maid from choice. I am told she has had many proposals. She herself has recounted to me her Romance, in her emotional, caressing voice; and all the time I kept looking at her wide, loose mouth and prominent light eyes, and wondering if all that had really happened to her, or if she had read it in a book, or was making it up as she went along. That woman will drive me distracted. I have such a habit of classifying the people I meet,—sticking a pin in them as it were, and adding them to my collection,—that it is absolutely wearing on me to be so baffled by this specimen.

June 5th. No one has had enterprise enough to reorganize a riding club this summer. Miss Tomkins was asking me, why did n't I? the other day, when I was grumbling about it. Mrs. Smither-ton laughed outright.

"That is the funniest thing I ever heard you say yet, Eugenia," she said. "No one on earth ever heard of Patsie Isham organizing anything. If the plum is particularly luscious she will open her

mouth and let it drop in. That is as far as any one ever knew her to go."

"Mrs. Isham has her own private sources of amusement," said Miss Tomkins, "that never fail her. She has her own little dissecting room, where she puts us all under the scalpel in turn."

I fairly gasped; the creature *is* clever. No one ever suspected me before.

June 15th. Have just been to see an old schoolmate who is in trouble. I have not seen much of her these past years, for our ways in life have lain apart. She married a newspaper man and has three babies to mind; but I have always kept a soft spot in my heart for Millie. Of all the little girls at boarding-school, she was the only one that did not spy and tattle on the big ones, so we all made a pet of her. Now, her Charlie has broken his leg in two or three places, and will be laid up for weeks. I found Miss Tomkins had preceded me. She was seated at the bedside, taking notes. Millie explained that she was to write the editorials for the present.

"She has always written more or less for the paper, you know, ever since she came," said Millie.

I did n't know, but I might have known, as a matter of course. I am sure her editorials will be an improvement on Charlie's,—good soul. I sometimes wonder what it is that makes a man think he has a vocation for editorials, for the reason is often quite undiscoverable by the people who read them. I merely asked, however, if the paper would change politics *ad interim*, for I always understood Miss Tomkins was a Democrat.

June 18th. Harry has had a sudden burst of energy, and we have the riding club going again. I tried my best to get Miss Tomkins into it, but she would not join. It seems, then, there are some things she will not undertake. I wonder if she suspected me of malice? I am afraid of her now, since I have convicted

her of so much penetration. Some of the things she says to you and about you would rankle, if they were uttered in a less caressing voice.

June 28th. I have given Miss Tomkins up, or rather I have given myself up, unconditionally. She is clever, and sincere, and accomplished, and charming,—“*lovely*,” in short. I will be her envious detractor no longer. I subscribe even to the Romance.

July 1st. So many people are out of town that it is very dull. I don't care to go away again so soon, and should hardly know what to do with myself if I did n't have Millie to fall back upon. Sometimes I have the three children over for a half day: yesterday I went over and worked the whole day with her, helping her put up jellies and jam. It was great fun. Sometimes I make her go out driving with me. She said to me last evening: “I have thought sometimes, Patsie, that you were letting yourself be smothered with idleness and luxury, but I see I was mistaken. You are just the same as you always were, and that was the most unselfish, amiable girl in the whole school.”

Think of that! Nobody would ever recognize me in that portrait, least of all I myself. But when I said that to Millie, she answered:—

“O, yes, I know; you always make yourself believe whenever you do a kindness that you have some ulterior, mean, self-seeking motive. That is the way you excuse yourself to yourself for being guilty of any concession to sentiment.”

July 7th. I gave the class a great shock today. We were being instructed, as we often are, in the art of “Retaining the love of a husband,” when I suddenly lost patience, and blurted out that I thought it a great waste of time to lay so much stress on our part,—it would be a great deal more to the purpose if the men had some instructions as how to keep *our* affections. And so

it would; but it is very odd what a bomb a self-evident fact like that seems to be, when some one gives a voice to it. I suppose every one of those women, if the matter were called in question, would maintain on peril of her immortal soul that she loved her spouse just as well as the day they were married; or likely she would insist, a great deal better. All the same, she does n't, especially if it was a love match. After ten years of fairly successful married life, if that imponderable thing we call Love could be weighed in a balance, the woman's side of the scale would fly up oftener than the man's. One reason for that, I fancy, is that the man, as a rule, has n't so many illusions in the first place as to what he is getting, or as to what he *wants* to get. Another reason is, that a great proportion of women transfer their affections to their first-born.

July 15th. Whenever I go to Millie's I always find the Tomkins there; writing, or reading aloud to the invalid, or playing chess with him, or discoursing to him about everything in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. I have fancied lately that Millie does n't altogether like it, but she is a loyal little soul. She took pains yesterday to make a diagram of the situation to me; how she was so occupied with the children and the housekeeping, and all the extra work brought about by Charlie's illness, that she could n't find time to be with him as much as she would like, or do much towards relieving the tedium of his confinement; and it was so kind of Miss Tomkins,—such a busy woman as she was, too,—to drop in every day, as she did two or three times, even if it were only for a few moments. To all of which I of course agreed, but I can't for the life of me see how a man's leg being in splints prevents him reading to himself occasionally, or even writing his own editorials. If Tomkins were a trifle less grotesque, I would n't blame

Millie, even pretty Millie, with her ten years advantage in age, for being a little jealous. But then as to that,—grotesque or not, the Tomkins has already been the heroine of one Romance. It is a queer world; and ransack my catalogued specimens as often as I will, I can't find the same species as this one. I am afraid it is a new genus entirely.

August 1st. Millie came to me to-day and opened her heart. I knew it would come sooner or later. The poor girl is passing through the bitterness of death; truly that is what it is. She will never look out on the same world again. What could I say to comfort her? Nothing, except to tell her a lie, and insist on it,—that she was tired out and unstrung, and nothing was half as bad as she thought. It would have been no use to tell her, "This too shall pass away." She could not have believed it. But I know Millie; she will never be jealous but once,—of the same man, at all events. The Tomkins will be welcome to him after poor Millie has buffeted her way through these salt and bitter breakers, and got on her feet again. But it wrings my heart to see what she is suffering now. And for that goggle-eyed, middle-aged woman, that must besome years Charlie's senior. Of what sort of paste are men made? I begin to think I don't know at all. Even Harry has n't a word of blame for the Tomkins, but only says, "Cramer is an objugated fool."

August 3rd. When I came home from Millie's I found Miss Dottie sitting on the front steps, with her lap full of cherries that she had stolen out of my refrigerator. "Grapes with handles to 'em," she calls them, grapes having had the priority in her experience. Her frock and face were well spotted with the crimson juice, and the pits were sown broadcast on the steps and walk.

Passing all that by for the moment, I said severely, "Dottie, where did you get those?"

"I detted 'em out of your fridgigator," she returned calmly.

"Don't you know that was very naughty? It is just the same as stealing to take Issam's cherries without asking."

"You was gone away, and I wanted some," she replied, fingering them wistfully, and resisting an evident desire to put another in her mouth.

"Why did n't you ask Sarah?" I persisted.

"I finked she would not dive 'em to me," she answered frankly.

"Then it was *very* naughty to go and take them," I persevered.

"Well,—don't scold me so *hard*, Issam," she said, her lips puckering like a maltreated cherub's.

"I am not scolding you, Dottie; but Issam wants to make you understand that it is very bad to take things that are not yours, just because nobody sees you. You know God sees you always."

"Did you ever see Dod, Issam?" she asked with sudden interest.

"No, Dottie. No one ever did that. But God can see us wherever we are."

"Did n't anybody ever see Dod?"

"No."

"Do you know where Dod lives, Issam?"

"No, Dottie; he has no house. He lives everywhere."

"I fink he ought to have a house. Do you know where the road is that goes to heaven?"

"No, Dottie; I don't."

"Don't anybody know?"

"No."

"Did n't anybody ever go there and come back?"

"No, Dottie, I am afraid not."

"Well, if nobody ever saw Dod, and nobody knows where the road to heaven is, I don't fink there is any Dod." And she proceeded to eat her cherries.

"Dottie," I exclaimed, "you are a naughty child, and Issam is not pleased with you. She will take those cherries away from you now, because you took

them without asking, and when you knew perfectly well you ought not." And I suited the action to the word.

This was an argument entirely within her comprehension, and she set up a wail of rage as she made for the division fence, which has a gate in it now for her convenience.

Martin, who had been pottering around the flower beds, and chuckling to himself while the discussion was in progress, could not endure this. "Come here, little Missy, and don't cry," said he, "and black Martin will take you to see the hang-bird's nest." And he bore her off pacified, one little hand clutching his wool confidingly, while she gazed backward at me over his shoulder with a look of grave reproach upon her tear-begrimed, cherry-stained countenance.

I ate up the cherries reflectively, considering within myself that if Dottie saw me at it she would infallibly be convinced that I had taken them from her by the law of superior might because I wanted them myself.

An hour or two later she sidled up to me where I lay reading in the hammock, fresh and sweet in a clean frock and newly curled poll, and said insinuatingly, "You ain't mad *now* is you, Issam? *I'm* is n't."

What are you to do in the face of such magnanimity as that?

August 5th. Poor Millie breaks my heart. If Charlie had been killed instead of having his leg broken she would not have suffered so much. Pity he was not. I should like to do something to the Tomkins. I have been guilty of my sins of omission and commission, but I never did intentionally make another woman's heart ache. I hope that will be remembered to my credit on the judgment day, for I have n't any too much on that side of the ledger.

August 6th. I wish I were a man for five minutes, so that I could use language. I saw Charlie Cramer going by on his crutches this evening, and called

him in to rest awhile. Then I concocted him a claret cup with my own fair hands, and while he imbibed it, I opened the subject nearest my heart, in what I thought an extremely diplomatic way. But the shameless man stopped me very shortly.

"Martha Isham, you mean well," said he, "but you don't know anything about this matter. There is not anything that you can say that I have n't said to myself; yet at this moment I am ready to desert my wife and my babies, and make an outcast of myself with Eugenia Tomkins; and the reason I do not is because she won't allow it."

At this point one of my rare fits of rage seized me; before I could command my voice to speak he picked up his crutches and made himself ready to hobble away. When I told him he must never expect me to recognize him again, save when I was forced to it to spare Millie's feelings, he replied, "Yes, I saw it coming from away behind your eyes; you are right enough from your point of view. Do what you can for Millie, however it turns out." And he made off with himself.

He looked so pale and worn that my rage melted away in an unreasonable compassion. I suppose the woman has got some kind of hoodoo over him that no outsider can understand. Though for the matter of that, he is a born subject for that sort of thing, and Tomkins need not plume herself over her conquest. He was bound to be made away with by somebody, sooner or later.

August 15th. It seems the Cramer-Tomkins imbroglio is the town talk. I know Millie has not been wearing her heart on her sleeve, and it is not likely that Charlie has been shouting it from the housetops; so it must have come by way of the Tomkins. As a matter of fact, I hear it has. I hear that she is battling heroically with an overwhelming passion; and incredible as it may seem to you, dear Diary, the sympathy

of her own sex is all with her. Oh, this Ouida-infected generation! Mrs. Ostrom and I nearly came to blows about it yesterday. Posing her head on one side, with that long chin of hers resting gracefully between her thumb and middle finger, and her slim white forefinger laid daintily alongside her ear, she sung Tomkins's praises, and tried to convince me that there is a "higher law" to which such exalted natures owe allegiance.

It may be so, but meanwhile what is to become of poor Millie? Even Mrs. Ostrom had to admit that she was a most distressing incident of the affair. I make it the rule of my life never to meddle in other people's business, but something *must* be done about this.

August 16th, ten P. M. For the second time within a few days that pent-up temper of mine has escaped from du-rance, and it makes me ill.

I went in to Mrs. Smitherton's today with a vague project in my head of making some sort of personal appeal to the Tomkins octopus, to see if I could not induce it to unfasten its suckers. There was an air of suppressed emotion and general disturbance about the Smitherton household, as if fatal illness or some other calamity were impending. I was asked up to Mrs. Smitherton's room, and there was Miss Tomkins on a sofa, with smelling salts, and a wet towel on her head. She was red-eyed from weeping, and uglier than ever. Laura Smitherton had been weeping too, and I was informed that Eugenia was going away. There was as much freedom of allusion to, and discussion about, the "sad, sad affair," as if it had been an ulcerated tooth.

I contained myself. If she were really going, my errand could remain unsaid.

Finally, with a tragic gesture, Eugenia cast off the wet towel, sprang from the sofa, and went pacing about the room. She bewailed herself of her too, too susceptible heart, and her morbid sensibility

to suffering. She called on the gods to aid her renunciation, and to enable her to live out the dreary left-over remnant of her existence in the service of mankind. Laura mopped her eyes in sympathy.

O, not a word, Laura! I will write him an eternal farewell, and bid him take up the burden of his life again, and turn it into blessing by manly submission. My prayers shall follow him, how wide soever the abyss between, and illumine his pathway with a halo of resignation."

"Oh, poor darling," sobbed Mrs. Smitherton. "O, Patsie Isham, did you ever see such nobility of character?"

Then it was that my familiar demon got the upper hand. I don't know what I said, but I got out of the house, leaving the pair of them standing speechless in the middle of the floor; Mrs. Smitherton thunderstruck, but Tomkins glaring after me with a very intelligent appreciation of my remarks. She should write her own memoirs in French. They would rank with the "*Lettres*" of De Lespinasse.

August 25th. I have not seen Millie for a couple of weeks until today, when I went down to take her for a drive, and *en passant*, to bestow humorous congratulations upon the happy termination of recent events, and then cheerfully ignore them. But when I undertook to occupy that ground, Millie regarded me with a hard look on her face that my heart told me had come to stay for always, and said, "O, yes, Miss Tomkins returned me my husband when she was done with him."

Millie has three little children, and she will forgive their father, and "win him back" in some of the ways in which the Tomkins used to instruct us. She will not have much difficulty in "winning him back," but he will never, win *her* back. But he will never know the difference, so long as she goes on supervising his dinners and rearing his children.

Batterman Lindsay.



TO WRITE even a limited history of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1856 without incorporating in it James King of Wm., and the San Francisco *Bulletin*, would be like writing a history of Rome and beginning at the assassination of Cæsar. To preface further, it is proper to say that I was an active participant from the commencement of the reform movement, by the *Bulletin*, to the day of the disbandment of the Committee; and as though it were prearranged that I should write its history, circumstances threw me foremost in every especial feature of those stirring times; therefore I know whereof I speak.

Politics in those days had become simply ballot box stuffing, and corruption was rife in all public departments. Unscrupulous men, roughs, convicts, and gamblers, thieves and murderers,—all the scum of the world, attracted to California by the gold dug by the Argonauts,—held sway and carried things with a high and daring hand. Public offices were simply for plunder. Honest men, as most of the early immigration had been, stood aghast, and sighed for an organ with an editor honest and bold enough to combat this daring and vicious element.

A combination of circumstances con-  
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nected with the failure of Adams & Co's Express, in which house James King of Wm. was engaged, coiled about him a serpent of corruption, against which he rebelled, and in the majesty of his manhood he rose as a Hercules to down the monster. Through the aid of Mr. C. O. Gerberding, a citizen of high and honorable mention, to whom San Francisco owes a debt of gratitude, on the 8th day of October, 1855, was given to the public the first issue of the daily San Francisco *Bulletin*, with James King of Wm. as editor.

The first issue of the *Bulletin* came modestly before the public, but within a given circle it was understood there was to be inaugurated a reform in all matters that affected the public interest. The first article which had any especial ring about it, in the interest of the public, came out three days after the first issue, showing up "an unjust impost in the box rent of the San Francisco Post Office," which evil was charged to Palmer, Cook & Co. As this banking house wielded the greater part, if not all, of the public offices and moneys, much of the corruption of the times was charged to them, and to war against this firm was considered one of the duties of the *Bulletin*. This in itself was a task of great magnitude and daring, as the firm

was not only the financial power of the times, but had as its emissaries and supporters the leading political spirits, and with them all the rough and corrupt element of the day. Every department of justice was at their bidding. In the fifth issue of the *Bulletin* the following bold sentence struck deep at the root of the evils: "Judges have sat on the bench whose more appropriate place would have been the prison house." Blood began to get warmer with both friend and foe.

On the 16th of October an article appeared which scored David C. Broderick, who was the political right bower of the house of Palmer, Cook & Co., while under him were such lights as Ned McGowan and a cordon of lesser ilk. This article made great sale for the *Bulletin*, which, although now only eight days old, was creating a feverish talk with all classes. Every issue from now on was a live paper, and partisans of both sides sought daily to see it, and so alive and earnest was the community, that they could hardly wait for the hour of its appearance.

The rougher element also took a great interest in the daily articles, as they too seemed to snuff the coming breeze. On the southwest corner of Merchant and Montgomery streets was the Gem Saloon, then the rendezvous for some of the worst characters as ballot box stuffers that could be found. Every afternoon these roughs in large numbers would lounge on the benches and discuss the situation.

The political pot and treasury at this time was all within one square. Palmer, Cook & Co's banking house was at the northwest corner of Washington and Kearney streets. The Board of Supervisors, Sheriff's offices, and lock-up, were in the old City Hall, on Kearney Street, between Merchant and Washington streets, and many of the roughs roomed in the upper stories of the buildings near by.

It was not only the *Bulletin* that created stirring talk among the people, but such was the distrust of the political element that business men felt unsettled and insecure, knowing that the stability of business life rests on a just administration of just laws, and that the community to be safe must not be overpowered by ballot box stuffers, cut-throats, gamblers, and thieves. The condition of affairs was such, in consequence of repeated outrages, both by night and day, as not only to justify a vigilance committee, but the more decisive acts of lynch law. The whole State was highly prosperous. For six years the yield of gold had averaged \$57,500,000. and it was these flush times that drew hither the human demons of the world.

Every business man was alert, active, and daring, thinking, and expressing his thoughts; yet, with all the evils, they preferred a peaceful course for reform, if possible, rather than an uprising to correct the wrongs.

By way of a slight illustration of public affairs, I will cite a matter which came directly under my own observation. Frank B. Austin and I conceived the idea that a charter for a term of years, for an eighty-foot driveway, from what is now known as Central Avenue to the Pacific Ocean, would be a valuable enterprise. To carry out this idea, we contracted for the twenty acres of land now known as "Sutro Heights," and more or less land en route. On making application for a charter to the Board of Supervisors, these facts were presented. The charter passed its first reading, and was ordered published. No sooner did the publication appear, than also appeared a member of the Board for a private interview. He considered our charter and its connections a good enterprise, and on the part of himself and others he desired to connect with it a project, the interest of which we would divide. I naturally inquired as to his project, when I was informed that it was





After a drawing by G. H. Baker, in a contemporary Letter Sheet  
SAN FRANCISCO FROM RINCON POINT, IN DEC., 1854.

a flying machine, for running along the ocean beach. It did not require many words to comprehend the demand. Declining to bribe or divide, we were given distinctly to understand that unless a half interest was given, the charter would not pass. The charter fell dead.

On the night of November 17th, a gambler named Cora assassinated Colonel Richardson, United States Marshal. This murder of a very prominent citizen was unprovoked, as far as known, and created a great excitement. The *Bulletin* came boldly forth as follows:—

If Cora be guilty, he must be hung. Let there be an impartial jury. It is due this community that this should be.

This murder brought forth the first well written suggestion as to the formation of a Vigilance Committee, which appeared in the issue of Nov. 20th, '55.

Billy Mulligan, a noted shoulder hitter, gambler, and rough generally, was at this time keeper of the County Jail, and it was boldly talked about that Cora would never hang. It was also surmised that if he was sentenced, Mulligan would allow his escape. In the light of the fact that within the previous two years about one hundred murders had been committed and no ade-

quate punishment been administered, those views had their full bearing. The general feeling of the community was this effect, and was expressed by the *Bulletin* in an article which appeared Nov. 22d, as follows:—

Hang Billy Mulligan,—that's the word. If Sheriff Scannell does not remove Billy Mulligan from his present post as keeper of the county jail, and Mulligan lets Cora escape, hang Billy Mulligan, and if necessary to get rid of the Sheriff, hang him. Strong measures are necessary to have justice done.

This article created a profound sensation, and intensified the feeling of all parties. The rough element now began to fear an uprising of the multitude. They, however, felt that their power made them secure, and with blood in their eye still pushed ahead.

All this time there were unfavorable business developments connected with Adams & Co.'s Express failure. A. A. Cohen, the receiver, and Palmer, Cook & Co. were acting together. Their systematic work was deemed by Mr. King, who was well posted in the affairs of Adams & Co., to be dishonest to the firm's creditors, and he daily exposed their doings. This was as fuel to the fire.

The first demonstration of violence

towards Mr. King was on January 6th, 1856. A. A. Cohen, who had been smarting under the lash of the *Bulletin*, was arrested on board the steamer Uncle Sam, just as he was starting for Panama.

This arrest was placarded. Fred Cohen, his brother, hearing of this posting, accompanied by Jim Stillman, then county assessor, went to the office and tore the notice down, flourishing his revolver. As soon as James King of Wm. heard of this, he re-posted the notice, had Fred Cohen arrested, and posted that. Stillman in the first conflict called to Cohen: "Why don't you shoot the ———. It has got to come to that sooner or later, anyhow."

But King never flinched. Cora in the meantime was on trial, interest in which was widespread as to whether he would or would not be convicted. On the 17th of January, 1856, the jury agreed to disagree and were discharged, which was no great surprise; nevertheless, it kept up an uneasiness in the mind of the community. Commenting on the decision, the *Bulletin's* article was as follows:—

Hung be the heavens in black! Will Cora be hung? No! Even on this trial one of the witnesses against him was away, having sold his establishment for \$2500 and left the State. Rejoice, ye gamblers and harlots, rejoice with exceeding gladness. Assemble in your dens of infamy tonight, and let the costly wine flow freely, and let the welkin ring with shouts of joy. Your triumph is great. Triumph over everything that is holy, virtuous, and good, and triumphed legally. Your money can accomplish anything in San Francisco, and now you have full permission to riot at pleasure. Talk of safety in law. It is a humbug. The veriest humbug in existence is the present system of jury trials. Weep, ye honest men of San Francisco. Weep for the fair city you have built.

As may be surmised, with all this miscarrying of justice and general desire for reform, San Francisco was a live city; every individual—women as well as men—was active in thinking and expressing what course would have to be pursued. On May 14th the following appeared in the *Bulletin*:—

The fact that Casey has been an inmate of Sing Sing prison, New York, is no offense against the laws of this State, nor is the fact of having stuffed himself through the ballot box as elected to the Board of Supervisors, from a district where it is said he was not even a candidate, any justification for Mr. Bagley to shoot Casey, however richly the latter may deserve to have his neck stretched for such frauds upon the public.

About four p. m. of that day, Casey called at the editorial rooms and saw King, Milo Hoadley being present. Casey approached Mr. King, and asked what he meant by the article.

"What article?" asked King.

"The article which says I am a former convict of Sing Sing," replied Casey.

"Is it not true?"

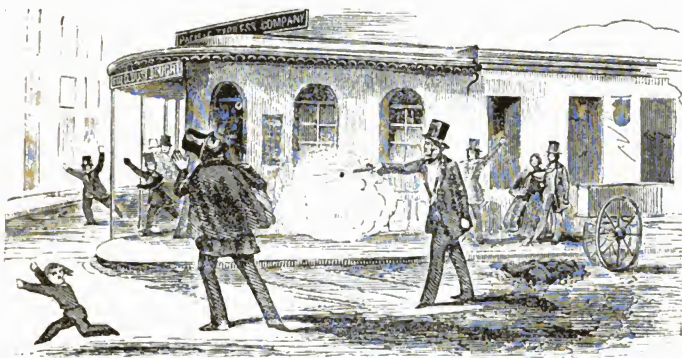
"That is not the question. I don't wish my acts raked up on that point."

King then asked: "Are you done? If so, there's the door, and never show your face here again."

Casey at once left.

Milo Hoadley, knowing that Wm. H. Rhodes ("Caxton") and myself ("Cosmos") were frequent writers for the *Bulletin*, and special friends of the paper and Mr. King, came immediately to our office, and told us of Casey's interview with King, and that he feared trouble when Mr. King left his office.

On hearing the statement, and knowing it was time for Mr. King to leave the editorial rooms for the day, Hoadley, Rhodes, and myself, started up toward the office, which at this time was on the southeast corner of Merchant and Montgomery streets. I seemed impressed that trouble was at hand, and walked actively. Just as I neared the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets I heard the crack of a pistol, and started immediately to run. As I reached the northwest corner of Merchant and Montgomery streets I met Casey, who was running with all his might, turning up Merchant Street. I took all in at a flash, and followed close after Casey, who turned into Dunbar Alley, and rushed into the police quarters. Seeing



From Pictorial Town Talk, Thurs., June 5, '56.

ASSASSINATION OF JAMES KING OF WM.

this, I rushed on through Dunbar Alley to Washington Street, where I had seen a crowd gathered, and presumed it was where King lay. A carriage was now backing to the sidewalk, and turning round I saw Casey with Dave Scannell coming. Seeing this, I called to the crowd at the corner of Washington and Montgomery streets, where James King of Wm. fell, "Here he is! Here he is!" And yet I had had no particulars, further than stated by Mr. Hoadley.

Hearing my voice, and seeing the carriage, the crowd took in the idea, and came on a run. Casey and the Sheriff were in the carriage in a second of time. I, with one or two others, held on to the wheels, while one man jumped at the driver, but was felled by a blow from a party on the seat with him. The driver whipped up the horses, and in spite of our strength, dashed ahead with all speed possible for the county jail, with the multitude now also on the dead run, and in close proximity to the carriage. The crowd increased every minute. The carriage, however, reached the jail enough in advance of the crowd for Casey to jump out and rush into it.

He was now among his friends. In the anticipated state of excitement he deemed the jail the safest place, and it was. The news that James King of Wm. had been shot by Casey, and that Casey was in the jail, spread like wild-fire, and within fifteen minutes after the doors were closed the jail was surrounded by an excited crowd, and a self-constituted guard, to make sure there should be no escape. In less than twenty minutes fully three thousand people were in the vicinity.

It now became evident to the authorities that trouble was at hand and to meet this the sheriff summoned all his available force and placed them in and about the jail. The Mayor, after calling out the various military companies, now came upon the scene and soon was chagrined to find less than one hundred men had responded to his call. A small number of cavalry also appeared.

Mayor Van Ness, a man for whom the community had some respect, now addressed the assembled crowd and counseled peace, while others and among them Thomas King, brother of James King, made fiery speeches, all urging immediate action.



After an old Print.

CASEY'S HACK LEAVING DUNBAR ALLEY.

A proposition was soon made to attack the jail and hang Casey. Then a wild and exciting scene ensued, which was quieted by several appeals for order, and a notice that a Vigilance Committee was forming. This declaration at once inspired confidence, for all knew that meant justice. The Mayor, fearing an outbreak, called on all good citizens for assistance, to which but few responded.

Even the greater body of the rough element felt more like hiding for the time being. The Pioneer Society at this time had its rooms in the second story of the brick building on the northwest corner of Washington and Kearney streets. In less than an hour after King was shot, the Pioneers began to assemble to talk over the matter. It needed but a word, when all present agreed to form a Vigilance Committee. An agree-

ment was at once written, whereby all resolved to stand by each other. This paper was rapidly signed. It was soon noised on the street that the Vigilance Committee was organizing at the rooms of the Pioneers, and at once there was a rush by the citizens for membership. This induced opening of the door for others not Pioneers.

It was now concluded to adjourn to the warehouse of G. B. Post, at North Point. All applicants for membership were referred hither. By twelve o'clock that night some sixteen hundred names were enrolled. During the time of enrollment, business was being transacted by a few of the leading spirits who were constituted an Executive Committee. About midnight a proposition was made by members of the main body, that the Committee as a whole proceed to the

jail, surround it, take out Casey, and hang him. This proposition had many backers, and called forth much speech-making pro and con; but it was finally voted down, on the ground that the Committee were not properly armed, while Casey and his friends inside of the jail had guns in plenty.

This was an exciting meeting, as a very large number were for immediate action; but wiser counsel prevailing, it was agreed that the Committee should re-organize with a more extended Constitution, and to that end a committee was appointed, to prepare and have it ready for signatures next morning at No. 519 Sacramento Street, where all should meet and enroll. All pursuits, all sects, all politics, all nationalities, were admitted, provided the applicants furnished reliable vouchers. No. 519 Sacramento Street was simply a place for the enrolling of members, and for meetings of the Executive Committee. In consequence of rapidly increasing membership, the body of the Committee met at Turn Verein Hall, on Bush Street, where organization into companies of one hundred was at once begun. Each company, as made up, elected its own officers. At the same time the military companies were being formed, a regular police corps was also being organized, which in a short time became a most perfect and important auxiliary.

In the *Bulletin's* issue of the 15th of May, the day after the assassination, the whole editorial column was left a blank. No article could have impressed the multitude so deeply. The principal article of the issue was written by "Caxton" (Wm. H. Rhodes), in language as follows:—

With this example before us, let us band together in a great cause, and rid society of its plunderers and pests. . . . Citizens of San Francisco, the crisis has come! James King of Wm.—the only man who has dared to come out boldly in defense of your rights, has been shot down in a public thoroughfare, in broad daylight, by a convict, and tool of the gamblers and hounds. Will you let his blood be

nuavenged? The Vigilance Committee has been re-organized, and let every good citizen join it, and pledge his fortune and his sacred honor that this assassin shall not escape the doom he so richly deserves.

Outside of the *Bulletin*, the press of the city was very weak in their comments on the assassination, which created much disgust among the better class of citizens. The *Herald*, edited by John Nugent, a friend of the political powers of the day, in its comments on the assassination was very offensive. At this time the *Herald* was the organ of the auctioneers and business men generally, and it was in consequence highly prosperous; but within a few hours after its issue, two hundred and fifty business houses withdrew their patronage, and its glory and revenue were gone.

The time had now come when thought was followed by action; when the public mind was at its highest tension; yet notwithstanding the excitement there was a feeling of resignation, and a conviction that affairs would be handled resolutely,—that our fair city and State would be regenerated, and that the rule of ballot box stuffers, murderers, and thieves, was at an end.

Things were now at a climax for the ruling civil powers, and something had to be done. As was expected, a counter movement was started in the interest, as it was claimed, of "Law and Order,"—a high-sounding title. To continue "Law and Order" as it had been, was a misnomer,—a senseless thought, and the great body of citizens now understood the whole question so clearly that the division in sentiment was complete.

"Law and Order" in the minds of the majority of the better class of citizens meant a continuance of ballot box stuffing, lawlessness, and rank rascality, and the only hope for a better state of things was through the new organization,—the Vigilance Committee. Nevertheless, among the "Law and Order" ele-

ment were some highly respected citizens.

A request was made of the Governor, J. Neeley Johnson, that he take action to suppress the uprising, and strong influences were brought to bear upon him by such men as W. Tecumseh Sherman, Colonel E. D. Baker, Judge David S. Terry, Hall McAllister, and others. As preliminary to an approaching organization, Sherman was made Major-General of Militia. This was a strong appointment, as he at this time was at the head of the banking house of Lucas, Turner, & Co., and was a very bitter opponent of the Committee; yet a man of sterling worth, around whom the best citizens could cluster without discredit to themselves, and under whose wing as Major-General the rough element would feel themselves secure. General Sherman, after receiving his appointment, waited on the officers of the few volunteer companies, and to his surprise found they were sympathizers with the Vigilants. The "Marion Rifles," however, was an exception, and yet many of this company drew out,—I among the number.

It was now known that the Mayor had made a request on Governor Johnson to visit the city, with the view of coming to some amicable understanding with the Executive Committee of the Vigilants. To this request the Governor acceded, and on the evening of May 16th he arrived.

Immediately on arrival, accompanied by General Sherman and Commodore Garrison, the Governor proceeded to the Committee's room, now at Turn Verein Hall.

I was the first to receive them, when the Governor remarked, "Why, Paul, are you here?"

To which I replied, "Yes, Governor, and many more of your friends."

At this time there were in the hall before him about eight hundred Vigilants, with a continual coming and going. Among the number were many he

knew. The object of the visit being for a conference, they were at once received by President Coleman, and repaired to the rooms of the Executive.

The Governor now stated the purpose of their visit,—to come to some understanding whereby a conflict of forces could be avoided, the law take its course, and still have all the good objects for which the Vigilants claimed they were organizing carried out. This was all fair talk, and the duty of the Governor to say, but there was no force in his promises, as the Governor himself would be powerless to carry them out, and for two reasons: first, the unreliable element ruled the courts, and second, the power was now with the Vigilants.

The Executive gave the Governor and General Sherman full assurance that the only purpose was to right the wrongs for the good of society; that the Committee had not in view the overthrow of the government, but to put it on its proper basis, by ridding the community of ballot box stuffers, murderers, and thieves, and thus bring peace to the city and security to business.

This interview lasted until nearly half past 2 a. m. The Governor and others admired the purposes of the Committee, and but for their official positions, I think would have joined it that night. The finality of this interview was a demand by the Executive that they be allowed a guard of ten men, inside of the jail, in consideration of which they promised no outbreak should take place while they remained as such, and on any withdrawal of the guard due notice should be given. To this, consent was finally given, it being the best that could be accomplished. About 3 a. m. the guard was admitted to the jail, much to the disgust of Sheriff Scannel, who only consented through the fear of greater trouble that night, if he refused.

The following day there was a transfer of headquarters to No. 41 Sacra-

mento Street, now Nos. 215 and 217. These quarters were known as Fort Gunnybags. It received this title from there being a barricade made of gunny sacks filled with sand. This was about one hundred feet long, and six feet thick.

Every company as soon as organized received its full equipment of arms and ammunition, and active drilling now began, which continued day and night for three days; and never in the history of the world was the same number of men so efficiently prepared for action in so short a time. It was wonderful how every one seemed to comprehend mili-

tary tactics at the word. So efficient were all considered, that a general order was given for every member to be on hand at his company's armory on Sunday morning, May 18th, at 8 a. m.

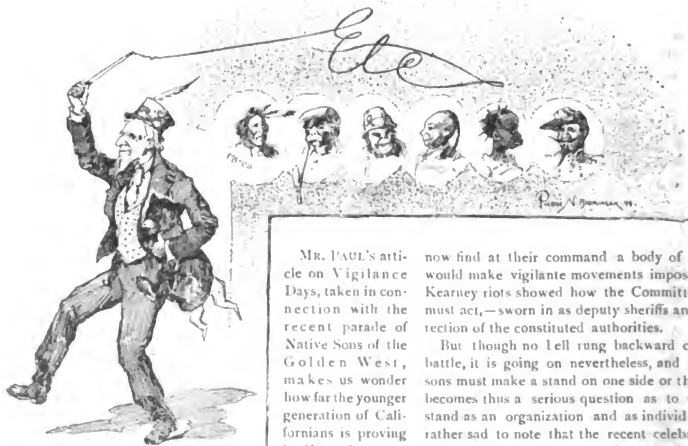
The Executive now notified the Governor that their treaty was at an end, and their guard in the jail had been withdrawn. Notice of withdrawal of the Vigilance guard from the jail was also notice constructively to the sheriff and others that an attack was at hand, and with all possible dispatch 150 well armed "Law and Order" men, with the jail guards, were placed in and about the jail.

*Almarin B. Paul.*

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



GREAT SEAL OF THE COMMITTEE.



MR. PAUL'S article on Vigilance Days, taken in connection with the recent parade of Native Sons of the Golden West, makes us wonder how far the younger generation of Californians is proving itself worthy a successor of the older community.

That there are some of the same evils to battle against, nobody can deny. The ballot-box stuffing that was the most serious grievance in 1856, and the one always mentioned first in enumerating the causes of the uprising, has been overcome by our modern methods of voting and watching the count, but there is an abundance of political evils yet to be conquered.

A corrupt administration of justice was the next greatest grievance in the old days,—a direct consequence of the impure elections. Here too we may note a modern improvement. There are headshakings and innuendoes against this judge and that grand jury, as owned by this corporation, or controlled by that boss, but nobody fears that any murderer will be allowed to go free, except through the form of law. Still there are abundant evils in this field that call for warm feeling and earnest effort at reform. The course of justice does not yet run with perfect smoothness, and the delays in its administration are a growing scandal.

The methods too by which any correction of abuses must be made have undergone a change. No longer does the alarm bell call out the citizens in arms at midnight, though it is not to be doubted that in emergency there would be plenty of that sort of activity. The regular forms of government have grown to a position where they could not be summarily set aside even for the best of purposes. A Governor Johnson and a General Sherman would

now find at their command a body of troops that would make vigilante movements impossible. The Kearney riots showed how the Committee of today must act,—sworn in as deputy sheriffs and under direction of the constituted authorities.

But though no bell rung backward calls to the battle, it is going on nevertheless, and California's sons must make a stand on one side or the other. It becomes thus a serious question as to where they stand as an organization and as individuals. It is rather sad to note that the recent celebration gave not much encouragement to those who look anxiously for evidences of earnestness and manly purpose. To be sure it was only a picnic, but even so it was disheartening to note the fuss and feathers and the childishness of it. To see forty grown men parading—as one parlor did because it was the youngest—in baby caps, was not calculated to inspire respect for these coming rulers of our State.

But there are thousands of Native Sons who take little part in such things as these parades, who are too busy in the real activities of life to care for gold-fringed sashes and chapeaux. To these silent members of that great army we look with greater hope, and a confidence that they remember the *Nuncquam Dormio* of the Vigilance Committee, and realize that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

No other State in the Union can boast of such an organized body of men, mostly voters. They are Native Sons supposedly proud of their nativity, glorying in the deeds of their fathers, embracing in their very name and history patriotism, loyalty, and morality. California should be to them what the Fatherland is to the German, and "Home" is to the Briton. They should guard the fair name of their fatherland as they guard their own good names.

There is nothing the Native Sons as a body could not do in shaping California's politics, trade, education, and morals. At the polls, they could sweep away every objectionable candidate. In the courts, on the bench, in the State House, and in the delegation to Washington, they could make a clean government, and enforce law. They could make bribery impossible and bossism ridiculous. They



could build up our schools, and extend our trade. There is no power or party in the State that could oppose them successfully in any effort they might make for reform. It is a great mission and a great opportunity that this body have before them. Are they equal to it? Will they sink petty differences over offices and parties for the general welfare? It is certainly easy enough to admit that bribery in office, bossism in politics, and incompetency on the bench, are wrong, regardless of party.

The annual picnic of the Native Sons of the Golden West has been held with flourish of trumpets and glory galore. May the balance of the year be devoted to the best interests of the State of which they claim to be so proud.

MR. DEBS had not the historical perspective that is ascribed to members of the Napoleonic family, when he was carrying on the great railway strike, writing messages and sending telegrams.

Had he grasped the idea that by his written words, more than by his acts, he would be judged in the future, he never would have signed his name to the slangy, irresponsible, childish letters and telegrams that he did. A man of ordinary ability and foresight would have made himself famous as a maker of epigrams and a creator of lofty sentiments, even if he proved a failure as a leveler and a reformer. Great crises call for great words, no less than for great deeds.

Debs's telegrams ran up into the thousands, but only one is worthy of even passing notice, and it should send its writer behind the bars. "Save your money and buy a gun." can mean but one thing, in spite of Judge Woods's kindly interpretation of it as meaning "Take care of yourself." The telegram in full was as follows:—

"General managers are weakening. Chicago is being paralyzed. If settlement don't come in forty-eight hours paralysis will be complete. The fur will fly before long. Ice and potatoes out of sight now. Tell Effie I am safe and well. Save your money and buy a gun. E. V. DEBS."

Some selections from other telegrams throw a curious light on the disposition of this man, who had the impudence to summon the President of the United States to Chicago to confer with him.

"Pay no attention to rumors. We're gaining ground everywhere. Don't get scared by troops or otherwise. Stand pat. None will return to work till all do. Otherwise they are scabs, and will be treated as such."

"Have men stand pat."

"Stand pat and victory is certain."

"Let all who work now be branded as scabs. Forgive all who have made any mistake in the past. If this strike is lost, labor will be reduced to serfdom."

"Troops cannot move trains. Not scabs in the world to fill places, and more occur hourly."

"If any man returns to work before his fellows he is a scab, and slavery is his doom."

Such are samples from the works of Eugene Debs. It is a most curious side-light on history, that the man that penned them could organize and carry out the greatest transportation strike on record. In the slang of the day, of which he was so fond, he certainly had wheels in his head.

APPROPOS of the completion of the Malayan serial, *The Panglima Muda* and its early appearance between covers as the first of a series of *OVERLAND* publications, it may not be out of place to answer the somewhat numerous inquiries that have come to the office regarding its historical basis.

The tale, the scenery, the characters,—with exceptions,—and the action, are true to history, with certain allowable licenses that the writer has taken with motives. If a comparison can be pardoned by the admirer of Dumas, it might be said that the history of the late and present war in Pahang, Malay Peninsula, has been dealt with after the model laid down by the great Frenchman,—facts are treated as facts, but the actions and motives of the historic characters have been interpreted as the author saw fit.

The Orang Kayah, the *Panglima Muda*, the Sultans of Johore and Pahang, the Governor of the Straits Settlements, Sir Cecil C. Smith, the Resident of Pahang, Mr. Rodger, all filled the parts ascribed them in the novel. The capture and beheading of the *Panglima Muda* did not end the war, as predicted in the last page of the novel. It simply brought a year's peace, while the old Orang Kayah was in hiding in the fastnesses of the Siamese-Malayan State of Tringanu, which borders the native Malayan State of Pahang on the north.

A dispatch from Singapore to the San Francisco papers as late as July of the present year reads:—

### CAPTURED THE STOCKADES.

#### AN EXPEDITION ROUTS THE REBELS ON THE TEMBELING.

SINGAPORE, July 1.—The Sikh expedition recently sent to punish the rebel chief, Orang Kayah, has captured the stockades of the rebels on the Tembeling River. During the storming of the stockades a number of the rebels were killed. Five members of the expedition were also killed and several were wounded.

It is but a repetition of the stockade fights, as depicted in the pages of the *Panglima Muda*.

The reason the war has never been brought to a close is one of jealousy between the civil and military authorities of the Straits Settlements. Until the killing of the *Panglima* the command of the military of the Peninsula was held by a distinguished and gallant British officer, Major General Sir Charles Warren, who was subordinate in times of peace to the Governor. The Governor belittled the war, and endeavored to put it down with native Malay and Indian police. His force proved entirely

inadequate, but rather than allow the General to win more glory for himself, he appealed to H. H., the Sultan of Johore, who, by using his good offices, brought the first war to an inglorious close, and made the Panglima a fugitive. At the date of writing the war is still going on, causing a small loss of life, but a vast loss of revenue from the closing of the tin and gold mines in the states north of the Sultanate of Johore.

### Apotheosis of the Orient.

THE colossal, the brilliant, the bountiful, the venerable Orient; the hall of heat and light; the palace of the sun; grandeur and glory of the earth. She is the royal daughter of the Great King, arrayed in vestments of wrought gold, set with sparkling jewels of priceless value. She sits throned, crowned, and sceptered, without rival, without equal, without a likeness, in the world. She is the source of all authority, and its legitimate results—organization and discipline.

From her magnificent and fertile mind arose all the knowledge, truth, and wisdom, of which mankind is proud.

The value and labors of this grand incarnation of universal good are incalculable. She taught us to vocalize and speak the only useful languages. She gave us Arabic numerals and letters, and taught us to use them; wrote our copies first in sculptured, graven, and figured stones, then on parchment and papyrus. She taught us the care of flocks, agriculture, horticulture, and floriculture. Her architecture raised temples for adoration of the Supreme, and built edifices fit for human habitation. Much of this Oriental architecture is the wonder and admiration of all ages in its superb grandeur and exquisite finish, without an equal or a rival.

She gave us commerce, the channel of exchange and diffusion. One clime, one locality, can exchange and barter with other climes and localities, that we may become familiar with habits, productions, and skill, of different portions of the earth, thus introducing variety in comfort and luxury. She interpreted the lights of heaven, and systematized the division of time.

She gave us the germs of all science and art. Her skill in sculpture and painting is without an equal. Astronomy, geometry, mathematics, medicine, all originated with the incomparable Orient. She originated the art of war, to extend her dominion and promulgate her institutions. Her wars have been prosecuted on the most gigantic scale, whole nations being wrecked by the general calamity. But she has practiced the art of peace with such success that she has ever been the home of the principal portion of mankind. Her flora and fauna contribute to mankind her principal agents of necessity and comfort. The mechanical powers are the germs of all mechanism. They belong to the Orient entire.

After organizing into communities and nations,

after becoming somewhat learned, after having regular resources of existence, it became necessary to harness the licentious, punish the criminal, as well as protect the good. The triune regency responded to the long-felt want,—Moses, Manow, and Manes. This able, accomplished, devout, and diligent trio, believing in the dignity, the grandeur, and the consequence, of the human family, became their advocates, and labored to convince vice and suppress crime.

These men endowed the earth with a perpetual possession. No succeeding men or ages have depreciated its incalculable value. This triune light radiates to all the world, softening and enlightening the lot of man. It is with awe and astonishment we contemplate the towering altitude attained by them.

As light increased, enquiry and investigation sprung up. The question arose: Where are we from? Who are we? And whither are we going? And to answer these questions, Supreme revelation came to our rescue in the Orient, and explained the relations between Author and universe, Creator and creature. Without this divine condescension on the part of Jehovah, the most ponderous questions as to man's origin, nature, and destination, would have remained a constant and perplexing mystery.

The Oriental narrative,—the Bible,—the great drama,—is the most wonderful performance in writing known to mankind. The opening scene and third act inaugurate the awful struggle between paternal and alien authority, obedience and disobedience, virtue and vice, the living earth, the dying man. As the narrative goes on to state, this struggle, furious and colossal, continued unabated, and resulted in the most monstrous crime known to the universe, the immolation of Christ, the Son of God. A crime so hideous and overwhelming in all its features caused the earth to tremble in awe, and the universe, unwilling to witness the enormity, veiled its face. From this hideous climax of base and infamous rebellion arose a crystal river, in whose waves we may wash all the foulness of our nature from us, and become the advocates of justice and virtue, and the active promoters of Hope, Faith, and Charity. The result of this calamity gives hope to the oppressed; the poor, the agonized in spirit, may appeal their cause through this channel from earth to heaven. Awake, my soul, inspire me to praise, to eulogize and salute the foster mother of mankind, from whose bosom pours forth every moral and temporal blessing of which the race is proud.

D. L. RIVERA.

### Ancient Arab Marriage Customs; and their Explanation.

*Antar* is a Bedouin romance, written by Asmai, one of the learned men of the court of Haroun-al-Raschid, shortly before the beginning of the ninth century. From the translation by Terrick Hamilton (London, 8vo., 1820), Vol. IV, pp. 388-9, the

following description of an early Arabian marriage custom is quoted. The custom is a well known one. Asmai's explanation of it is new to me.

"Now, there was a curious custom current among the Arabs at that period. The night on which a bridegroom should wed his wife, they brought a quantity of camel pack-saddles, and heaped them one upon another, decorating them with magnificent garments. Here they conducted the bride, and having seated her on high, they said to the bridegroom, 'Come on, now, for thy bride!' And the bridegroom rushed forward to carry her off, whilst the youths of the tribe, drawn up in line, right and left, with staves and stones in their hands, as soon as the bridegroom rushed forward, began beating and pelting him, and doing their utmost to prevent his reach-

ing his wife. If a rib or so were broken in the affair, it was well for him; were he killed, it was his destiny.

"But should he reach his wife in safety the people quitted him, and no one attempted to approach him. (I inquired about this circumstance, says Asmai, and what it was they were about. 'Asmai,' they answered, 'the meaning of this is to exhibit the bride to the warriors, that should her husband die, any one else might take a fancy to her, and take her off.')

So far as my reading goes, the explanation of marriage by simulated capture, which is given in the last sentence, is entirely novel.

E. S. H.

LICK OBSERVATORY,

August 15th, 1894.



### Taylor's *Maximilian*.<sup>1</sup>

THE history of the world in recent times has probably furnished to the historian and student no series of events more pathetic and picturesque than those connected with the intervention of the French in Mexico. No element of interest is lacking. The high birth, charming manners, and intellectual attainments, of Maximilian, the beauty, sweetness, and courage, of Carlotta, the romantic incidents of their Mexican career, and its fatal and sad termination, enlist our sympathies and chain our attention.

This story Mr. Taylor has told faithfully enough, but in a heavy and monotonous manner. No man except one with the talent for telling a story should

attempt such a narrative. It is not until towards the close of the book, when the rapid succession of events sweeps him along despite himself, that he becomes at all readable. The early part of his book is cumbered with verbatim copies of letters, proclamations, and state papers, which we feel the author ought to have digested, and not given to his readers in their entirety. His style has nothing easy or flowing about it: it is altogether too rhetorical to be read with pleasure; every sentence is so stilted that it is a pleasure to get to the end of it. His chapters read more like the oration of a "valedictorian" than the narrative of a historian. He has a few little rhetorical ticks, and a few stereotyped artifices, and these he repeats continually. He is especially fond of the figure which the grammarians call *asyndeton*, that is, the omission of connecting particles;

<sup>1</sup> Maximilian and Carlotta. A Story of Imperialism. By John M. Taylor. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1894.

a permissible device enough, but not one that we care to find more than once in the same chapter. Here it crops up twice on a page. His description of Napoleon III. on page 13 is as follows: "The great Napoleon's nephew and step-grandson; the studious youth at Augsburg; the cadet of artillery in the Swiss camp; the volunteer in Italy against the papal rule; the exile under Louis Philippe; the political and economic essayist; the ridiculous figure, hailed with shouts of laughter in the attempts at Strasburg and Boulogne; the prisoner at Ham," and so on for twelve lines more. This produces a very staccato effect, which is repeated in his description of Marquez on page 162.

Mr. Taylor ascribes the failure of the attempt to re-establish imperialism in Mexico to the desertion of Maximilian by the French Emperor, the treachery of Bazaine, and still more, to the decided attitude adopted by the United States after the Civil War, when Lincoln and his Cabinet had time to turn their attention to what was going on outside their own country.

In his last page Mr. Taylor says that "in the providence of God have come from Maximilian and the Empire, Diaz and the Republic; from despotism, liberty; from the curse of anarchy, the benediction of peace."

It is, of course, true that Mexico at the present moment has a government in form republican; but we think that any one who has seen or heard something of the way in which the President's nominees are elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and knows how the Constitution was set aside in 1892, that Diaz might enter upon a fourth term of office, will be disposed to doubt whether the government of Diaz might not fairly be termed a despotism. But Mr. Taylor is only falling into the common error of supposing that it is what a thing is called, and not what it really is, that makes the difference.

That the country is peaceful, we admit; that it is not in a state of anarchy, we allow; but that it is truly and essentially a republic, we cannot grant. And it is to be feared that when the strong hand that controls it now is gone, its old internal troubles will break out, and the genius of the Mexican for revolution reassert itself.

Despite its defects of style, however, the book gives us many interesting details, and much information which, so far as we are able to judge, is accurate and trustworthy.

### Mrs. Ward's *Marcella*.<sup>1</sup>

EVER since the time when "Have you read Robert Elsmere?" was almost as common a query as "How do you do?" a book by Mrs. Ward has been an event in the literary world. Like it or not, it is a book that anybody pretending to keep up with the times must reckon with. Miss Repplier

is forced to read it, even though but to scoff at the books with a moral, and to gird at the books that make the reader unhappy. And many another reader there is of Mrs. Ward's books who reads with the same inward protest that Miss Repplier has so well voiced.

*Marcella* is no whit less offensive to the reader for pleasure than Robert Elsmere or David Grieve, though in this book not theology but sociology is the theme. *Marcella* is as much impressed as Hamlet that the times are out of joint, and that she is born to set them right. So this beautiful English girl, daughter of a good family under a cloud, sets herself with passionate earnestness to remake society, as well in the village life tributary to her ancestral manor as in London itself, and *per alios*, in Parliament. And not only she, but every other character in the story, is oppressed with this same overwhelming sense of responsibility for all earthly wrongs, and is striving each in his own way and by his individual exertion to apply what seems to him to be the remedy. Even the cotter poaches because of an ingrained sense of the intolerable injustice of the game laws,—not that he likes hares and grouse.

And each of these persons is striving alone for this object, and in a hopeless, unaided sort of a way. They try to help each other, but each one knows that none of the others can really see the need as he sees it, nor appreciate the value of the remedy that he would apply. The only thing he can do is to go on with the vain struggle till health and strength are exhausted, and nothing is really accomplished by the sacrifice. Even the clergyman works in this way, and seems to have no comforting faith in a Power that makes for righteousness.

It may seem to the reader who does not know Mrs. Ward in this her latest work, that this is an exaggerated statement of the hopeless, helpless, depressed frame of mind the book inspires, but it is hardly possible to overstate it. There are redeeming gleams, it is true. There is still left the lofty spirit that is content to make a losing fight in a great cause, "in scorn of consequence," and there are certain sweet communings possible between soul and soul, even though each but half comprehends the other. But the chief comfort the ordinary reader will get is when he reaches the end of the book, where the heroine seems to arrive at a glimmer of sense, and concludes that it is better to marry the rich nobleman that she loves and who loves her, and grasp the human happiness that is within her reach, even though she must seem to countenance much that is abhorrent to her socialistic convictions. Just how she brings herself to do this is a bit obscure, but the reader that has grown interested in her in spite of her egotism and illogic, likes her better for the fact that human weakness has got the better of pitiless logic.

<sup>1</sup> *Marcella*. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Vols. 2. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1894.

It is a very dubious question whether the moral effect of this book will be good; for those that need it most will never read it. It is well for a man to be impressed with a serious sense of the responsibilities he owes to his neighbor and society, but to make him feel that he is the doctor,—to use an undignified current phrase,—and must all by himself find out what is needed to cure the groans of creation, and must apply it so far as his strength will permit, is quite another thing. He will not be frivolous, but he will be egotistical, morbid, bigoted, and entirely lacking in humility and reverence.

### The Horse Show at the World's Fair.

It is interesting to turn from the *OVERLAND* article on the forthcoming Horse Show in this city to the chapter devoted to "Live Stock" in Part XVI. of Mr. H. H. Bancroft's superb "Book of the Fair."<sup>1</sup> He begins by stating that there are in round numbers 15,000,000 horses in the United States.

"Of horses, the exhibit ranged from the hugest of draught animals to the smallest of Shetland ponies, largely the offspring of English cart-horses, though greatly improved in breed. The Clydesdale is also a favorite animal, and for a strong and showy coach-horse the Cleveland bay is gaining in favor. . . . Certain it is that our best trotters have come from various stocks, as the Morgan, the Canadian, and the English thoroughbred; but all the best are distinctly of home development, carried to a point with which there are none to compete. . . . The display of horses opened with a competition among among those of the Suffolk Punch breed, so called from their compactness of form, and from the English county where they have been raised for many centuries, though probably of Scandinavian origin. The breed in this country ranks among the most valuable of draught horses. . . . The Suffolk Punch exhibit was followed by a display of French Percherons. . . . The competition among the coach horses of English, French, and German breeds was concluded during the month of September, after which a week was set apart for hackneys and Morgans. . . . When all was over it was decided that the best hackneys were those from Nebraska and Canada, and that Vermont and Kentucky breeders excelled in the Morgan class, but with Illinois and Indiana not far behind. As to mules, jacks, and jennets, the result was in favor of Missouri."

The chapter is, as usual, profusely illustrated with pictures of the prize winners in all classes, as they were led out for inspection in the Live Stock pavilion. Preceding the Horse chapter is one on the wonders of the Transportation Building, which also cannot help but be of interest to the horseman, as

every form of cart, from the primitive conveyance of the Indian and the Esquimau to the great dray and four-in-hand of today, are pictured and described.

Closing Book XVI. of the two numbers of the work under review, commences a chapter on "Anthropology and Ethnology," the department of the great Fair that was made so extremely interesting through the joint labors of Professors Putnam and Stewart Culin; the latter of these is well known to the readers of the *OVERLAND*, through his articles on Chinese subjects that have appeared from time to time in these pages.

Parts XV. and XVI. are beautifully illustrated, and as before mentioned printed on the finest plate paper. The mere fact that Mr. H. H. Bancroft's name is signed to its text vouches for its value and correctness.

### Stevenson's The Ebb-Tide.<sup>2</sup>

MR. STEVENSON'S South Sea stories contain, to a large degree, the charm that makes Robinson Crusoe dear to old and young. Beaches of yellow sand sleepily washed by the tepid waters of the Pacific, coral atolls, and miles of gently swaying cocoa-nuts, uncharted isles and mysterious wrecks, form the stage scenery against which brown-eyed natives, renegade sea-captains, drunken mates, and the derelicts of society, play parts that have never been played out of the imagination of the novelist.

In scenery and personnel *The Ebb-Tide* is much the same as "The Wreckers," but in treatment it is an entirely new departure. Herrick, the Oxonian and beach-comber; Davis, the drunken skipper; and Huish, the coster, with all their revolting weaknesses, are much more human than Loudon, Dodd, Pinkerton, Captain Kirkup, and the motley crew that crowd the pages of "The Wreckers." Herrick, and Davis feel that they are the victims of circumstance, and descend the moral scale driven against their will, with the hope always in their breasts of being able to regain their manhood when once at the bottom; while Huish is so utterly bad that the reader almost glories in his depravity,—he feels no responsibility for his fate. Attwater, the English merchant-missionary, is the one impossible creation, and—one suspects—the author's favorite. It is hard to believe that there ever was a man so constituted that he could arrogate the attributes of God—punishment and forgiveness—and still thoroughly believe in himself, even on an uncharted island.

The interest in the story is rather in the moral unspoken struggle of the characters than in the plot or actual happenings.

*The Ebb-Tide*, like all of Mr. Stevenson's tales, is a book of the hour, one to charm for the moment. It has a moral, but an impersonal one, that leaves no sting.

<sup>1</sup>The Book of the Fair. Parts XV. and XVI. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. The History Company: San Francisco and Chicago: 1894.

<sup>2</sup>The Ebb-Tide. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. Stone & Kimball. Chicago and Cambridge: 1894.

### Briefer Notice.

GEORGE WASHINGTON's face serves as the frontispiece for another school history of the United States.

Professors John Fiske and F. A. Hill are responsible for this new venture in an old field. Typographically, the work is beautifully gotten up; but its pictures, maps, and scheme, differ but little from the usual school history.

Still it is a good thing to have our school histories written by men who have made an international reputation for themselves as historians. Names like Fiske's add dignity to such works, and cause students to feel that they have been taken into the confidence of one who looks at his subject from a plane far above the ordinary school-book compiler. It will be a vast benefit to the students in our common schools when all their books are written by men who stand pre-eminent in their several professions.

The dry matter of history is interestingly handled, and the record of national events is brought down to the close of the World's Fair. Professor Hill supplements the work with numerous valuable tables and hints to teachers. Especially noteworthy is his Table of Books of Successive Epochs, (histories, novels, and poems, treating of same). The book will, no doubt, be adopted by many schools.

*Her Fair Fame*<sup>2</sup> is the name given to a book — called a novel — by Edgar Fawcett, a man of some reputation as a poet and novelist. It is not his first effort, but his thirty-eighth. It would be an interesting comparison to put it by the side of his first born, to see whether that is thirty-eight times better or worse than *Her Fair Fame*, but if it is worse it could not help being worth studying as a curiosity. *Her Fair Fame* is weak, insipid, flaccid, and utter trash. It is even too shallow for railroad circulation. Mr. Fawcett would have done better to stick to poetry; then he could have been as pointless as he pleased and still found a bevy of demented admirers.

Volume III. of the *Publications of the Lick Observatory*<sup>3</sup> contains much that the lay reader can enjoy.

<sup>1</sup>History of the United States. By John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin, & Company: Cambridge. 1894.

<sup>2</sup>*Her Fair Fame*. By Edgar Fawcett. Merrill & Baker: New York. 1894.

<sup>3</sup>Publications of the Lick Observatory of the University of California. Vol. III. Sacramento: State Printing Office: 1894.

Those that have seen the splendid collection of photographs, astronomical and terrestrial, exhibited by the Observatory at Chicago, and even more fully in the University of California section of the Midwinter Fair, are prepared to be told that in addition to their great beauty they are of the highest scientific value.

The present volume is much taken up with the results obtained from study of lunar photographs taken with the great equatorial. Professor Ladislav Weinek, of Prague Observatory, has spent much time on the Lick moon negatives, and has thus practically been an addition to the little force of observers on Mt. Hamilton. The character of his work is shown from the record that on one of his drawings from an enlargement of a negative, he spent 224½ hours of actual drawing.

Professor Holden thinks the limits of enlargement have been reached until some new kind of film is discovered, for he calculates that the grains of silver in the present sensitive film are 0.0002 inches in diameter, and this corresponds in size in the Lick photograph to an object about 0.08 of a mile in diameter on the moon.

The reproductions of these drawings or photographs in the present *Publication*, by the heliographic process, are the best that have yet been made, though every mechanical process loses much of the clearness of the original. Special mention should be made of the fact that the cost of the illustrations was a gift to the Observatory by Mr. Walter W. Law, of New York.

The work on the book by the State Printing Office is very creditable: in paper, text, style, and binding, it is a model scientific publication.

### Books Received.

*Her Fair Fame*. By Edgar Fawcett. New York: Merrill & Baker: 1894.

*A History of the United States*. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.: 1894.

*Poems, New and Old*. By Wm. Roscoe Thayer. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.: 1894.

*A Story from Pullmantown*. By Nico Bech-Meyer. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.: 1894.

*Publications of Lick Observatory. III*. Sacramento, Cal.: State Printing Office: 1894.

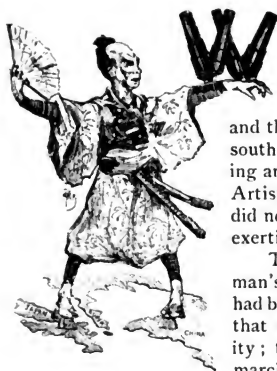
*Electricity at the Columbian Exposition*. By J. P. Barrett. Chicago: R. R. Donnelley Sons Co.: 1894.

# Overland Monthly

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## AS TALKED IN THE SANCTUM.

BY THE EDITOR.



WE WERE aimlessly discussing the Chinese-Japanese-Korean War, when the Parson entered the room, accompanied by our Occasional Visitor. We were unaffectedly thankful for the interruption. I think we were growing blasé, and then the sun was pouring recklessly into our big south window, flooding the Artist's table and spreading among us a spirit of benevolent discontent. The Artist should have pulled down the shade, which he did not do: no one else felt called upon to make the exertion, and the Office Boy was after proof.

The Contributor, who had taken part in Sherman's March to the Sea, and was not ashamed of it, had been maintaining with his usual "servigrouness," that war was an element, not an accident of humanity; that every war marked an onward step in the march of civilization; that it was as much of a neces-

sity now as it was when the Lord sent the hosts of Israel out to do battle with the Philistines.

"It is the human expression of a divine axiom,—fear begets wisdom. A race that fears neither God nor man eats one another, or as the Bible puts it, a nation that will not serve God must perish."

This last was thrown out after the Parson made his entry, and was meant for him. The Contributor honestly thinks he is wily; but his sophistry is, broadly speaking, too palpable to raise even a pitying smile.

The Parson coughed deprecatingly,—a ministerial clearing of the decks for action, as it were. When the Parson was younger he had a chance to turn the other cheek, and remain safely at home when his country was in danger; he went to the front—as a private—and stayed there a year after the Contributor returned, with the wound in his hip that has so much to do with the

acridity of his temper. For the last twenty-odd years he has prescribed the doctrine of peace and good-will in a fashionable church that has high gothic arches, among which his voice at times plays hide-and-seek, and a double row of heavy pseudo-granite pillars, behind which he is as often "tho' lost to view to memory dear." In the winter-time the hot air from its furnaces ascends to the twilight of the groined ceilings, and keeps company with the good man's voice, to the shivering discomfort of his listeners.

We have chaffed him many times about this absurd style of building the churches of his sect, but he always smiles good-naturedly, asks why we insist on coming Sunday after Sunday, the bare-faced fisher, and insists we would not feel at home listening to our Bible lesson in the orchestra chairs of the Baldwin.

He may be right, still it is no argument. Gothic churches are to blame for more pneumonia and colds in the head than all the fogs that ever came in through the Golden Gate.

The Parson. "I have heard the same thing charged to the account of funerals. The arguments are all on the side of cremation; still the old-fashioned burial holds its popularity."

The Reader. "Last Sunday I sat for an hour behind a mottled pillar in the Parson's cathedral. I heard fourteen words, and did not escape the collection plate. I left in anything but a Sunday state of mind.

"When Westminster Abbey was built our ancestors existed in stone houses-of-refuge with oiled paper in the windows. Today, the poorest of us live in houses that contain conveniences that Cræsus, Esquire, could not have bought, and we continue to worship in small Westminster Abbeys."

The Contributor. "Tut, tut, I was saying that war is a necessity,—at least, it is inevitable. In the present Chino-Japanese imbroglio there may be no high principle involved. Well and good! The Japanese have in twenty years lived five centuries of national life. To have lived through the transition state of modern Japan, ought to make one feel preternaturally old. Discussing Darwinism, parliamentary institutions, and scientific belligerence, Japan is yet, in time, but a step removed from the Middle Ages. The old Samurai who greeted us on the streets of the then treaty port of Kanagawa, not further back than the centennial year, wore a cue and two swords; today, but for a certain obliqueness of eyes and scantiness of beard, he might pass for an American, in his neat suit of dittos and black pot hat. Commodore Perry's guns began what Japan's guns will perfect,—the complete Americanizing of Japan. Withal, the Japanese are wise in their day, far-seeing in their policy:—When the United States closed her doors to the teeming population of the Celestial Empire, Japan was quick to recognize the fact that her salvation and international importance lay in discarding her own artistic dress for one of Lowell shoddy, substituting a democracy for an oligarchy, buying a navy and opening schools, an idea which was carried out with a parrot-like imitativeness and an owl-like wisdom. Its historical uniqueness lies rather in its rapid and thorough fulfillment than in its conception."

The Occasional Visitor. "There is nothing slow about the Japanese tutelary simulacrum of Father Time!"

The Contributor. "The war, moreover, will do more to open China to the world than a thousand years of commerce, missions, and intercourse. Whether



Japan is the victor or China successfully resists her attacks, makes no difference. The vast stagnant pool has been stirred, and the poison that has lurked over it must rise. The only thing I fear is, that when once the great Chinese hive begins to swarm, that there will be no stopping it."

The Parson. "Then you admit that war is not an unmixed blessing. As I read history, war has no good results except when there is an overshadowing principle at stake. Our two wars with England, the Civil war, like the war of the Reformation, the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the expulsion of the Saracens from Spain, are entirely different affairs from the present war, the guerilla fights in the South American states, the war of the Roses, or the war of the Spanish Succession. There is all the difference between them that there is between the man who fights in defense of his life and liberty, and the brutes who fight for plunder. The United States, England, France, and Germany, owe something to civilization and religion, and they should interfere in this great loss of life and treasure, and forcibly arbitrate such childish quarrels. They are a disgrace to history. We are nothing more than spectators at a prize fight."

The Contributor. "Exactly, spectators, referees, judges, and best of all, purse holders. As for me, I have a gallery seat and my eyesight is poor, but the sound of the blows makes my old blood tingle."

The Reader. "It ought to be a good war,—morally good,—high-toned and civilized, as Christian nations have armed and drilled both sides, and Christian nations hope to progress in the art of war by the object lessons in the efficiency and deficiency of our modern pneumatic guns, smokeless powder, and naval coats-of-mail! Is it for nothing that the greatest naval battle since Nelson's time has been fought off the mouth of the Yalu, with the largest and most perfect battle-ships extant? Or, is it for the benefit of Secretary Herbert?"

The Poet. "The last dispatches from Peking are to the effect that the mighty Li Hung Chang has lost another peacock feather, which is the third, not counting his yellow jacket, red vest, blue socks, and auburn wig. May he get them all back and lose nothing further, before the cold weather comes on."

The Artist. "I suspect that the Parson might find good material for Home Mission work, right here in the Sanctum."

The Parson. "I have been doing Home Mission work in the Circle for the past twenty years, and unless I am no judge of human character —"

Then the Parson paused and blushed,—a smile, broad but kindly, had gone echoing from eye to eye around the room.

The Parson was no judge of human nature, and there was a good story that went to prove it. It is common property!

One night, long after the golden haze had been lost in the gray mists that hang about Tamalpais, the Parson opened the door of the Rectory to a spinster of uncertain age and country appearance. There was a wild look in the babyish blue eyes and a pleading, wistful expression in her drawn, yellow face. She passionately informed the sympathetic man of God that she had been praying for years for a husband, that her supplications had at last been answered, the Lord having directed her on this particular evening to go to the Episcopalian Rectory and await the coming of the long-expected.

Wishing to humor one who, he was satisfied, was deranged,—being a good "judge of human nature,"—he left her in the drawing-room until the clock in

his steeple announced the hour of midnight. The maiden looked so forlorn, yet confident, that the Parson went to his bed allowing her to hold her vigil alone. In the kindness of his heart he even went so far as to set before her a small glass of wine and some sweet crackers.

In the morning the aged female was gone,—so was the Parson's silverware. There were tracks of her man in the soft earth outside the butler's pantry. She had not waited in vain.

The Contributor. "I admire the tact with which you all shift from the matter under discussion, but I arise to a question of privilege. May I have a few last words? Thanks.

"The worst, the most sanguine, the seemingly most uncalled-for wars, that ever disgraced the annals of history, have in the end proved a blessing to mankind. The first French Revolution, in which enough innocent blood flowed to float the Oregon, startled Europe, intellectually as well as politically, from the sepulchral repose of the last century, shook the old continent to its center, and impregnated the entire social system with new elements, both of good and evil, woke it up, and set inquiring minds to work to an extent before unknown. The Napoleonic wars, unjustified and unprincipled, overthrew the feudal system, tore down oligarchy, the divine right of kings, and made republicanism possible in Europe,—"

"I confess," interrupted the Parson, smiling blandly, "that like the Thessalonians I am 'shaken and troubled in mind.'"


THERE is no use in trying to carry a spontaneous conversation to a logical conclusion. The mere effort would sap all the spontaneity out of it in a moment. There is no originality or brilliancy in the word "chestnuts," but it is expressive, even among savants, and will bring a haranguer,—like the Contributor, for example,—off his winged horse in an instant. Our talks were never serious for more than a moment at a time; not long enough for any one of us to ride a hobby. We were all too indifferent to one another's opinions. Had we been called together to growl at and reform politics, law, art, or literature, called together at a certain time for a set purpose, no one would have thought of saying "chestnuts," or of strolling out of the room at a most critical moment.

For one I do not believe in clubs,—that is, mutual improvement clubs. Debating societies for boys are a most useful adjunct to a school, and a vast benefit to the debaters; but Thursday, or Friday, or Saturday evening clubs for the study of Browning or Guy Fawkes are, beyond the "refreshments" and the social part, absurd. Simply because the hour of 8 P. M. is set for the worship of Oscar Wilde and his works, is no reason why we should be in perfect unison with the subject. At that particular hour I may feel more like being at the Tivoli, or you may be pining for an airing on the front of a cable car. I do not believe that any great good ever came of ten men and twenty women listening for an hour to an essay on the "Whichness-of-the-Here," when any one of the number could derive twice the benefit from reading Emerson on the same subject in the quietude of his own study, when the spirit moved him. There is no spontaneity, no originality, no laughter, nothing but yawns and a sense of duty.

The Artist pulled down the shade, and —

The Office Boy. "Proof."

## DRAKE'S BAY FISHING.



HERE are fish yarns and fish yarns. Some of them are fabulous and none of them are modest. Some are all false; few entirely veracious. But the greatest and truest of them all is to be told in these pages, which shall relate how the depths of the sea are made to yield up their life that the fish supply of San Francisco shall not be lacking.

A huge seine is dragged miles for hours by steam tugs, at Drake's Bay, six days of every week in the year, and not hundreds of fish are caught, but thousands; not hundred-weights, but tons. Five tons is not an unusual haul for a quiet sea. They make two hauls a day,—sometimes three,—and they throw away more fish in a day than are caught at any other place in the world at one time by a single crew of fishermen. Sometimes they drag the big seine only a mile off shore, sometimes

five miles or seven miles out, as the fish may be running; and the course is from Double Point to Point Reyes, or vice versa, as the tide is flowing. Always they drag against the tide. Two steam tugs are employed, the Golden Gate and the Farragut, one at each end of a hundred-fathom hawser, with the seine between and below them, scouring the very mud from the sea bottom, and snaring all manner of marine life, from the great hundred-pound cod to the small jelly-fish, too obtuse to slime its way out through the meshes. It would be difficult accurately to estimate the enormity of the catch, for so large a share of it is wasted. One could hardly exaggerate it.

It is a thing to see and remember, this fishing at Drake's Bay. And few see it; for the five wealthy Italians and Slavs who control the business guard its details jealously from the public eye. One must have a written permit from A. Paladini, the president of the company, or the sanction of Captain Costa, its manager, before the voyage on the Farragut may be made. And



POINT BONITA LIGHT FROM THE SEAWARD.

these are difficult to obtain. Some years ago one of the newspapers sent a writer up to these waters, with instructions to report the quantity of fish wantonly destroyed, and the proximity to land in which the drags were made. His report was severe, more so perhaps than the facts of the case warranted; for the best evidence that these fishermen do no lasting harm to the fish supply along the coast lies in the fact that though they have dragged their huge net in this vicinity for nearly ten years, the hauls made at present are as fruitful as when this mode of fishing was inaugurated. At any rate, the scathing was fruitless. There is no law limiting the distance from shore inside of which seine fishing may not be pursued on the Pacific Coast, though in almost every other part of the world the limit is fixed by statute at from two to five miles. But this newspaper scathing made it more difficult than ever to gain permission from the company to make the trip on one of its vessels. Now the rule is that no stranger shall be permitted aboard either the Farragut or the Golden Gate, and this rule is only

abrogated by the exercise of a deal of diplomacy, or what the politicians know as a strong "pull."

But suppose the diplomacy or the "pull" has been successful, as it was in one case. The next consideration is the loss of a night's sleep, for at three o'clock in the morning the Farragut steams away from her berth at Fisherman's Wharf. Unless it be Sunday morning, the Golden Gate lies at anchor under the lee of Point Reyes, making only weekly trips to the city, while the Farragut takes out the crew and brings in the fish. It is usually foggy along the water front and on the Bay, if nowhere else, at this early hour, and if the moon be late, as it was on this occasion, the lights on Telegraph Hill show weirdly through the mist and gloom, and the shadowy outlines of things revealed by their glare appear like specters of a supernatural world. Maybe it is but the astral bodies of men and things now visible in the grim and uncertain grayness. One is apt to be struck by the fancy, at any rate, as the ghostly outlines of the shore and its shipping glide silently by, while the little steamer plunges into the blackness of space that lies beyond toward the Golden Gate. The blackness is penetrated here and there by red sparks, that seem to be suspended in the night like the glowing wings of fireflies.

When the last of these sparks is left astern,—if you choose the latter part of September, for the voyage,—the moon is just cropping up over the black hills of Marin, and a good deal of the fog has fallen into the water. Now the weird aspect of things is changed, and though the shadows are more intense, and the world has taken on a more definite phase, there is a faint suggestion of the coming day in the eastern skies, and a glancing beam of light on the waves when you look back toward the Point Bonita light. Almost opposite, on the left,



is the Point Lobos light. When these are passed, the Golden Gate is behind you, and the small craft has entered the big swells of the heaving sea.

Though there is no wind blowing, and the bay was calm and smooth, there is a deal of plunging and rolling now, as the Farragut gets fairly into the trough of the current that sweeps in and out over the bar. It is almost daylight before Point Bonita is rounded and the North Passage entered. It is always rough here. But the crew below sleep on serenely. The engineer dozes at his post. Captain Antoni looks out from the pilot-house to remark that it is calm this morning,—which you find it hard to believe. What with the great heavings of the uneasy sea, and the fishy smell that clings to every part of the vessel, it is more than likely that there are certain uneasy heavings within you. Captain Antoni, who is a hardy Greek, looks out again from the pilot-house, as you lean over the side of the boat, to say that it will do you good, and give you an appetite for breakfast.

And so you find it, too, when at six o'clock you stand with the crew around the closed hatch over the fo'castle, and share with them a breakfast of sole fried in olive oil, a green vegetable or two, some dry bread, and claret that has the taste of nectar. But the day's work is begun before breakfast. Double Point is reached by six o'clock, and you are nearly thirty miles up the coast. Three shrill whistles pipe all hands on deck. Fifteen minutes later the fishing waters have been reached and the Golden Gate sighted. The two vessels approach each other, and when the distance between them is as narrow as it may safely be in these choppy waters, a coiled line is thrown from the Farragut to the Golden Gate. At the end of this line is the hawser, to which the seine is attached. The tugs separate, the seine falls into the water between them, and the drag is commenced. Slowly, very slowly, the



"GIFTED WITH THE VIRTUE OF GREAT PATIENCE."

two steamers proceed up the coast toward Point Reyes, a distance of about three miles. Then it is that breakfast is in order. This is not an elaborate affair, as you have seen; but you partake of it with rare zest, and would be happy could all your meals be so appetizing. It is a simple matter to clear away the remains of this morning meal, and when this is done the fish baskets and scoop-nets and shovels are brought up from the zinc-lined fish bins that take up all the space below decks abaft of the house. Now there is a season of waiting, but this is no hardship for the crew of Latin and Slav fishermen. To a man they are gifted with the virtue of great patience, and they will work hard enough by and by to make amends for their present idleness.

Meanwhile the seine is dragging, dragging, accumulating its great load of sole and flounder, and hake and crabs, and cod and sharks, its devil fish and star fish, and shells and stingrays, and mud and what not. For three hours the drag continues, but as all things must cease, so does even this tiresome drag come to an end. The Golden Gate pipes the signal. The Farragut comes to almost a dead stop, while the other steamer crosses over, and passes in its end of the long line. The fifty fathoms of the two hawsers are wound in on the steam windlass, and neatly coiled at the stern. The wet rope slips on the smooth bar of the windlass, and makes a creaking noise that sounds loud and weird.

This is the signal for the feathered tribes that haunt these waters. They come in flocks of thousands until the air seems black with them, and you could scarcely fling a stone in the water without striking one. Among them are many varieties of aquatic fowl, but the gulls, shags, and murre, are by far the most numerous. First the shiny black shags, looking sleek and genteel, paddle gracefully in between the steamers, and take up positions of advantage at about the spot where the seine may be expected first to show itself at the surface. The dusty, mud-colored murre are more ravenous in their demeanor, but also more tardy. They come next, at a rough-and-tumble pace, now fluttering along the surface, now diving, now paddling their way to the common rendezvous. Come now the "broad-winged sea-gulls, never at rest." The gulls hover about in the air, as they do on the Bay about the ferry boats. But you never saw such handsome gulls as these on the Bay. White as snow are their body feathers, with pretty pink beaks and claws, and wings of coal blackness bordered perfectly by a narrow strip of white.

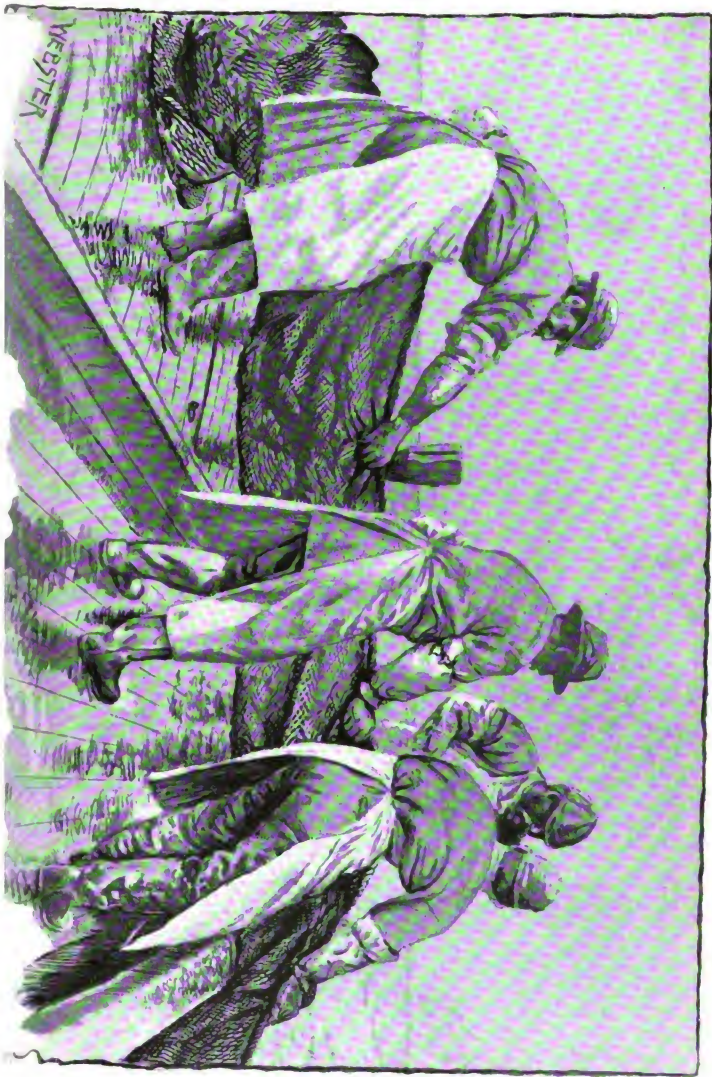
You wonder where all the birds come from, but if you look off towards the

shore you see a broken reef of sharp, low rocks that extends at intervals from the north end of Bolinas Bay clear to Point Reyes, at distances varying from a few yards to half a mile from the land. Among these rocks and inside the reef are the rock cod fisheries. The patches of white on the larger of these rocks show them to be inhabited by the feathered tribes.

And now, amid all this splashing on the water and fluttering in the air, this feathery turmoil and excitement, there comes a single beautiful and stately albatross,—a somewhat rare bird in this vicinity,—floating gracefully and with marked dignity behind the shiny black shags. It is not his place to rush and hurry like the common herd, he seems to say, but he arrives in ample time, just the same.

Meanwhile the great hawsers have been coiled up, and the long arms of the seine are beginning to show above the water on the starboard quarter. Now the windlass winds more slowly, and a full force of steam is needed to wind it at all, for there is at least a ton, and maybe five tons, or even more, of wriggling, squirming marine life in the huge net. When its arms have been hauled up on deck and held there by main force, the seine hangs like a bag at the side of the vessel, and the laborious work of landing the catch begins. This is accomplished by lifting out the fish with big scoop nets, so heavy that two or three men are required to manipulate one scoop. The mouth of the bag-like seine is broad open now, and the waves wash out some of the smaller fish to become food for the fowls.

Now, if ever, extremes meet. Here is the life of the skies descending to the surface of the water, to meet the living things from the depths of the ocean. They meet half way, and the higher order preys upon the lower. The shags and murre draw nearer as the seine is lifted higher. They dive like boys in





the mill pond. Presently they return to the surface, having pulled out from the meshes of the seine perhaps a flounder or a rock cod, and you see them gulping hard in their efforts to force a flounder with a diameter of three inches down a half-inch throat. You think the feat cannot be performed, and are watching to see the fish discarded for a smaller one. But at the third or fourth gulp it is done, and down go the birds for more fish.

The albatross waits calmly and patiently. If a floating fish passes near him, well and good. He bends his long neck with a certain ceremonial grace, and catches the fish in his beak. But he is not impatient. He knows what will happen soon,—which is, that without any effort of his own more food than he could consume in a year will be cast overboard by the fishermen. And he knows that when this happens there will be enough and to spare for himself and all his feathered kind that are present.

But the other birds do not reason thus. The shags and the murre are born hunters. They disdain the floating fish, and prefer to steal their breakfast directly from the seine. The gulls make a great noise, and swoop down to the surface for the floating food. But they do not dive, perhaps for fear of wetting their elegant costumes.

The work of landing the catch goes on with a will. The sea seems to have given up all its life to these rapacious fishermen, as the thousands upon thousands of the finny tribe, and the shell tribe, and the things without either shell or fin, are cast out of the scoops upon the bare decks. Soon the men are wading in fish, knee deep, and every lurch of the vessel threatens to flop over a few thousand into their native element.

Devilfish, starfish, shells, dozens of crabs, hundreds of rays, and thousands of sole and flounder, with a sprinkling

of hake and kingfish and cod, with now and then a rock cod or tom cod, and other fishes not plentiful in these waters, are swish-swashing about in their own slime and mud from the bottom of the sea, and eight rubber-booted men are walking on them and among them as though they were stepping in that depth of water.

Only an expert ichthyologist could name all the varieties of marine life found in this enormous catch; but the rays, flounder, and sole, predominate, and these, like most of the varieties caught, are of almost all sizes, from the smallest to the largest.

When the seine has been quite emptied to cast again into the water for the second drag, the work of sorting over the catch begins. Some of the crew go about with boat hooks spiking the largest of the worthless fish and casting them overboard, and either spiking or crushing the shells of the big crabs beneath their feet. Only the smallest of the crabs are saved for the market, and it would seem to the novice to be enough to throw the others into the water without harming them. But these fishermen have a special grievance against the crustacean monsters, and seem to derive a keen sense of satisfaction from their wanton destruction. If they were put back into the sea alive, there would only be so many more of them to find their way to the reef and prey on the rock cod, upon whose plentiful catch depends the livelihood of not a few of the Italian fishermen that go out in small boats.

These same men with their boat-hooks toss aside into different piles the different varieties of the large fish. The rest of the crew take baskets and large coal shovels as their implements in the work of sorting. Only the very choicest of all but the best varieties are kept. All the others are thrown overboard, a far greater number than are preserved. The fish are all dead before they strike the wa-





AFTER THE HAUL

ter, and fall easy prey to the fowls. Truly, the slaughter is somewhat appalling. If all the fish that are caught in these waters were kept for the market, flounders could be selling for a penny a pound and sole could be given away as a premium.

Now Mr. Dignity, the big albatross, gets his feast, but still he does not hurry nor rush for his prey, though the more rapacious gulls press him hard sometimes, and steal many a delicate morsel almost from his very beak.

In the winter, when the sea is very rough, the same kind of fish that are now thrown away by the ton are brought to the market. Dragging the huge seine is difficult work then, and what is still more difficult is safely to land the catch. Frequently more than half of it is lost overboard in the process of landing.

By noon the decks are cleared, and the fish stored away in the zinc-lined compartments below decks. The albatross has disappeared, and the gulls and shags and murras have gone back to their white rocks. Ordinarily but two hauls are made each day. The exception, in clear weather, is on Thursday, when an extra haul is made for the Friday market. But this is not Thursday, so when the second drag is completed the Golden Gate stands off for her berth at Point Reyes, while the Farragut points her prow homeward. But slowly she steams, very slowly, so as not to reach Fisherman's Wharf before all the work is done, and the decks washed, and the men have time to cast off their oilskins and get into their city attire. Most of them live on

the boat, and for this reason care little as to when she reaches the dock; but in a rude way they have their toilets to make and the vessel to put in ship-shape order before appearing in evidence at home, and undergoing the scrutinizing eye of Captain Peter Costa.

Not until the Point Bonita lighthouse is sighted does the engineer clap on a full pressure of steam, and then the Farragut, favored by wind and tide, almost flies down the North Passage, turns into the Golden Gate, and picks her way carefully but swiftly through the craft in the Bay, reaching Fisherman's Wharf by six o'clock.

But there is still an hour's work for the crew. The day's catch must be packed in boxes and carefully piled up on the wharf, Captain Peter Costa standing silently and grimly by, watching every movement. Peter Costa is a taciturn Spaniard and a typical fisherman. He wears a blue flannel shirt and no suspenders, but he is a rich man for all that, and a one fifth owner of the biggest fish monopoly in the world. His company supplies the fish market of the entire Coast, and a good many boxes of their wares find their way as far eastward as Denver and Salt Lake in the course of a year. This Peter Costa is both feared and admired by the Slavs and Latins who work under him. You can find him almost any hour of the day, standing silently and thoughtfully at the head of Fisherman's Wharf. He is like the Sphinx, but is only one element of the whole strange and picturesque equipment.

*James H. Griffes.*



WOOD AND WAVE NOTES.<sup>1</sup>

## FROM GREEN LEAF TO SERE.

Two sounds in nature are to the sense of hearing very nearly interchangeable, namely, a strong wind blowing through a great forest, and the surf-rhythm of the sea, or of any sea-like body of water. The eyes being closed, and the ear having all sensation vested in itself, the identity of the two sounds becomes most complete. The one voice seems as old as the other. It is true that the wind will die off, or temporarily be absent from, the vast volume of green boughs; but while the æolian murmur lasts, the imagination finds the same quality of perpetuity in that sound as in the ceaseless burden of waters. The poet of Hyperion gives the following sentiment to the God Oceanus:—

"My voice is but the voice of winds and waves,  
No, more than winds and waves can I avail."

But when a forest stands by the sea, and when that forest answers the grave ruler of waters, oracle for oracle, then to the listening human soul, the "voice of winds and waves" is most imperious and invincible, reaching from antiquity to unimaginable futurity,—or rather, ignoring that there is either antiquity or futurity.

That listening soul is also confirmed in its occasional apprehension of its own littleness, and of its orphanage,—so far as it may have entertained the fond conceit of being related to Nature, or cared for by that personified power.

The "voice of winds and waves" *inferentially* says that man has never been heard of; nor cradle-song nor requiem is for him, though he construes such pleasing flattery to himself, while he listens to this elemental harmony. No; there is elemental indifference as

vast as the harmony (when he listens more closely). Let him hasten to shut out the melancholy message to the Soul, by claiming for her an unwasting continuance which heeds as little mundane shrinking and perturbations.

Meanwhile, the little flower blooms, and breathes gently, in these whispering aisles of woodland, and the gull with white wing-tip—like foam to foam—glances along the wave crest; and are not both oblivious of the consideration which detains us,—us only? No infection of human egotism can reach them.

## THE MURMUR OF THE SHELL.

Holding the sea-shell to his wizard ear,  
" 'Tis not alone the sea's deep voice," he said,  
" But all the whispers of the world I hear,—  
Gossip of life and rumors from the dead ! "

THE sunshine of early June hurries into bloom plants that but lately seemed to ask all summer to grow and mature in. The bud of the morning, in these days, is in bloom before night, and the woods grow dense and the grass deepens almost from hour to hour. The afternoon sun burnishes all white objects at a distance, and makes of a dandelion seed-ball a thing of splendor, and turns the spider-web upon the grass into fabric of spun silver. The willows by the stream look like green plumes, and as though, if a breeze should come, they would dance away, away on its breath.

All this we see, sitting in the shady porch of the woods, with all its arcana and whispers behind us. The slight breeze that stirs the foliage is only sufficient to suggest the noise of mysterious, light footfalls coming and going, through those cool recesses we have just left.

<sup>1</sup>Lake Erie and its southern shore.

SOME of the little attendant, inquisitive spirits have followed us, and yet keep up a shy but jealous scrutiny. Such is the red-start flitting elusively in the branches just overhead. The chewink appears, disappears, reappears, among the underbrush and stumps of the half-cleared ground close by us. Over head and neck he wears a black mask, and his colors specially fit him to haunt, unobserved, the "slashing" with its charred wood and brown-stemmed briars.

Of the birds that haunt marshy and watery grounds, it may be observed that their voices have vocal qualities suiting such places, and reminding us of the notes of the hylas. At a little distance the ejaculations of the blackbirds come to me with the similitude of running water slipping over a pebbly bed,—half chime, half chatter. I remember, too, that the song of the bird, its habits as well, can never be quite estranged from the ways and haunts to which Nature appointed it. For instance, the notes of a tame Wilson's thrush always suggest wild, woody, and wet places, in the liquid quality of the sound. And this particular bird, when temporarily released from his cage, seeks cover under some piece of furniture, as a chair or table, (to him representing, perhaps, underbrush and greenwood security,) and thence pours forth his rich notes, with their strain of the sylvan echo in all the song-closes.

OUR talk turned upon the recognition of a tree by its bark only, — and we began to make observations on this score. Near by was a white ash tree, which, in color and markings of the bark, suggested wet clay with the imprinted tracks of a pigeon's foot,—the tracks all pointing up the stem of the tree. The trunk of a sycamore, with its interspersed patches of bark and smooth spots of inner cuticle, looked like the first rough draft of an intended wood-

land fresco, provokingly abandoned before the design was fairly indicated. An old beech trunk, with its inhospitable hard gray surface, very sparingly frilled with lichen, reminded us of the oldest headstones in old burialgrounds. A pepperidge tree had scales like a dragon's, or by compliment, rugged plates to his armor, showing that he had once been a doughty knight over whom a transforming charm had been uttered, causing him forever to stand in that one spot. And lastly, a lady-like silver birch in light green tunic, showing a satin-smooth ankle clad in gray, attracted our attention. We thought, could we disenchant the silent figures around us, what lovely and stately favorites of old fable might step forth to welcome us to their goodly company. And among these, necessarily, some changelings of aboriginal type; for all our trees run not back to Greek or to Roman tradition and lineage.

THEY tell me, in this neighborhood, of a dreamy youth, a creature irrelevant to the human life around him, or as they phrase it, "not quite right in the upper story," who used to drift about in his boat, and spend whole days in the woods, — a trophyless hunter. He may have been merely a poet who wrote no verses, a right good philosopher who troubled neither the world nor himself with any attempt to expound his views. However that be, this account remains of him: Once, returning from an all-day's range through these very woods, then much denser than now, he related that for some time he tried to get a shot at a bird which kept escaping him through the trees. At last the bird alighted on a lower bough, and in full sight. He saw that it was a "mournin' dove." He was about to shoot, when all at once, (to use his own words) "the bird began a-sobbin' an' a cryin'—an' she said—says she, 'Woe, woe, woe t' ye, if ye kill me!'"

I am reminded to write down this story, by hearing, at this very moment, that peculiar sobbing note, and the self-same deploring syllables which arrested the fancy-struck hunter. Yes, the voice must be that of a descendant of the wild dove spared by the poetic forester! "Woe, woe, woe!" to any whose mercies be less!

SITTING among the driftwood on the beach, (perhaps, from above, a conspicuous object on account of my black dress foiled by the white sand,) I was aware of being inspected from that rather unusual point of view. The old eagle who has his aerie in one of the tall trees close by sailed up out of his fastness. With magically few strokes of his strong wings, swimming through the air like a row-boat that a last careless dip of the oars brings to beach, the old bird o' freedom came on until he was almost over my place of humility on the sand, when he turned, and after making two or three short curves above me, retraced his flight. I fancy his eagle eye and mind were bent upon discovering what was that black, solitary, nearly motionless, and quite useless object on the sand! Whether he was satisfied with his inspection I do not know, but I felt not a little flattered that I had been, apparently, the objective point of his royal scrutiny.

Next to the eagle (assumed, there can be but one *eagle*!) the crane interests me, as with his long-legged, crook-necked, singular flight, he is occasionally seen flying along the wooded shore to the west. I seem to have a vague reminiscence in which this bird figures,—this very individual bird,—in the exploits of Sinbad the Sailor. At least, his appearance lends some light or color of fable, transiently, to our coast.

WE WERE on the beach this morning, just as the sun made his appearance above a bank of mist, at first red and

blurred, but gradually brightening, till at last, as I write, his full, ruddy face is reflected in the long mirror of wet sand. The wind is high and comes out of the east, wherefore the lake is beaten back, and chafed into a more wonderful roughness. As the wave falls back from the shore, the wind blows a thin remnant of it far up the shelving sand. I remember what an old lakeman told me the other day, that the effect of a north or a northeast wind was to raise the lake by driving the water back, contrary to its natural course (for the whole chain of these fresh-water seas is but a great river of varying breadth, making its way to the Atlantic). A west wind, it was said, renders the water shallower, because the great volume of it is then carried on and swept over the falls, at unusual speed,—as though one should incline a cup and then blow upon its liquid contents until they spilled over the brim.

ACCORDING to some local connoisseurs of lake fashions, the darker blue of the last distance in the perspective denotes that a strong breeze is playing over that part of the water. I have noticed while still far away the water of the lake appears a pure blue; as we approach and stand on the bank, looking directly down upon it, the water becomes, to the eye, a mixture of gray, green, and blue. Is this because at first the eye is satisfied to see only the azure quality, but afterwards grows exacting and analytic, and attributes other tints as well; or is it position and point of view which conduce to this effect? As I look, the water is clearly blue,—a liquid heaven, with now and then a momentary flash of white on or amidst the blue, like the wings of birds whose element should be this liquid heaven. But the white wings perchance are only gleams of running foam on the wave-crests. At other times the lake will put on a veil, as it were, of veiny and delicate network, un-

der which the water seems to undulate tranquilly. The surface then looks as though fretted with raindrops. Or, it is suggested that a horizontal slice from a gentle shower is spread out between land and farthest watery horizon.

THE other day, asking a couple of old sailors what they thought of the fish as the primitive model for the pre-historic boat-builder, one of them replied that he thought a goose would have been the better model. Some of his analogies were well observed, as the smooth swell of the bird's breast, the position of the bird's tail, tipped up and clear of the water (like the stern of a vessel). These he thought were all excellent points of imitation, and probably noted by the earliest builders.

As an exemplar for the novice in swimming, one of these inglorious and much-cogitating old fellows recommended the frog in its movements. And the other instanced the duck, adding that he had often wondered if a set of paddles might not be constructed, which should be the equivalent to man of the web-foot of the duck,—a valuable labor-saving adjunct to the swimmer. The paddles should be constructed, he said, of canvas, or of membrane, and made to open and shut with the action of the feet and the pressure of the water. So, some day it may be expected that an Icarus will learn to fly, not through the liquid air, but with a bird-like ease, through the water itself. So shall our shore a "brave attempt resound," and aquatic mechanics receive a new impetus.

These old sailors,—long since seasoned farmers,—though with a weather-eyed sagacity beyond the lifetime landmen,—have, I fancy, still something of a proverbial lurch of the mariner in their gait, and nautical phrases still flavor their speech. Their description of any circuitous route would be that it was necessary to take a "tack" very often. A meeting-house of the country-

side in which service had been suspended for some time, "used to be a Methodist, but she's 'laid up'" ; and I believe their very horses do not gee-haw like those of their neighbors', but heave to the port or the starboard, as directed by those dry-land admirals.

As WE were passing in our boat the point where stands the old stone house, the sound of the waves beating the shore, came louder than elsewhere in our cruising along the familiar coast. We thought a peculiar, almost musical, quality was in the sound, and we experienced a pleasant novelty—in hearing the waves, not on shore as usual, but out from shore,—a reversal of the wonted way, or as if the sound itself had been turned "wrong side out." It was pleasant also to disconnect ourselves, and be quite exempt, from even so much industry as was implied in hearing, near at hand, the sound of the "reaper," in the meadows of the 'longshore farms. Now the "reaper" might reap, but between us and the sound was the steady rush and fall of the waves with their sonorous music.

TONIGHT the sun sank into cloud before the horizon was reached, disappearing in many curious fragmentary forms, according as the cloud shut off or partly revealed the disk. At one time we saw a great apple with its stem resting upon the bank of vapor. Finally, the orb was quite shut off by this mountebank cloud, except so much as presented a rosy arm gracefully extended, the hand lowered and seeming about to bestow bright alms upon some unseen supplicant, veiled in nether cloud. After the sun was quite below the horizon, its light cast up among the clouds was by them thrown down again upon the water, where it lay in dusky orange suffusion, like the glow from a home lamp or fireside, showing hospitality for some expected traveler.

Soon the fireflies lit the edge of the cove fairly: briefer sparkles, I thought, than those seen farther from the shore, but so many, and everywhere, like veritable seeds of fire, broadcast sown. Sometimes they floated down the bank towards the beach, or flickered against the dark waters of the marsh stream, where it comes out to meet the lake. Examining afterwards a firefly, (which actually shone through the bit of paper in which it had been wrapped,) the phosphorescent patch which the insect wears showed white, with now and then a flash of pearly light. When the insect was let crawl on a dark surface, the luminous radiation was considerable, suggesting a fairy-folk policeman, with a dark lantern which could be turned wherever the bearer wished.

Towards evening many small tree-frogs (or perhaps toads) were on the beach. Their colors mimic well the prevailing hues of the place, the gray and brown of their coats combining the tints of sand and vari-colored pebble. Sometimes the wave went over these thirsty creatures, sending them headlong and sprawling, when they looked oddly like little men, watery kobolds or brownies.

We saw the fish jump from the water. They showed silver-white, when we looked towards the dusky eastern side of the lake. On the western side, still faintly lighted from the sunset, the fish as they leaped appeared to be black. Thus a sort of natural chiaroscuro was observed.

THE July full moon is now regal in the heavens and upon earth. She shines upon the dewy smooth leaves, and sees her face as though reflected in the thousand mirrors which the restless poplar turns toward her in its polished leafage. The clematis that lattices the south porch is faintly golden in the soft light, and takes my fancy into some uncertain limbo of romance. The shad-

ows of this viny confusion of leaves lie on the floor, dark, and much more distinct than the moon-flooded leaves themselves. It need not so greatly surprise one to see some winged pavilion, or a night-moth team and chariot of the elfin court, come floating down through the spaces between those enchanted leaves.

I SHALL not forget the sport of the swallows I saw this afternoon. They skimmed along the smooth water of the creek, tossing it up here and there, into the slightest spray. They seemed to be doing this with some wager laid as to dexterity, so exact were they in observing a mere touch-and-go contact with the surface!

*Diem Perdidi.*

The day had failed me, empty of renown,—

Of those great deeds whereby we feel our being;  
Its latest hour fled past me with a frown.

In verse I wrote, DEFEATED,—unforeseeing  
The verse, not deeds, would bear my memory down  
To many men, of fate with mine agreeing!

"THREE white frosts are followed by a rain," say the weather-wise. And the prophecy would seem to be a true one. The autumn is with us—its crispness, its tears, its mellow after-glow of warm-hearted days, much prolonged by the presence of the lake, with its heat-retaining waters.

The compact clusters of the wild grape lie thick on that sandy ground between the marsh and the lake,—waste fruitage, like discarded or unpriized precious stones, in their dark purplish color. The vines lie prone on the ground, and the wind drives the sand over them. We taste the fruit, out of very pity, and that the vine shall not have brought forth without recognition of her thrift and quickness, in so forbidding a soil.

Yes, the lake itself bears witness to the verity of the local prophet's calculation. It heeds not the white frost, but it has felt the lashes of the subse-



quent storm. The great water is all in gray, from horizon to beach, except where it gives forth vivid flashes of vitreous white foam. It does not fail to declare, with deep mutterings and many melancholy intonings, the story of the wreck and ruin lately wrought upon its surface. Not far from where we stood yesterday, the body of an unknown sailor was washed ashore, and without kindred hands or tears buried somewhere near the spot. Perhaps his spirit, still lingering like an unsatisfied *Palinurus*, had a voice in the sound of those melancholy waves.

The heavens above shared in the turbulence of the underlying waters, and were filled with rolling surges of cloud. If, however, a little blue sky looked out between these surges, the lake was ready to report thereof, with a corresponding gleam of color; and when more and more rifts were made in the clouds, the water gained a deeper shade of azure. One might guess, with down-bent eyes, what was the sky above, and all its momentary changes, by merely watching the great water, its unfailing courtier, reflecting whatever its sovereign saith.

As we went along the borders of the woods in the dull light of the late afternoon, we heard from some distance within the crooning notes of an owl; or rather, the sound somewhat suggested a whinny. The owl's voice is like the curfew of the season, and to us it came untimely, seeming to say, "Lights out! and my holiday;—winter and early darkness begun!"

Stretched along the topmost rail of the old chestnut fence next the woods, we saw a small furry animal. It allowed us to approach, nearer and still nearer, without taking alarm at our presence. Even when we came close enough to tickle his ear with a long grass-stem, he

merely seemed, with a half-closed eye, to be shrewdly inspecting us! The wind blew into his fur between the long, loose, needle-like hairs. It was a good chance for us to become acquainted with the physiognomy of Master Woodchuck,—for he was quite unaware of us. In fact, life and he had parted company. Had some one left the creature there, or had he died where we found him? A skilled taxidermist could scarcely have better planned the display. We made the most of our opportunity for acquaintance with this wild denizen, noting specially the characteristic of the ear, which was like a round leaf, or the pattern of a tent-flap, pinned up close to the side of the head.

We have gathered the last bloom of the season, on this the last day of October. This is the pale yellow spray of the witch-hazel, which, while it is putting out its courageous blossoms, is also letting its black seeds escape from their mock nutshell. A few snowflakes drift down from a gray and softly indifferent heaven. The silence is more than that of the calm-bound summer day, for it is not that silence which is due to the siesta of living creatures, but to an absence of life.

The sedge has withered from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

I look out upon the great water, and reflect that a season approaches when it too will be silent, deep asleep, with an ice-thatch above; but even then, the immediate shore will be somewhat the warmer for its presence, as at night, of a summer evening, it is less dark here, for the lake holds the impatient daylight longer than does the land.

Still will the neighboring woods retain their wind-voices, crooning a slumber song for their friend, the mighty gatherer of many streams, with them bound in a fast winter-sleep.

*Edith M. Thomas.*



## SHE HAD A FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

ON THE piazza of a modest two-story house, which would have been the better of a coat of paint, Mrs. Holbrow and her daughter Cynthia rose and fell rhythmically in cane-bottom rocking chairs, watching their fields, which were not the worst land in the County of Colusa. The landscape had its charm. On the west the rays of the afternoon sun touched the points of basalt peaks in the Coast Range, and here and there a tall conifer on a hilltop cut through a hazy film an outline on the golden sky. Below the heights laurels and live oaks clothed the slope in dark green, and below them, stretching to the horizon, lay a warm yellow prairie, in which wheat blades waved in the quivering June heat, as the dying norther lifted their heads. Bisecting the wheat plain a long black trailing cloud revealed a railroad train; at angles to the train scanty fringes of cottonwood and sycamore marked the course of creeks thirsty for water. The prairie was treeless; but its monotonous level was broken by starved clumps of madroños, with red bark and dark green leaves, and an occasional rhododendron, with its large rose-purple flowers. On the eastern horizon glimpses were caught of the Sacramento, half veiled by tule lands rank with tall reeds, out of which fishing birds darted, and into which frogs leaped to escape the ravenous perch.

Year after year the Widow Holbrow raised her thirty bushels to the acre on the fat land her husband had left her, and at the accustomed season the reaping, thrashing, and sacking machine put the crop into merchantable shape. She was a tall, gaunt, hard-featured Pike, with a beaked nose and a sharp voice; but not a bad woman as women went, though a contrast to her daugh-

ter, who was round and plump, with soft blue eyes and curling blonde hair. Cynthia was romantic, and with mystical tendencies. She was a ravenous reader, and her favorite reading was metaphysics and psychology. She was full of unsatisfied aspirations. She lived in dreamland, like the Maid of Domremy.

On one corner of the ranch stood a low butte, crowned with a scrub oak, which stretched forth one long stout limb near the ground, as if it proposed to pick a bunch of the orange eschscholtzias that carpeted the slope of the butte. Under this it was Cynthia's delight to lie and bask, and lose herself in wonderment over the end and aim of human life. At one time she saturated herself with the literature of esoteric Buddhism; but though she found it soothing at first, she confessed at last that it was unsatisfying. Swedenborg came nearer her idea, but after profound study, honesty compelled her to admit that she did not understand him. She wearied herself in trying to comprehend the difference between wisdom clothed with love, and love clothed with wisdom, and how a corpse can rise into a conscious perception of the spiritual world of which the living man had been an unconscious inhabitant. There was much that fascinated her in Christian Science, over which an excitement had just been roused by a lecturer at San Francisco. She could not bring herself to declare with Berkeley that matter is only an impression produced by divine power on the mind, but she could see that if certain gifted beings were able to inspire the sick with the capacity to throw off disease by an effort of the will, they would confer a priceless boon on humanity. What if she were herself

so gifted? She told her perplexities to her mother.

Like most Missourians, Mrs. Holbrow was a church-woman. She belonged to the sect of Bible Christians. She read nothing but the Bible, and she had read it so faithfully that she knew it by heart. Partly because the words of it were so familiar to her, she seldom stopped to consider the sense. For every emergency in life she had a text applicable, and the raw text was her guide. She scouted the notion that this or that passage in Scripture was symbolic or typical or figurative; the Bible, she said, was not written for the learned, but for the ignorant and the lowly.

"Surely, honey," said the old woman, "if ye kin heal the sick, ye oughter do so. But whar did ye get the gift? Our Lord gave his disciples power and authority over all devils and to cure diseases. They did cure 'em, as we read in Acts; the verse says, the sick folks were healed every one. But when were ye filled with the Holy Ghost?"

"Oh, I don't know, mamma darling. I don't know. I can't see. The whole thing is like a blurred vision. But sometimes, I seem to hear a voice which whispers,—'Rise, Cynthia, rise and pray, and whatever you ask it shall be granted you.'"

The old woman retorted sententiously: "What did the Lord say? 'O woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt?'"

As the mother and daughter talked, a cloud of dust traveled slowly along the brown country road, and presently out of the cloud emerged the buggy of Doctor Mark Edwards, a young New York physician, who had lately settled down to practice at Colusa. He was a genial, good-tempered six-footer, who mingled with his science an infusion of hard common sense, and a still stronger infusion of admiration for Miss Cynthia. In a few minutes the horse was hitched to the paling, and the Doctor was shak-

ing hands with the ladies on the piazza. He thought he had never seen anything prettier than Cynthia, in her simple white frock, with a fragrant Jacqueminot at her throat, a loose curly blonde bang overhanging her merry face, a pair of round, white, smooth arms protruding from her open sleeves, and the tiniest little foot peeping out from under her dress in the daintiest of all possible slippers.

"What d'ye think, Doctor?" said the mother, "here's Cynthia goin' into the doctorin' business."

"Hah!" replied Edwards, "I'm not surprised. These Christian Scientists are turning all the women's heads. You have attended their sessions, Miss Cynthia?"

Miss Holbrow laughed, and blushed, and nodded her head.

"I wish one of these lady scientists would come to me with a good lancinating toothache, and I wonder what she would answer if I told her she had no toothache, but only a belief in toothache." And he laughed a loud, hearty laugh.

Cynthia smiled and asked, "You don't believe, Doctor, in the faith cure, or in the efficacy of prayer to relieve disease?"

"My dear young lady, many of the cures which we doctors are supposed to perform are the work of nature. After a time a disease works itself out, and dries up or blows away,—disappears, in a word,—and the patient gets well. Then we doctors say: 'Ha! I thought that last prescription would fetch him.' But the trick is at the service of the quack, the charlatan, the faith curer, and the Christian Scientist. They can all point to cures under their treatment. They take the credit of the cures, though they might just as well have poured their drugs on the back steps, or prayed for the handle of the big front door."

"I fear you are a scoffer, Doctor."

"Then again, there are a number of diseases which proceed from occult causes, nervous depression, disappointment, balked hopes, mental perturbation. As the physician cannot in these cases ascertain the cause of the disease, and can only guess at it, with four chances of blundering against one chance of hitting right, he cannot prescribe intelligently, and as the cure of the malady must depend on an agency beyond his control, it is just as likely to be effected while the patient is in the hands of a faith curer or an Apache medicine man as if he were treated by a regular practitioner."

"Then you admit that disease may be cured by Christian Science?"

"I admit," answered the Doctor, laughing, "that I don't know what Christian science is; neither do I know the nature nor the causes of a large proportion of the diseases which afflict humanity. I will also admit that a treatment which tends to keep up the spirit of a sick person, and to strengthen his hopes of recovery, is more likely to conduce to his cure than a treatment which does nothing to relieve the depression and despondency that disease generally brings in its train."

"Then," asked Cynthia, rising from her chair, and speaking very slowly, with downcast eyes, "if you thought you might cure a patient by Christian Science, you would try it?"

"Miss Holbrow, I am bound to treat my patients according to the rules of my school, and my own judgment of their bodily condition. If I were not a doctor, and I fancied I could help a suffering creature by praying for him, or trying to persuade him that he did not have neuralgia in the face, but only a belief in neuralgia, I would most certainly try the treatment. But,—and remember this,—if the case were one in which life or permanent health were concerned, I would send for a doctor the very first thing."

When the Doctor left, Cynthia turned to her mother, and cried, "I think I see my duty now."

One of the cottages in the near-by village of Connerstown was occupied by old Widow Shanahan. She had been a martyr to rheumatism for years. There were times when she could not stir out of her bed. There were times when she shrieked at the entrance of a visitor, for fear he would inflict excruciating agony by touching her. Doctor Edwards had prescribed for her, but the treatment had no effect whatever.

"Rheumatism, Miss Holbrow," the honest young man had said, "is a generic name we doctors give to a score or more of acute diseases of the nerves, of which we know absolutely nothing. To humor our patients, we administer a variety of drugs, but if they are followed by a cessation of the pain, no one is more astonished than the doctor."

It had been Cynthia's habit to visit Mrs. Shanahan, to take her jellies and fruits and to read to her. She now asked the old Irishwoman if she might pray by her bedside.

"Av coorse, and welcome, my sweet young lady; 't is the prayers of angels the blessed Virgin sits in heaven to listen to."

The young girl buried her face in her hands, and prayed with fervor. She felt that she was like the Pharisee who was seeking for a sign,—if it was the purpose of the Creator that she should devote herself to healing, he would show it now. When she rose from her knees the withered face of the old woman was placid, and she muttered,—

"My darlint, my darlint, I'm thinkin' I feel aiser than for many a long day."

On the grass under the shining leaves of the slouching limb of the scrub oak Cynthia lay all that afternoon, twisting her hands. Here her mother found her, and sitting down, stroked her hair.

"Ye must n't wear yourself out, honey; come in and take a cup of tea."

"O, mamma," cried the girl, "I think I am crazy. It seems to me that there is but one life, one truth, one love, one spirit,—that God is all, that he pervades the whole universe, and that we are part of him. When I saw the wrinkles of pain smoothed away from that old woman's face, I asked myself, Was it in response to my prayer that the miracle was accomplished? If I am blessed with such power, must I not devote my life to its exercise for the benefit of my fellow creatures?"

Morning and evening for many days Cynthia prayed by Mrs. Shanahan's side; and though she did not succeed in explaining to the old woman the difference between a disease and a belief in disease, she impressed her patient with confidence. The Irishwoman's common sense revolted from the notion that her pain was imaginary, and could be thrown off at will. But there was no doubt that the pain was decreasing, and the paroxysms becoming less frequent. This was a fact which facilitated the deglutition of a world of theories. So when Cynthia bade her patient will away her rheumatism, and rise and walk, Mrs. Shanahan got out of bed after one look of astonishment, made an effort, dressed herself, and leaning on Cynthia's arm walked down the main street of Connerstown. People's jaws dropped at the sight, for Mrs. Shanahan had not been out of her house for ten years. Cynthia ran home, gasping and trembling, as one who had been detected in crime.

The town was plunged into commotion. People divided on Cynthia's merits, one party insisting that she was a fraud, or, at any rate, a witch, who in happier times would have been burned; another averring that she was the head of a new school of medicine, which was going to do away with physic. Among the latter many became patients of Cynthia, and they declared that they derived benefit from her visits. Young

girls asseverated that she did them a world of good. Sober heads were puzzled. Father O'Donovan walked over to Doctor Edwards's office, and asked him what he thought of this new method of healing.

"Father," said the medico, "I was just going to ask you that very question."

The curer of souls let it be known that he did not as yet identify Miss Holbrow with the Evil One, and that he thought people might consult her, and still be saved. But Connerstown was not unanimous; many, especially among the women, said that it was flying in the face of the Almighty to cure disease without medicine; and that it was presumptuous in a young girl who had never read a medical book to undertake to heal.

Meanwhile the girl thought and prayed, and her nervous exaltation grew higher and higher. She argued that a beneficent Deity could not be accessory to disease and pain, and that if people only had faith as they had in the days of the Apostles, the sick would be cured by divine interposition, and a new era would open for the world. Her woman's heart was full of charity and compassion; what a noble destiny would be hers if she could spend her life in ministering to the suffering!

She was in this transcendental frame when a messenger besought her to go over to the Widow Murphy's, to see a little boy who was very bad with fever. When she saw him, she saw enough to feel sure that he was very ill indeed. His symptoms were very marked, and when Cynthia in the gentlest and tenderest tones besought him to believe that he was not seriously ill, but only fancied that he was, the little chap muttered inarticulate phrases about having lost his top. He was delirious already. Cynthia's first impulse was to advise the mother to send for Doctor Edwards. But would not this be recanting her

faith on the very first test? Had she not received a mission from God to go into the world and heal every creature?

She fell on her knees and prayed as she had never prayed before. She took the little hot hand, and pressed it between her cool palms; her mild blue eyes beamed tenderness ineffable; she kissed the child's forehead, and entreated him to have faith, and to believe that he was getting well. Meanwhile the fever was rising as the level of a river rises after a mountain freshet, and the little fellow did not understand a word of what was said to him. She wrestled with the disease, according to her lights, until three in the morning; then her mother dragged her home, worn out, exhausted, broken in spirit, and scarcely able to stagger. At six, a messenger brought word that the child was dead.

A storm arose in Connerstown. Frowzy women, with foul tongues and disheveled hair, invaded the Murphy cottage, and shrieked that the little boy had been murdered. He would have been alive and getting well if he had had proper attendance. He was dead because the Widow Murphy had put him in the hands of a crank in petticoats, who said Methody prayers over him. The cries of the Irishwomen rose so loud that they reached the ears of their men, when they came home from the fields for their dinner. One of these, who had once been employed by Mrs. Holbrow and had been discharged for drunkenness, made the case his own, and rode ten miles to lay the facts before the coroner. That official knew the Holbrows, and was shocked at the tale; but he had no choice but to issue a warrant, and Cynthia was taken to the jail at Colusa.

Her exaltation had vanished in the presence of death. Her muscles collapsed; she lay like a log, speechless and motionless. She did not close her eyes, but the optic nerve conveyed no

picture from the retina. She did not answer the questions which were put to her. Friends entered her narrow, white-washed cell, and stood round the cot on which she crouched; she did not notice them; her vacant stare implied that she did not know them. The only sign of life she gave was just at sunset, when the approach of darkness added physical gloom to her mental gloom. Then she muttered,—

"It is the will of God; I had not faith enough."

Not so her old mother. The gaunt old woman had fighting blood in her, as became one who had lived through border warfare. Her thin lips set close, and there was a light in her eyes which boded war to her child's foes, and war to the hilt of the knife. She sat on a wooden chair by the girl's bedside, and clasped her round fingers in her hard, yellow hand.

The inquest was held in a long, bare room, which was furnished with a pine table, a few pine chairs, an ample supply of cuspidors, a bench running along the walls, and chromos of General Jackson and General Washington staring each other out of countenance. At one end of the table sat Cynthia, in a close-fitting black gown, pale and dull-eyed, with her hair brushed severely back from her forehead. Her mother still held her hand. On the other side sat the town marshal, his "gun" only half concealed under his coat-tail. In the crowd of rustics, male and female, and curious townspeople, which occupied seats on the bench against the wall, were Doctor Edwards and a strange gentleman.

Mrs. Murphy was the first witness. She testified that she sent for Cynthia at the advice of neighbors, who declared that she was as good a doctor as any, and charged nothing; that she had left the case in her hands; that Miss Holbrow had given the child no medicine, and that death had followed.

When the coroner remarked, "That is all," the strange gentleman sitting by Doctor Edwards rose, and observing, "I appear for the prisoner," asked:—

"Mrs. Murphy, your poor little boy was ill from Thursday morning till Friday at daybreak. Where were you during that time?"

"Where should I be, but wid me child?"

"Did you not go out at all?"

"O yis, sir, I wint to see me good friends, Mrs. Ennis and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, off and on in the afternoon and night, to tell them how Tommy was getting on, and to ask their advice."

"Then, there were many periods of time when a person could have entered your house without your knowing it?"

Mrs. Murphy, puzzled by the question, and not seeing its bearing, answered, "Yis, sir."

"That will do."

The next witness was the oldest practitioner in Colusa, a grim Missourian, named Coykery, with chin whiskers and bleary eyes, a shock of white hair, and a stream of tobacco juice trickling from the corner of his mouth. In answer to questions by the coroner, he testified:—

"Have been a practicing physician for thirty-five years. Have had hundreds of cases of scarlet fever, and know all about that disease. It is highly dangerous, and calls for energetic treatment. The patient should first be given an emetic; then he should be cupped over the loins, and leeches should be applied to the back of the ears. Calomel should be administered, followed by rhubarb, jalap, and salts and senna; the throat should be gargled with acetate of potassium, and in case the skin grows painfully hot, it should be doused with cold water. By this treatment the disease may be cured, and by no other. As for this so-called Christian Science treatment, it is mere charlatanry and humbug. I feel as certain that this young woman murdered the

Murphy child, as if I had seen her stick a knife into him."

The prisoner's counsel declined to cross-examine, and at his request the coroner called Doctor Edwards. Being requested to state what he knew of the case, he said:—

"When I heard of the illness of poor Tommy Murphy, it flashed upon me that Miss Holbrow might be called in, and I visited the child without being summoned. I found that it was a case of scarlet fever, of the most malignant type. The pulse was hard and galloping; the skin, which was scarlet, was 105 degrees; the throat was being rapidly closed by the inflammatory swelling, which had invaded the tonsils and pharynx. There was a rattle in the breathing. While I was present, the child had a convulsion. I made up my mind that the case must terminate fatally, and that no human skill could do more than Miss Holbrow might be expected to do. I left, and the lady came in and took charge. Three or four times during the afternoon and night, I repeated my visits, entering noiselessly by the back door, intending to try to save the child if I could."

At this Cynthia sprang to her feet, and cried, "O, Doctor Edwards!"

The witness continued quietly:—

"Each time I found Miss Holbrow in prayer at the bedside; but the child was long past help, either by prayer or science. If I had seen the smallest chance of saving him, I would have taken the case out of the lady's hands; as it was, she could do all that I could, perhaps more. So I left him dying. If any medical attendant is responsible for the child's death, it is I, not Miss Holbrow."

He sat down. Miss Holbrow rose, pale as a sheet of paper, swaying to and fro, and supporting herself by the back of a chair. Catching her breath, she said: "Gentlemen, when Doctor Edwards told you that he visited the child while I was in the room, he stated what

was not true. He was never there at that time. I can see why he said he was, but," she added, casting a proud look round the room, "I would rather die than be saved by a falsehood, even though it were spoken by a friend. If any one is responsible for the child's death, it is I, — I, — poor, miserable I, who had not faith enough to save him."

She sank back in a burst of sobs.

A silent thrill swept through the room. The lawyer struck the sympathetic note in an instant, and his words flowed with easy confidence.

"I declare to you, gentlemen, that I esteem it a privilege to have met this noble girl. She is the peer of the heroines of history who gave their lives for humanity. She is a saint, mistaken perhaps, as some of the saints were, but honest, sincere, self-denying, devoted to the noble work of doing good, overflowing with love and affection for the sick and suffering. Of you, sir," he added, pointing his finger at Father O'Donovan, who

stood against the wall, "I ask, is not Cynthia Holbrow, the weeping girl who sits there crushed by cruel misfortune and over-confidence in divine help, one who raises humanity above the common level?"


The warm-hearted priest let his hat fall in his eagerness to clap his hands. The pent-up emotion of the audience found a vent in shouts which culminated in a roar. Little need for the coroner to consult his jurymen. In that hot-headed community, it would not have been wholesome to hang that jury.

Cynthia was taken home by her mother, stricken with brain fever. When she recovered, Doctor Edwards prescribed change of scene. When she returned after a prolonged absence, a friend asked her whether she still practiced Christian Science? A shudder shot through her; then with a sad smile she replied:—

"I will leave medicine to my husband. I suppose you know that I am engaged to Doctor Edwards."

*John Bonner.*

## THE REPUBLIC OF SHANGHAI.



S a bright and refreshing oasis of Western civilization in the dreary waste of Chinese life, the little far-away republic of Shanghai is interesting. Half a century ago last autumn, as one of the results of the Opium War, a small tract of land just north of the native city of Shanghai was set apart for the residence of all foreigners that might come for trade under the right established by the

war. Within this territory the hated foreigner was to be permitted to rent land upon which to build his houses and warehouses, and live apart under the jurisdiction of his own officials. It was not anticipated that this tract would be occupied in any part by the natives, but two hundred thousand of them have settled within it, and voluntarily submitted themselves to the jurisdiction of the "foreign devils." Fifty years have transformed what was then little better than a swamp into a city which affords its citizens nearly all the conveniences and luxuries of the best Occidental civilization.

You will look in vain on the map for anything more than the word "Shang-

hai," and in the cold, colorless phraseology of diplomatic correspondence the tiny republic is referred to as "the foreign settlement of Shanghai." The foreign city is divided into what are known as the American, English, and French settlements. The latter has a separate municipal organization, but enjoys a comparatively small measure of prosperity, and is only interesting as another illustration of the inaptitude of the French for colonization. The English and American settlements are under one government, and it is of this we write. What is popularly known as the American settlement is so called simply because the first two or three houses were built by Americans. It is as much English as American in population. The American Consulate is in the English settlement, which in a legal sense is no more English than it is German or American. Shanghai is not in any sense a colony. It is not governed from London, or Berlin, or Washington, but is self-governed, and if we regard the form and spirit of its government we are justified in writing of it as the republic of Shanghai. In doing so we follow our fancy, for "republic" expresses the sharp sense of contrast as we think of this little settlement of sturdy, independent, progressive Westerners on the fringe of the oldest and most stubbornly conservative of the nations of the earth.

Constitutional republicanism cheek-by-jowl with patriarchy! The oldest and youngest forms of political organization in juxtaposition! Thus Shanghai has an interest for us altogether out of proportion to its size. In the foreground we have four or five thousand Europeans — in the East, Europeans include Americans — enjoying the highest fruits of Western civilization under a government founded on a written constitution, completely responsive to public opinion, and performing the customary functions of a municipal organization so

efficiently that Shanghai-landers love to speak of their home as the "model settlement." There you will find perfect roads, water works, gas, electric lights, telephones, sanitary regulations, public schools, churches, theaters, clubs, libraries, hospitals, hotels, daily papers, fire and militia companies, banks, benevolent organizations, and in a word, nearly all the institutions that characterize our modern civilization. In the background are three hundred and fifty millions of people, possessed of marvelous industry and patience, and potentially very great but actually very weak and benighted, by reason of a stifling, paralyzing conservatism. Perhaps the comparative darkness of the background lends a fictitious brightness to the little spot in the foreground; but it is nevertheless true that it would be very difficult indeed to find a city of five thousand inhabitants anywhere in Europe or America possessing in so high a degree as Shanghai the manifold elements of civilization; and this is true, because the men who have built Shanghai were picked men — men of wealth, of education, of broad experience and liberal views.

The most interesting thing about Shanghai is the very fact of its existence. Fancy a handful of men taking a few acres of land from the territory of a nation they had just conquered, and there setting up and successfully operating their own government amidst an ignorant, hostile, and inordinately suspicious people. The situation was pregnant with difficulty; and yet, although the two governments have inevitably had many points of contest, controversies have been settled with wonderful good sense and moderation, considering that each party has been unable from difference of race and tradition quite to understand the other. Mutual comprehension and resulting good-will have increased from year to year. The convenient proximity of



men-of-war has undoubtedly been a potent factor in the solution of the problem, but it was a problem far too difficult to be solved by force alone, and we are justified in looking upon its successful solution as another interesting example, none the less interesting for being on a small scale, of the rare political capacity of the English-speaking race. Although other races have been present, the development of Shanghai has been the work of Englishmen and Americans. At present the German population is increasing rapidly, and will undoubtedly play an important part in the future of Shanghai.

The government of the city is in the consuls of the various nations represented there, and a municipal council elected by the land renters. The latter, in their annual meeting, which resembles the town meeting of New England, vote the tax levy and pass municipal ordinances. This is the legislative body of the little commonwealth. The council is the administrative body, while the ultimate executive power is in the consuls, who in addition exercise exclusive jurisdiction over their own countrymen. For example: if an American commits a crime against a Chinaman or an Englishman, he is tried in the American Consular Court. If an American has a claim against an Englishman, he must sue him in the English Consular Court, and vice versa.

All criminal and civil actions against Chinamen are brought in what is known as the Mixed Court, presided over by a Chinese judge assisted by a European official. This unique institution is not only a happy device for the government of the Chinamen within the settlement, but it has the additional virtue of bringing the Chinese and European officials into intimate relation, with the fortunate result of increasing mutual good will and respect. While the function of the foreign official is advisory rather than judicial, we nevertheless have in

this court the surprising spectacle of Chinese and European officials sitting together for the administration of justice. As the Mixed Court enforces the municipal ordinances, we have the anomaly of a Chinese judge enforcing on Chinese subjects in Chinese territory a law made by the foreigner.

There is not simply this overlapping of the foreign and Chinese jurisdictions. In addition there are ten or a dozen consular courts, with jurisdictions coterminous with the municipality. The situation is such that orderly government would be impossible in the absence of a very high degree of forbearance and co-operation on the part of the various officials. A give-and-take policy has grown up, and the harmonious co-operation of all nationalities has resulted not only in good government, but also in developing a spirit of friendliness among the various nationalities of the population.

The anomalous and composite character of Shanghai is shown by her postal arrangements. As China is not in the Postal Union, foreigners have been compelled to establish post offices in connection with their consulates. There are seven post offices in Shanghai using their own stamps. Shanghai is the only place out of the United States where a letter may be posted with an American stamp. All American mail for North China is sent to San Francisco, where it is made up and sent to the United States Postal Agency at Shanghai. From thence it is sent to our consuls at the various ports. In posting a letter in Shanghai for America, one has a choice of the American, Japanese, German, French, and English post offices.

The river full of shipping, the large office buildings on the Bund, the warehouses, the nine banks, the innumerable bamboo coolies bearing chests of tea and bales of silk and cotton, the busy wharves, the whole aspect of Shanghai, proclaim its commercial importance. If

you are an American, there are steamers in the river that will have a particularly friendly air. They are light draft side-wheelers, such as you have seen on the Mississippi, and indeed they were built in America for the river Yangtse, which, with its shallows and ever-shifting bed, is like Mark Twain's river, only more so. They run up the Yangtse as far as Hankow, calling at Nanking, Wuhu and Chinkiang. These river steamers, with those that go up the coast to Chefoo, Tientsin, and Newchwang, and down to Ningpo, Foochow, Swatow, HongKong, and Canton, tell the story of Shanghai's commercial supremacy, and explain the reason of her existence. They bring down to Shanghai the tea, silk, hides, and other products that make up China's exports, and carry back foreign goods, besides doing much of the native carrying trade. A large fraction of the exports from China to Europe and America pass through Shanghai, and the same is true of imports, and the reason of this lies in her position at the mouth of the Yangtse. The geographical distribution of the chief articles of export, and the difficulties of navigation on the rivers and coast, combine to make some port on the coast, and near the Yangtse, easily accessible to sea-going vessels, a commercial necessity. Hence, the wonderful growth of Shanghai.

Nothing but the imperious demands of commerce would have built up a European settlement at Shanghai. The situation is forbidding to a degree; the city is built on what is little better than a mud flat, thirteen miles from the sea, on the Wangpoo River, which empties into the Yangtse just as the latter reaches the sea. As you sail up the Wangpoo there is absolutely nothing to relieve the dreary flatness. For the traveler this ugliness is accentuated by the memory of the rare beauty of Hong Kong or Nagasaki, which he has just left behind. The æsthetic pilgrim may well pass Shanghai by, for there is

scarcely anything there to minister to his sense of the beautiful.

The Bund, with its trees and green-sward sloping to the river, and large, white business houses, is not unattractive, seen from the deck of the steamer as you approach. The buildings of brick, and mostly covered with white stucco, are massive, and higher than you are accustomed to see in the East. One of the largest is the Club, where centers so much of the life of the settlement. The exterior is a pain to the eye, but its interior appointments would satisfy the most exacting taste. There you will find a large library, a reading room with all the leading periodicals of the world, large dining and billiard rooms, and everything a modern club man fancies his comfort demands. The Club's cuisine and bar are famous throughout the East, and for many have done much to mollify the asperities of exile and an unfriendly climate. They have, also, perhaps played some part in establishing Shanghai's reputation for being one of the most unhealthful places of residence in the world.

Curiosity is challenged by four or five hulks anchored in the river just off the Bund. They are bonded warehouses for opium,—unpleasant reminders of the unholy source of much of Shanghai's wealth. The day seems approaching when England will no longer allow the exigencies of Indian government as an excuse for her complicity in this unfortunate trade.

At one end of the Bund on the river bank are the small but attractive Public Gardens, affording a much needed breathing place during the heated season. They are about the only sacrifice that commercial Shanghai makes to the beautiful. You can spend a delightful hour here, listening to the band and watching the shipping in the river or the people about you. The people and the shipping are alike remarkable for their diversity. You will almost always

see English, German, American, French, and Chinese men-of-war in the river; frequently those of Japan, Russia, Austria, and Italy. There are always in the river representatives of one or more of the four lines of mail steamers that sail between Shanghai and Europe.

Just below the Gardens you will see one of the finely equipped Nippon Yusen Kaisha steamers at her wharf,—a

at Tacoma. In addition to the mail steamers there are four regular freight lines to Europe.

This varied shipping in the river, within sight of the Gardens and Bund, is a never-failing source of interest, and this interest is enhanced by the multiform and picturesque water craft of the natives. Past you drift, as they drop down to the sea on the out-going tide, huge



THE BUND FROM THE PUBLIC GARDEN.

reminder of the maritime enterprise and ambition of the Japanese. These steamers connect with the San Francisco line at Yokohama, and carry the American mail. The magnificent steamers of the Canadian Pacific Railroad stop for passengers and cargo, and are proving very serious competitors for the American trade. The Northern Pacific Railroad also has a line of steamers calling at Shanghai, with the home port

high-pooed junks, such as you used to wonder at in your geographies years ago; and as they seemed grotesquely absurd then so do they now, as you see them amidst the European shipping. Nothing on the seas is so comical as a Chinese junk loaded with bamboo poles, for she will have enormous bundles of them bound to her sides, doubling her width and making of her as formless a mass as you will ever see afloat.



THE BUND, WITH THE ENGLISH CLUB IN THE FOREGROUND.

The wonderful commingling of races at Shanghai is the secret of much of her charm. The cosmopolitan character of her population has saved Shanghai from the provincialism which is the bane of most colonies. The tone of society is distinctly English, but not oppressively so. The presence of large numbers of Americans, Germans, and Frenchmen, serves to lighten the social atmosphere. On any pleasant afternoon at the Gardens it will be exceptional if you do not see Englishmen, Americans, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Danes, Germans, Frenchmen, Russians, Norwegians, Swedes, Portuguese, Japanese, Parsees, Jews, Manilamen, Sikhs, and Chinese,—a veritable congress of the nations.

During the dewless summer evenings there are nightly band concerts, which are very popular. Then the Gardens about the band-stand are fairly covered with reclining chairs. As you lie there in your white flannels, listening to the band and smoking your after-dinner cigar, you are willing to confess that exile in Shanghai has its compensations,

and at such moments you can think without envy of the lot of your brothers in the over-crowded cities at home. You are even able to forget the trying heat of the day in the cool of the evening, and if you are an indolent man, you will come very near falling in love with Shanghai. The music is good, and there is endless diversion in watching the promenaders as they unconsciously display their various national characteristics.

To the lover of sports Shanghai has much to offer. The opportunity for yachting afforded by the river is not neglected. Up-country trips on the creeks about Shanghai in comfortable bum-boats are very popular, and the shooting to be had is excellent. Pheasants, ducks, geese, and snipe, abound, and deer are quite common. The Europeans have brought down the Mongolian pony, and have been well rewarded for their pains, for this spirited little animal contributes immensely to the enjoyment of living in Shanghai. It is quite small, but displays surprising

nerve, speed, and endurance. Shanghai could not be as English as it is and not have a race-course. The spring and autumn races are vastly important events in the little community. Cricket, foot-ball, lawn tennis, and paper hunts, have numerous devotees. The mild, even temperature invites these out-door sports, which serve to bring the various elements of the city into friendly rela-

sion in the matter. In the early days, when there were enormous profits in business and no home restraint, there was much dissipation and consequent mortality. Friends at home naturally enough preferred to attribute the latter to the climate rather than to the true cause; hence much of Shanghai's reputation for unhealthfulness. Cholera, fever, liver disease, and malaria are unde-



A GLIMPSE OF THE WALL OF THE NATIVE CITY.

tion. All nationalities participate, with the happy result of developing a spirit of friendliness, without which it would be well nigh impossible to maintain a government with powers so ill defined, and administered by officers of different nationalities.

It is undeniable that Shanghai has the reputation of being a very unhealthful place of residence, and perhaps deservedly so, but its population is so shifting that it is difficult to reach a just conclu-

niably common, and a higher degree of care is necessary for the preservation of health on the part of Northerners than at home.

The winters are delightful, being just cool enough to give a tonic to the system and make out-door exercise a pleasure. From the middle of June to the last of September the temperature is continuously high, though the thermometer very rarely registers above 95 deg. Fahr. The difference of temperature between



THE CANGUE, A CHINESE PUNISHMENT.

day and night is not so marked as in the Northern States of America. Indeed, the evenings during July and August are seldom cool enough to precipitate a dew. While the heat never registers so high as it does at times in New York, it is far more enervating, and proves a serious drain on the strength of most Northern constitutions. Individual foreigners may live in Shanghai for years without any material impairment of health, but it is highly improbable that Northerners could live there from generation to generation without suffering a loss of racial vigor.

Despite the trying summers, most Europeans thoroughly enjoy a temporary residence at Shanghai. There is an open, hospitable manner of living, and a freedom from the stress and

closeness of life at home. The friendliness which exists between the different nationalities, and the fact that its population is made up of people who have enjoyed much travel and wide experience, make social intercourse agreeable. The cost of living is less than at home, and salaries, as a rule, larger, so that for most there is a distinct advance in life. Servants are cheap and the foreigner of small means enjoys an unaccustomed ease.

The future of Shanghai is involved in the future of Western influence in China. The one will go *pari passu* with the other. Those who know the most about China are least inclined to dogmatize regarding the future extent of that influence. At all events, Shanghai will continue to be a valuable object lesson to teach the Chinese the character of Western civilization. Her schools are teaching many Chinese the English language; her missionary presses are issuing translations of our scientific works; her shops are teaching Western arts; her hospitals are proving the superiority of Western surgery and medicine; her banks and commercial houses are teaching Western methods of business; her commerce is acquainting the Chinese with the outside world; her missionary societies are sending out in all directions



A BIT OF CHINESE SHANGHAI.

earnest and aggressive men and women to teach a pure and spiritual religion and much besides : and her government presents to them the novel spectacle of a government run in the interest of the public, rather than the officials.

Here is a volume of subversive and vivifying influences that Chinese immobility cannot wholly withstand, but we are less prone to indulge in great hopes of Western influence in China than were our fathers fifty years ago.

*Mark B. Dunnell.*

*Ex U. S. Vice and Deputy Consul-General.*

## THE SONG OF THE BALBOA SEA.

### SONG SECOND.

"And God said, Let there be light."

*Rise up! How brief this little day!  
We can but kindle some dim light  
Here in the darkened, wooded way  
Before the gathering of night.  
Come, let us kindle it. The dawn  
Shall find us tenting further on.  
Come, let us kindle ere we go—  
We know not where; but this we know:  
Night cometh on, and man needs light.  
Come! camp-fire embers, ere we pass  
Yon weird archway of night.*

Life is so brief, so very brief,  
So rounded in, we scarce can see  
The fruitage grown below the leaf  
And foliage of a single tree  
In all God's garden; yet we know  
That goodly fruits must grow and grow  
Beyond our vision. We but stand  
In some deep hollow of God's hand,  
Hear some sweet bird its little day,  
See cloud and sun a season pass,  
And then, sweet friend, away!

Clouds pass, they come again; and we,  
Are we, then, less than these to God?  
Oh, for the stout faith of a tree  
That drops its small seeds to the sod,  
Safe in the hollow of God's hand,

And knows that perish from the land  
 It shall not! Yea, this much we know,  
 That each, as best it can, shall grow  
 As God has fashioned, grow again,  
 To do its best in cloud or sun,  
 Or in His still, small rain.

Oh, good to see is faith in God!  
 But better far is faith in good:  
 The one seems but a sign, a nod,  
 The one seems God's own flesh and blood.  
 How many names of God are sung?  
 But good is good in every tongue.  
 And this the light, the Holy Light  
 That leads through night and night and night;  
 Through nights named death, that lie between  
 The days named life, the ladder round  
 Unto the Infinite Unseen.

## I.

The man stood silent, peering past  
 His utmost verge of memory.  
 What lay beyond, beyond that vast  
 Bewildering darkness and dead sea  
 Of noisome vapors and dread night?  
 No light! not any sense of light  
 Beyond that life when love was born  
 On that first, far, dim rim of morn:  
 No light beyond that beast that clung  
 In darkness by the light of love  
 And died to save her young.

And yet we know life must have been  
 Before that dark, dread life of pain;  
 Life germs, love germs of gentle men,  
 So small, so still; as still, small rain.  
 But whence this life, this living soul,  
 This germ that grows a godlike whole?  
 I can but think of that sixth day  
 When God first set his hand to clay,  
 And did in His own image plan  
 A perfect form, a manly form,  
 A comely, godlike man.

## II.

Didst grow the soul's germ from the deeps,  
 The while God's spirit moved upon



The waters? High-built Lima keeps  
 A rose-path, like a ray of dawn;  
 And simple, pious peons say  
 Sweet Santa Rosa passed that way;  
 And so, because of her fair fame  
 And saintly face, the roses came.  
 Shall we not say, ere that first morn,  
 When God moved, garmented in mists,  
 Some sweet soul germs were born?

## III.

The strange, strong man still kept the prow,  
 His soul still saw before light was,  
 The dawn of love, the huge sea cow,  
 The living slime, love's deathless laws.  
 He knew love lived, lived ere a blade  
 Of grass, or ever light was made;  
 And love was in him, of him, as  
 The light was on the sea of glass.  
 It made his soul great, and he grew  
 To look on God all unabashed;  
 To look dead eons through.

## IV.

Illuming Love! what talisman!  
 That Word which makes the world go round!  
 That Word which bore worlds in its plan!  
 That Word which was the Word profound!  
 That Word which was the great first Cause  
 Before light was, before sight was!  
 I would not barter love for gold  
 Enough to fill a great ship's hold;  
 Nay, not for all Victoria's land—  
 So vast the sun sets not upon—  
 With scepter too in hand.

I would not barter love for all  
 The silver spilling from the moon;  
 I would not barter love at all  
 Though you should coin each afternoon  
 Of gold for centuries to be,  
 And count the coin all down as free,  
 As conqueror fresh home from wars,—  
 Coin sunset bars, coin heaven-born stars,  
 Coin all below, coin all above,  
 Count all down at my feet, yet I—  
 I would not barter love.

The strange man started, stood as when  
A strong man hears, yet does not hear.  
He raised his hand, let fall, and then  
Quick arched his hand above his ear  
And leaned a little; yet no sound  
Broke through the vast, serene profound.  
Man's soul first knew the telephone  
In sense and language all its own.  
The tall man heard, yet heard no tone;  
He saw and yet he did not see  
That he was not alone.

Lo! there, half hiding, crouching there  
Against the capstan, coils on coils  
Of rope, some snow still in her hair,  
Like Time too eager for his spoils,  
He saw such face raised to his face  
As only dream of dreams give place;  
Such shyness, boldness, seashell tint,  
Such book as only God may print,  
Such tender, timid, holy look  
Of startled love and trust and hope,—  
A gold-bound story book.

And while the great ship rose and fell,  
Or rocked or rounded with the sea,  
He saw,—a little thing to tell,  
An idle, silly thing, maybe,—  
Where her right arm was bent to clasp  
Her robe's fold in some closer clasp,  
A little isle of melting snow  
That round about and to and fro  
And up and down kept eddying.  
It told so much, that idle isle,  
Yet such a little thing.

It told she, too, was of a race  
Born when the baby world was born;  
She, too, familiar with God's face,  
Knew folly but to shun and scorn;  
And so all night had sat to read  
By heaven's light, to hear, to heed  
The awful voice of God, to grow  
In soul, to see, to know  
The harmony of elements  
That tear and toss the sea of seas  
To foam-built battle tents.

He saw that drifting isle of snow  
 As some lorn miner sees bright gold  
 Seamed deep in quartz, and joys to know  
 That here lies hidden wealth untold.  
 And now his head was lifted strong,  
 As glad men lift the head in song.  
 He knew she, too, had spent the night  
 As he, in all that wild delight  
 Of battling elements; she, too,  
 He knew, was of that oldest time  
 When oldest stars were new.

Her soul's ancestral book bore date  
 Beyond the peopling of the moon,  
 Beyond the day when Saturn sate  
 In royal cincture, and the boon  
 Of light and life bestowed on stars  
 And satellites; when martial Mars  
 Waxed red with battle rage, and shook  
 The porch of heaven with a look;  
 When polar ice-shafts propt gaunt earth,  
 And slime was but the womb of time,  
 That knew not yet of birth.

## V.

To be what thou wouldst truly be,  
 Be bravely, truly, what thou art.  
 The acorn houses the huge tree,  
 And patient, silent bears its part,  
 And bides the miracle of time.  
 For miracle, and more sublime  
 It is than all that has been writ,  
 To see the great oak grow from it.  
 But thus the soul grows, grows the heart,—  
 To be what thou wouldst truly be,  
 Be truly what thou art.

To be what thou wouldst truly be,  
 Be true. God's finger sets each seed,  
 Or when or where we may not see;  
 But God shall nourish to its need  
 Each one, if but it dares be true  
 To do what it is set to do.  
 Thy proud soul's heraldry! 'Tis writ  
 In every gentle action; it  
 Can never be contested. Time  
 Dates thy brave soul's ancestral book  
 From thy first deed sublime.

## VI.

Wouldst learn to love one little flower,  
Its perfume, perfect form and hue?  
Yea, wouldst thou have one perfect hour  
Of all the years that come to you?  
Then grow as God hath planted, grow  
A lordly oak or daisy low,  
As He hath set His garden, be  
But what thou art, or grass or tree.  
Thy treasures up in heaven laid  
Await thy sure ascending soul,  
Life after life,—be not afraid!

Wouldst know the secrets of the soil?  
Wouldst have Earth bare her breast to you?  
Wouldst know the sweet rest of hard toil?  
Be true, be true, be ever true!  
Ah me, these self-made cuts of wrong  
That hew men down! Behold the strong  
And comely Adam bound with lies  
And banished from his paradise!  
The serpent on his belly still  
Eats dirt through all his piteous days,  
Do penance as he will.

Poor, piteous, prostrate, tortuous snake,  
What soul crawls here upon the ground?  
God willed this soul at birth to take  
The round of beauteous things, the round  
Of earth, the round of boundless skies.  
It lied, and lo! how low it lies!  
What quick, sleek tongue to lie with here!  
Wast thou a broker but last year?  
Wast known to fame, wast rich and proud?  
Didst live a lie that thou mightst die  
With pockets in thy shroud?

## VII.

Be still, be pitiful! yon soul  
May yet be rich in peace as thine.  
Yea, as the shining ages roll  
That rich man's soul may rise and shine  
Beyond Orion; yet may reel  
The Pleiades with belts of steel  
That compass commerce in their reach;  
May learn and learn, and learning, teach,  
The while his soul grows grandly old,  
How nobler 't is to share a crust  
Than hoard a car of gold!

## VIII.

Oh, but to know, to surely know  
How strangely beautiful is light!  
How just one gleam of light will glow  
And grow more beautifully bright  
Than all the gold that ever lay  
Below the wide-arched Milky Way!  
"Let there be light!" and lo! the burst  
Of light in answer to the first  
Command of high Jehovah's voice!  
Let there be light for souls tonight  
That they, too, may rejoice.

The little isle of ice and snow  
That in her gathered garment lay,  
And dashed and drifted to and fro  
Unhindered of her, went its way  
In peace. The warm winds of Japan  
Were with them, and the silent man  
Sat with her, saying, hearing naught,  
Yet seeing, noting all; as one  
Sees not, yet all day sees the sun.  
He knew her silence, heeded well  
Her dignity of idle hands  
In this deep, tranquil spell.

## IX.

The true soul surely knows its own.  
Deep down in this man's heart he knew,  
Somehow, somewhere along the zone  
Of time, his soul should come unto  
His soul's seaport, some pleasant land  
Of rest where she should reach a hand.  
He had not questioned God. His care  
Was to be worthy, fit to share  
The glory, peace and perfect rest,  
Come how or when or where it comes,  
As God in time sees best.  
Her face reached forward, not to him,  
But forward, upward, as for light;  
For light that lay a silver rim  
Of scalit whiteness more than white.  
The vast, full morning poured and spilled  
Its splendor down, and filled and filled  
And overfilled the heaped-up sea  
With silver molten suddenly.  
The night lay trenched in her meshed hair;  
The tint of seashells left the sea  
To make her more than fair.

What massed, what matchless midnight hair!  
Her wide, sweet, sultry, drooping mouth,  
As droops some flower when the air  
Blows odors from the ardent South —  
That Sapphic, sensate, bended bow  
Of deadly archery; as though  
Love's legions fortress'd there, and sent  
Red arrows from his bow full bent.  
Such apples! such sweet fruit concealed  
Of perfect womanhood made more  
Sweet pain than if revealed.

## X.

How good a thing it is to house  
Thy full heart treasures to that day  
When thou shalt take her, and carouse  
Thenceforth with her for aye and aye;  
How good a thing to give the store  
That thus the thousand years or more,  
Poor-hungered, holy worshiper,  
You kept for her, and only her!  
How well with all thy wealth to wait  
Or year, or thousand thousand years,  
Her coming at love's gate!

The winds pressed warmly from Japan  
Upon her pulsing womanhood.  
They fanned such fires in the man  
His face shone glory where he stood.  
In Persia's rose-fields, I have heard,  
There sings a sad, sweet, one-winged bird;  
Sings ever sad in lonely round  
Until his one-winged mate is found;  
And then, side laid to side, they rise  
So swift, so strong, they even dare  
The doorway of the skies.

How rich was he! how richer she!  
Such treasures up in heaven laid,  
Where moth and rust may never be,  
Nor thieves break in, or make afraid.  
Such treasures, where the tranquil soul  
Walks space, nor limit nor control  
Can know, but journeys on and on  
Beyond the golden gates of dawn;  
Beyond the outmost round of Mars;  
Where God's foot rocks the cradle of  
His newborn baby stars.

## XI.

As one who comes upon a street  
Or sudden turn in pleasant path,  
As one who suddenly may meet  
Some scene, some sound, some sense that hath  
A memory of olden days,  
Of days that long have gone their ways,  
She caught her breath, caught quick and fast  
Her breath, as if her whole life passed  
Before, and pendent to and fro  
Swung in the air before her eyes;  
And oh, her heart beat so!

Ay, this was Sappho, she who sang  
When mourning Jeremiah sung;  
When harps, as weeping willows hang,  
Hung from his willows, mute, unstrung.  
The Japan winds, the warm sea-waves  
Laid bare her thousand Grecian graves,  
And Lesbian hills and Tempe's vales  
Retold her thousand tender tales;  
Ten thousand tales of weal or woe;  
And she was Sappho, as of old,  
And oh, her heart beat so!

How her heart beat! Three thousand years  
Of weary, waiting womanhood,  
Of folded hands, of falling tears,  
Of lone soul-wending through dark wood;  
But now at last to meet once more  
Upon the bright, all-shining shore  
Of life, in life's resplendent dawn,  
And he so fair to look upon!  
Tall Phaon and the world aglow!  
Tall Phaon, favored of the gods,  
And oh, her heart beat so!

Her heart beat so, no word she spake;  
She pressed her palms, she leaned her face,—  
Her heart beat so, its beating brake  
The cord that held her robe in place  
About her wondrous, rounded throat,  
And in the warm winds let it float  
And fall upon her round, warm arm,  
So warm it made the morning warm.  
Then pink and pearl forsook her cheek,  
And, "Phaon, I am Sappho, I —"  
Nay, nay, she did not speak.

Her dark Greek eyes turned to the sea;  
Lo, Phaon's ferry as of old!  
He kept his boat's prow still, and he  
Was stately, comely, strong and bold  
As when he ferried gods, and drew  
Immortal youth from one who knew  
His scorn of gold. The Lesbian shore  
Lay yonder, and the rocky roar  
Against the promontory told  
And told her piteous tale of love,  
That never can grow old.

Three thousand years! yet love was young  
And fair as when Æolis knew  
Her glory, and her great soul strung  
The harp that still sweeps ages through.  
Ionic dance or Doric war,  
Or purpled dove or dulcet car,  
Or dove unyoked or close-yoked dove,  
What meant it all but love and love?  
And at the naming of Love's name  
She raised her eyes, and lo! her doves!  
Just as of old they came.

*Joaquin Miller.*

(CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.)





## THE STORY OF O'DOUD'S DIGGIN'S.

## EARLY FREAKS OF FORTUNE IN CALIFORNIA.

THERE are certainly a few men in California that still remember Timothy O'Doud. He was in some respects the strangest of the strange medley of men, largely composed of soldiers, sailors, farmers, and trappers, who first penetrated the mountains of California in search of gold. He was brave, reckless, and generous, and for a time so petted by fortune as to be the envy and wonder of the less successful.

When a boy of fourteen, Timothy immigrated with his parents to New York from somewhere in the north of Ireland. His father, Michael O'Doud, was a machinist by occupation. He earned fair wages in Ireland; but as his family consisted of a wife and four children, of whom Timothy was the eldest, he concluded to seek a brighter future for himself and little ones in the New World.

He did not land in New York quite empty-handed. His small savings, added to the proceeds of the sale of a few acres of inherited land, enabled him to purchase an interest in an established business, and in the course of a few years the O'Douds were in very comfortable circumstances.

The personal belongings of young Timothy consisted of stout limbs, a handsome face, a bit of brogue, and a pronounced aversion to manual labor. Under the circumstances, his father concluded to educate him for one of the learned professions, and he was sent to the public schools, with the understanding that the requisite advancement there would be followed by a college course. But he exhibited as little taste for the mental drudgery of the school-room as for the muscular demands of the workshop, and was as irregular in

his school attendance as he was careless and imperfect in his studies. At sixteen he was a member of a hose company, which gave him a pretext for leaving his room at all hours of the night and returning at any hour in the morning, and at nineteen he enlisted as a volunteer for the Mexican war. Being a minor, his father secured his release, which so enraged him that he refused to continue his studies, or fit himself in any way to earn an honest living.

He was not vicious. He was simply wild, rollicking, and irresolute. Frank, generous, and courageous, he was a general favorite; but his father saw that nothing could be hoped for him in New York, and when he finally enlisted in Stevenson's regiment, bound for California by the way of Cape Horn, no objection was interposed. It was thought that the discipline of the Army might give him stability of character. The mother wept, and the hand of the father trembled as he gave it to the young soldier in parting, but Tim sailed away with the blessings of both.

The voyage was long, and before Stevenson's regiment reached Monterey, California was in possession of the Americans, never to be relinquished. In 1848, after the ratification of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the regiment was disbanded, and Tim was of the number of the rank and file who remained in California.

He left the service a corporal, and with two or three other members of the disbanded regiment proceeded to San Francisco, where a whale-boat was procured, and in two weeks the party succeeded in reaching Sacramento, the old embarcadero of Captain Sutter. That

point was then the center of the new gold excitement, and Tim made his way to the mountains, and at once engaged in the business of mining. He claimed that he was the first miner who washed out a hundred ounces of gold with his own hands, and offered the dust for sale in a single lot.

For three years or more Tim's luck in mining seemed to be almost phenomenal. Like the waters from the smitten rock, everywhere streams of gold gushed forth in answer to the stroke of his pick. He found gold where no one else thought of looking for it, and if there was an exceptionally rich "pocket" in any camp in which he happened to be mining, it was pretty sure to be within the boundaries of his claim.

He rarely remained longer than two or three consecutive months in the same locality; but, however brief the sojourn, it was generally sufficient to enable him to sack as many ounces of gold dust as he could conveniently carry to Sacramento or San Francisco, where the spoil was wasted on gaming tables, and eagerly exchanged for a few days of riotous living.

Instead of resenting the style in which her gifts were squandered by Corporal O'Doud, Fortune plainly winked at his excesses, and year after year he scattered his large earnings without a thought of the future. As long-toms and sluices were gradually introduced in mining, involving the necessity of co-operative labor, Tim was occasionally induced to enter into copartnerships with miners who hoped to profit by his luck; but his good fortune invariably deserted him when he attempted to share it directly with others, and he was compelled to strike out for himself alone whenever a speedy refilling of his purse was desired.

Now, all these events in the life of Corporal O'Doud, including his apparently psychologic gift in locating deposits of gold, were gathered from his

own lips, and the testimony of two or three of his friends, when I first met him on Jones's Bar, on the South Yuba, late in the autumn of 1851. Three or four months prior to that time he had abruptly severed his connection with a party of five or six miners, who were tunneling into the mountain in search of an old channel on the north side of the river, nearly opposite the upper end of the Bar.

The Corporal's instincts were correct. As subsequently ascertained, there was really no old channel to be found at that point; and after spending a month in prospecting in and around the tunnel, he shouldered his blankets one morning and started up the trail leading to Nevada City. In addition to his interest in the tunnel, he left with his partners a demijohn of whisky and three fourths of all the gold dust remaining in his purse, and promised to visit them, on his way to Sacramento, before the rainy season began, with more gold than he could carry.

TIM pretty nearly fulfilled his promise. Where he went after leaving the Bar I did not ascertain, but one afternoon, in the latter part of the succeeding October, Corporal O'Doud descended the Nevada trail, and came marching unsteadily down the flat. He was tastefully clad in black doeskin trousers, tucked into low-top boots of fine material and finish; a gray flannel shirt open at the collar, and disclosing a white merino undergarment, and a broad-brimmed white fur hat. About his neck was a loosely knotted silk handkerchief, and around his waist a heavy red silk scarf, with fringed ends falling at the side. The scarf partially concealed a glazed leather belt, from which hung a scabbarded knife and revolver. His hair and whiskers had been recently trimmed, —and altogether, as I first saw him, he was a striking and picturesque representative of that robust and self-reliant

manhood with which the early pioneers of the Pacific were so largely endowed.

A few yards in front of the Corporal trotted a Chinaman, with a bamboo pole across his shoulder, from each end of which was suspended a basket. One of them contained a demijohn, surrounded by a dozen or more bottles; and the other, a gunny-sack, in which were five buckskin purses of gold dust—sufficiently heavy in the aggregate to counterbalance the merchandise at the other end of the pole. The frequent shifting of the burden from shoulder to shoulder showed that the weight was very considerable, but the hardy Asiatic did not slacken his pace until he was called to a halt in front of the little trading establishment that partially supplied the wants of the score or more of miners working on the Bar, or within a mile or two of it.

Notwithstanding his somewhat impressive attire, the Corporal was recognized and warmly welcomed back to the Bar by his friends, and his old mining partners hastened across the river to greet him. He was knee-deep in clover. It seemed that the waters in the river gurgled in glee at his coming, and that the tall pines on the hillsides were trying to tip glasses with him. He felt as if he wanted to entertain the whole world, and soon everybody in the neighborhood was drinking with him,—drinking every ten minutes,—until at last the Chinaman, who was watching the baskets outside of the store door was about the only sober human being on the Bar. Then, not knowing what might happen, the prudent Mongol crowded his way into the store with the baskets, and lifting the heavy sack of purses to the counter, said to the careless owner:—

“Too muchee golo. Me no likee watchee. S'pose you see all light, then you keepee him.”

A dozen men put down their glasses, and stared at the Chinaman with stupid looks of interrogation.

“All right, John,” replied the Corporal good-naturedly. “Afraid it might get ye into trouble, eh? Well, I'll take care of it. I guess it's all here, but I'll take a look, since you want me to.”

So saying, the Corporal opened the sack, and one by one removed the five heavy purses of dust, placing them side by side on the counter.

“They're all here, John,” he continued, replacing the purses in the gunny-sack, and carelessly shoving them out of his way. “Dump them bottles in a corner, and scoot back to Nevada with your traps. I promised to give ye ten dollars, but here's twenty.” And the Corporal tossed a double eagle to the Chinaman, who pocketed the money with a grin of satisfaction, and immediately left the Bar with his empty baskets.

The casual exhibition of Tim's heavy purses had a quieting effect upon his friends. They all wanted to know where he had found the gold, how he had taken it out, and what he intended to do with it; but his only answer was a general proffer of a “slug” or two to any of his friends who happened to be short of beans and bacon for the winter.

“Ye see, boys, the gold is not exactly mine,” he explained. “It belongs to a lot of well-dressed folks in Sacramento and San Francisco that I've been workin' for since the fall of forty-eight, and what you take 'ill be more their loss than mine. So, set 'em up ag'in!—all down!—roll!”

It was nearly dark before the noisy gathering began to disperse, and then Tim crossed the river with his old mining partners, and found quarters in the company cabin. In addition to the gold and liquid supplies brought down to the Bar by Tim's Chinaman, large quantities of canned goods and other luxuries were taken over the ferry from the store, including two or three cases of claret and a keg of cherry brandy, and nothing was lacking in the materials re-

quired for a first-class mountain "jam-boree."

As the mountains opposite Jones' Bar drop rather abruptly down to the river, and no eligible building place can be found near the margin of the stream, the log cabin occupied by Tim's companions had been erected on a narrow bench forty or fifty feet above the river, and overlooking a small bar thickly covered with large granite boulders. It was, in fact, less a bar than a part of the channel of the stream, for, although exposed and dry during the summer and a portion of the autumn months, it was flooded throughout every other season of the year. Owing to the huge rocks plentifully scattered over it, the bar had never been very thoroughly prospected, but nothing encouraging had been discovered, and it was generally believed to be barren.

While Tim remained, work, of course, was not to be thought of by his old mining partners. Day after day and night after night they kept up a noisy and barbarous revelry. They fired off pistols, howled themselves hoarse, danced themselves lame, beat the bottoms out of their prospecting pans, and exploded a keg of powder in the mouth of their tunnel, knocking out three sets of timbers; and to cap the climax, during the sixth night of their wild debauch one of them staggered out of the door unobserved with the Corporal's sack of gold dust, and one by one deliberately threw the purses fifty or sixty feet down the declivity among the boulders of the bar below the cabin. Striking the rocks, the purses burst, of course, scattering their contents in every direction.

Returning, the lunatic boasted of what he had done, declaring that the gold in the purses had turned to snakes and scorpions. "And this is full of 'em too!" he exclaimed, seizing a camp-kettle half filled with beans, and starting for the door.

His companions were not too far

dazed with drink to understand the meaning of this sudden frenzy. It was plain that the man had a touch of delirium tremens, and he was seized, forced to swallow a pint of mingled vinegar and mustard, and then thrown into his bunk. In five minutes he was too sick to think of snakes. The heroic dose operated as an exhaustive emetic, and within an hour the patient was asleep.

Then the Corporal quietly lighted a lantern, and accompanied by the soberest one of the party, groped his way down to the little bar, to learn what had become of his gold. Within an area of thirty feet he found among the rocks the rent and nearly empty purses, while the sandy spaces between the imbedded boulders were yellow with the Corporal's wasted treasure. A cold wind was sweeping down the river and moaning among the pines, indicative of an approaching storm; but nothing of advantage could be done before daylight, and with a string of oaths and a stout resolution, Tim returned to the cabin and sullenly rolled into his bunk. The others followed his example, and for the first time for nearly a week quiet reigned in the neighborhood of Jones's Bar.

About the middle of the following forenoon, the miners on the opposite side of the river were astonished at discovering a party of men at work with two rockers among the boulders below the tunnel company's cabin. Surmising that a new development had been made, a few of them crossed the river, and returned with the strange information that the Corporal's gold had been sown among the sands the night before, and his friends were engaged in recovering what they could of it.

At the end of two days of incessant washing, panning, and scraping, resulting in the resacking of about two thirds of the scattered dust, a sudden rise in the river flooded the rocky little bar, and the work of recovery was indefi-

nately suspended. Tattered, bruised, and grimy, but seemingly delighted with his visit, Tim strapped his gold around him and started for Nevada City, accompanied by two of his friends as a body-guard. The latter did not return, and their mining partners soon after abandoned their wrecked tunnel and left the Bar.

For some years thereafter, "O'Doud's Diggin's" were kept in remembrance by the miners on Jones's Bar, and for those who could locate the deposit it was not a difficult matter during low stages of the river to scrape together a few dollars from among the bowlders of the little bar, where the Corporal's gold had been scattered by a drunken lunatic in the belief that it had turned into snakes and scorpions.

AND what became of O'Doud? A letter from a friend, written more than thirty-five years ago, which was not preserved, but the contents of which are well remembered, enables me partially to answer the question.

One afternoon, early in the summer of 1855, a poorly clad, unkempt and foot-sore pedestrian, carrying a roll of blankets and little else, slowly picked his way down the trail leading to the upper end of Jones's Bar. Proceeding to the river, he dropped his blankets, bathed his face, and filling and lighting his pipe, seated himself on a rock, and for a few minutes watched a party of Chinamen at work near the edge of the Bar a hundred yards or more down the stream.

"There's nothing for a white man where the likes o' them are workin'," he muttered aloud. "Out o' luck, out o' money, and out at the toes and elbows! By the Lord, Timothy O'Doud, you're in a fine fix! Not a color to the cartload, and the bed-rock comin' up in yer face. But never mind. Ye don't deserve it, Tim, but I believe there's a pile o' gold in the country for ye yet, and it must be hunted up."

It was Coporal O'Doud, indeed, who was holding this little conversation with himself. After squandering the gold packed up the Nevada trail in 1851,—and it did not take him long to do it,—his luck had completely deserted him. Month after month and year after year he had roamed from one mining locality to another, in search of rich deposits that would remind him of the past, but he could find no spot that would yield him more than average wages, and for such niggardly reward he could bring himself to labor only under the stress of pressing want.

A hundred dollars was a larger sum than he had possessed at any one time for more than three years, and he was then on his way to the Middle Yuba with the bare color of gold in his pocket. Considering his financial condition and the necessity of providing himself with a pair of new boots, he concluded to turn his hand to mining for such length of time as might be required to supply his urgent needs, and take him to his destination without humiliation or discomfort.

With this resolution he shouldered his blankets and proceeded down the Bar. He hoped no one would recognize him, and was glad to see but few men at work anywhere. He was not exactly ashamed of the tumult he had created there some years before, but imagined that he could stand a reference to it with less uneasiness if he were a little better clad.

The first cabin he came to was unoccupied. The door was open, and he walked in and took possession of the premises, tossing his blankets into one of the three bunks left standing. He observed a commodious fire-place, with pot-hooks hanging from the jambs, and near it a low shake table. He nodded his head approvingly, and then stepped out and seated himself on a bench beside the door. He wanted to look at the surroundings, and think for a few min-

utes. There had been changes since he left the Bar, and everything seemed to be a little out of place. A slice of the lower end of the flat had been sluiced away, and a number of prospecting cuts had been made above it.

He had not been seated long before he saw a miner cross the river on a log above the ferry, and stroll up toward the cabin of the old tunnel company, which was still standing, with the door gone, and a part of the roof fallen in. Thus far there was nothing noteworthy to Tim in the plodding movements of the miner; but when he next observed him at work with pick and shovel on the rocky little bar below the dilapidated log shanty, he was seized with a curious interest in the proceeding. He thought of the wild night when his purses were flung down upon the rocks among which the miner was delving, and a restless impulse took him across the river and to the spot where his gold had been fed to the sand.

"Curious lookin' claim you've got here, stranger," remarked Tim, as an entering wedge to a conversation.

"Ya-a-s, if you choose to call it a claim," drawled the miner, straightening up and mopping the perspiration from his face with his shirtsleeve. His name was Tubbs. He was a good-natured, indolent-looking, middle-aged man, who had never been very successful either as a miner or anything else, and whose sole surviving ambition was to find a spot where he could sit in the shade and "horn out" a living by working only when moved by evanescent spasms of industry.

"Ah, I see!" returned Tim, with a twinkle in his eye; "it's only a sand bank, and you're huntin' lizards."

"Not quite that, either," replied the miner with a lazy laugh. "A little spot about where we are standin' is called O'Doud's Diggin's, and I sometimes come over here when I've nothin' else to do, and scrape up a dollar or two. But

the place has been purty well worked over, and there's mighty little left."

"O'Doud's Diggin's! And who was O'Doud?" queried Tim.

"O, a wild young chap, who had more luck than sense. At the end of a spree in the old cabin up there, three or four years ago, a lot of his gold got scattered among the rocks here, and he never recovered the half of it."

"Now that ye mention him, I know that same O'Doud," returned Tim. "He's a changed man, my friend. He's a banker in San Francisco, and belongs to the Presbyterian Church. He was elected an alderman last year, and there's talk of running him for governor on both tickets. But that he was born in Ireland, he would be on the high road to the White House."

"Then his luck seems to have stuck to him," said the miner thoughtfully. "I did n't believe it would. I expected to hear of his bein' shot, or somethin' o' the sort. But a banker and an alderman! — well, well!"

"Oh, the devil takes care of his own, they say," responded Tim carelessly; "but he's surely neglectin' one of his favorites, for I'm desperately in need of a few ounces of dust at this moment, and have neither a claim nor the tools to work one if I had the best in the hills. Now, call me Tim, and tell me where I can borrow or steal a pick, pan, shovel, and bar, and maybe a rocker, for I've got to go to work, whether I like it or not."

"See here, stranger," said Tubbs, with more than his usual animation, "don't you worry about tools. My cabin's full of 'em, mostly given to me by men leavin' the Bar. Help yourself to any or all of 'em. And if ye like, there's an extra bunk for ye in my cabin, and bacon and beans enough to last us till we're able to buy more."

Tim thankfully accepted the offer of the easy-going old miner, and before night was sharing his cabin with him. A complete clean-up of purse and pock-

et enabled them to pool about fifteen dollars, with which their store of provisions was varied and augmented, and Tubbs' credit was found to be good for a pair of number nine cowhide boots, which he brought over from the store for Tim's use.

As Tubbs seemed to know of no place in the neighborhood where any such wages could be earned as Tim would consent to work for, the latter concluded to try his luck for two or three days in O'Doud's Diggin's. Accordingly, early next morning, both of them crossed the river with additional tools and a rocker, and inaugurated something like a systematic search for what remained of Tim's scattered treasure.

Water-swept, and mined over and over again at intervals for so many years, it was difficult to determine what had become of the unrecovered gold. Tim knew better than any one else the general character of the gold of which he was in quest. Much of it was coarse, and he very reasonably concluded that, while the tendency of the larger particles had been almost directly downward through the sand, the finer had been gradually moved down the bar by the winter currents. He therefore began to strip the sand, to the depth of a foot or more, from an area of about twenty feet square, testing it in the rocker from time to time, and finding nothing of consequence.

With frequent rests and much tribulation, Tubbs managed to wear out the day in assisting Tim; but at night the outlook was not at all encouraging to him, and he resumed work the next morning with manifest reluctance. Persistent labor in the hot sun was more than he was willing to endure, and he began to complain of a rheumatic pain in the shoulder, and resorted to all kinds of time-killing expedients. Finally, after washing forty or fifty buckets of the stripped ground without appreciably

gilding the raffle-box, Tubbs declared that he would waste no more time in hunting for O'Doud's gold, and abruptly left for the cabin, with the avowal that he relinquished every right of ownership in the premises, and all claim to whatever might be found.

Not greatly disappointed,—for he had discovered that Tubbs was too lazy to do a full day's work in less than a week,—Tim continued to take out and wash the gravel from which the sand had been removed, and returned to the cabin quite early in the evening with a good half ounce of clean dust. Tubbs looked at it and smiled. Any one else in his place would have been annoyed. But he knew it represented ten hours of steady toil in the broiling sun, and neither envied the owner, nor regretted that he did not remain at the rocker and earn as much more for himself.

Every night, for four or five days thereafter, Tim brought home a constantly increasing quantity of gold. Then he emptied into a pan all he had taken out of O'Doud's Diggin's, and spreading the dust in a thin layer over the bottom, carefully examined it with a glass in a good light.

That night Corporal O'Doud was happy again,—happier than he had been for four years. He handed his purse to Tubbs, telling him to pay for his boots, bring him a couple of flannel shirts from the store, and expend what was left of the gold for cabin supplies, as he had concluded to remain on the Bar for some time.

Tubbs was puzzled. He could not account for Tim's recklessness. It was scarcely possible that he could hope to realize any very considerable amount from O'Doud's Diggin's, since but a few thousand dollars in dust had originally been left there, and the ground had been worked over a number of times; yet he acted as if he had a sure hold upon a fortune, and a few ounces more or less were of no consequence to

him. These were the thoughts that flashed through the mind of Tubbs, as he took Tim's purse and started for the store. However, he saw no discomfort in laying in an additional supply of provisions, and very cheerfully made the purchases suggested, including a demijohn of corked comfort, for the relief of imaginary rheumatism.

Tim had not explained everything to Tubbs. He had not told him that there were two distinct kinds of gold in the purse he had handed him, and that in seeking for treasure scattered by the hand of man he had cut into the top of an unlooked-for deposit made by Nature. But this is exactly what happened, nevertheless.—exactly why Tim was jubilant, and cared nothing for the few ounces of dust in his purse.

Tim crossed the river very early the next morning, taking his lunch with him. He was troubled with water, of course, but managed to put a hole down to the bed-rock between two large bowlders, and returned to the cabin before sundown with a pan half filled with gold and black sand. Tubbs stared at the exhibit in speechless amazement.

"A purty good day's work," remarked Tim quietly. "How much is there of it, Tubbs?"

"The Lord knows!" gasped Tubbs. "There looks to be a ton of it!"

"I only wish it weighed the half of it," laughed Tim. "But there's less than ye imagine. Three or four pounds of clean dust is about what it will pan down to. However, there's plenty more in O'Doud's Diggin's, as ye call 'em,—plenty more, that's been there since Noah's flood,—and Tim O'Doud, who stands before ye, is the chap that 'll take it out!"

Tubbs sat down on the doorstep and fanned himself with his hat. The weather was warm, and these developments were a little too burdensome for a lazy man to stand up under, especially

when dragged down by the wearying conviction that his indolence had lost him a fortune.

Tim was right. After toiling in barren places for years, he had unexpectedly drifted into the channel of his old-time luck. The deposit proved to be small, but very rich, and curious to relate, the best part of it was found in the corrugations of the bed-rock immediately under the bowlders among which Tim's gold had been scattered. A wild seeding, truly, to be followed by such a harvest.

To remove the heavy bowlders partially covering the deposit, much blasting and heavy lifting had to be done: but as many hands were employed as could be worked to advantage, and a month before the autumn rains came. Tim made his final "clean up," leaving some valuable odds and ends of the claim to Tubbs, together with an even hundred ounces of dust, in recognition of his hospitality when no return for it seemed probable.

After living on the husks of ill luck for three or four years, Tim resolved to play no more pranks with fortune. He required a stout mule to pack his gold up the trail to Nevada City, and there he took drafts for it on New York, reserving a small amount only for traveling expenses.

"I've got 'em this time," chuckled Tim, as he placed the drafts in his pocket. He had bridged over the allurements of San Francisco by making them payable to Michael O'Doud, his father.

I heard of Tim in New York, some years later. He had tried his luck in Wall Street, and was keeping a small cigar stand on Broadway, and occasionally entertaining his customers with stories of his mining experiences in California, which not more than one in a hundred of them believed. If he is living today, by these presents I send him greeting.

*R. M. Daggett.*





### RUN WITHOUT RECORDS.

SHE did not seem a hunter, nor would one have thought her clever,  
 As she stood there in the paddock with the clean-cut thoroughbreds;  
 She was too low and stocky, and the jockeys said they never  
 Could take a hurdle on her without landing on their heads.

Her forehead was too narrow, and her eyes too closely stationed,—  
 She had a way of rolling these and showing just the whites;  
 She looked as if on mesquit beans and sage-brush she'd been rationed;  
 And her off-ear was severed,—a Comanche's by all rights.

Her head set like a hammer on a neck that seemed to quarrel  
 With her withers for pre-eminence in ugliness of mold;  
 She was scarred and blotched and branded, her colors white and sorrel:  
 That she was outright bronco it were needless to be told.

Her owner, a big fellow, in broad, light felt sombrero,  
 Had booked her for the steeple-chase and backed her 'gainst the field;  
 But no jockey could he purchase; no boy nor bold vaquero  
 Would list to his assurances, though nobly he appealed.

When a slender man, past thirty, with scars that spoke of battle,  
 Limped up to the big fellow and said: "I'll see you through;  
 I don't go in for pigskins and kimmels on such cattle;  
 A Whitman tree and snaffle seems to me had ought to do."

This greatly pleased the jockeys and the sports, who showed their pleasure  
 By giving voice to epithets and slurs quite hard to bear;  
 But the owner grasped the stranger as though a priceless treasure,  
 And led him to the pool-room for a secret session there.

Then when the bell was ringing, and they lined up for the starting,  
The pinto took to bucking and the vast crowd guyed the mount;  
He sat her like a Gaucho, though with every fiber smarting,  
He showed no outward evidence he took the least account.

'Twas a thrilling sight to see them, the banner-shirted riders,  
And the graceful, high-strung action of the noble beasts they crossed;  
But by far the chief attraction to the jubilant outsiders  
Was the "duffer" whom they fancied by the pinto would be tossed.

Just as the "Go" was given, and the jockeys bent in order,  
The pinto had a bucking fit before the filled grand stand;  
'Twas the same old buck-jump business so common on the border,  
But ridiculously foreign to the hurdles close at hand.

Then, scarce an instant later, a war-whoop fierce and trembly,  
(Were you ever chased upon the plains by Kiowa or Sioux?)  
Rang out 'bove shouts and cat-calls of the badly mixed assembly,  
And straight as poisoned arrow down the course the pinto flew.

'Twas the tonic that she needed, recalling days of freedom,  
Of *Llano Estacado*, of brush and chaparral;  
Her Canaan lay before her, forgotten was her Edom;  
Her rider knew the magic of the whoop that wrought the spell.

They sailed above the hurdles like larks o'er fields of clover,  
Unheeding crippled thoroughbreds and jockeys left behind;  
And as they reached the barriers they gracefully went over,  
Creating great confusion in each sportsman's book and mind.

Now an obstacle confronts them, six bars with barbed-wire trimming,  
And a watered ditch beyond it,—a teaser without doubt;  
In default of whip and spur he resolves upon unlimbing,  
And quickly from his blouse's sleeve his patent arm jerks out.

The thousands of spectators beheld this act with wonder,  
With amazement, consternation, and perchance no little awe;  
That a tender-footed jockey should his left arm tear asunder,  
And therewith urge his racer is outside the common law.

But he did it! The excitement this marvel had arrested,  
Broke into deafening chorus as the novel whip he raised,  
And whispered in the severed ear: "The Brazos you have breasted;  
Was ever pinto bronco by a common saky<sup>1</sup> phased?"

The arch they made was perfect, like the silver moon in Maytime,  
Or the rainbow o'er the valley when from mountain top 't is seen;  
Not a semblance of exertion, far more like merry playtime,  
Was the crossing of that Rubicon which left the track serene.

<sup>1</sup> *Acequia*.



"THE ARCH THEY MADE WAS PERFECT."

"By George, it is some Centaur!" "Tis Tancred on his filly!"

"Tis the ghost of 'Derby' Archer!" "'Tis Harry of Navarre!"  
Comparisons so flattering, though pardonably silly,  
Arose from stand and benches amid maddening hurrah.

Not a follower behind them as pinto and her rider  
Swept down the home-stretch freely, and as winners passed the stand;  
Then rushed the frantic multitude to gain a place beside her,  
And grasp her peerless rider by his one remaining hand.

They bore him on their shoulders to the judges' lofty station,  
'Mid cheers that still are ringing in the ears of all who heard;  
But those who deemed him Archer desired some explanation,  
Till from pinto's modest rider they at last wrung forth this word, —

"I came upon this race-course without any show or bluster;  
I have no jockey record, though at times I've ridden hard;  
I was bugler in the Seventh, and orderly for Custer,  
That day on little Big Horn when our track with Sioux was barred."

*Edward Livingston Keyes.*



SITKA BAY, LOOKING TOWARD MT. RIDGECOMBE.

## SITKA BAY.

A SONG comes floating from the sea,  
The waters flame with gold,  
The emerald isles in minstrelsy  
Take up the song of old,—  
Still new as when the morning stars  
In concert sang the lay,—  
No lurking discord through its bars  
Is heard on Sitka Bay.

The glory from the water fades,  
The peeping stars are seen,  
The mountains vast, in evening shades,  
Have changed to gray their green,  
And count their pearly beaded rills,  
Like monks with cowls of snow,  
While distant music faintly thrills  
From the Mission far below.

The crimson clouds in dreamy splendor,  
Now watch the parting day,  
While silver moonbeams warm and tender,  
In kisses greet the bay;  
And lovers' drifting boats, uncertain,  
On purple waters gleam,  
While evening drops her mystic curtain,  
On beauty like a dream.

The Castle, wrapped in silence, sends  
No sound to break the spell,  
Where soothing mountain cadence blends  
With ocean's rhythmic swell;  
No lights are in its vacant halls,  
Where banquets once were spread,  
Decay has marked its cedar walls,  
And all its glory fled.

*Warren Truitt.*



LOOKING TOWARD MOUNT VERSTOVIA.



## CHRONICLES OF SAN LORENZO.

### II. THE CONSCIENCE OF QUONG WO.



ranched as a gift ! Scenery ?—yes, ther's plenty o' that, but I've clumb too many hills in my time to be stuck after *them*. The fact is, gentlemen, the widder 's a fool, that 's what she is, and

INETEEN thousand dollars !" cried the Sheriff, glancing at a copy of the *San Lorenzo Herald*, which he held in his hand. "And I would n't take the hull derved

Mister Real Estate Man 's a fraud. We don't call him Slippery Bill for nuthin'."

"Here he comes, Tom," said a bystander. "You'd better shut up your mouth."

A dapper, clean-shaven man entered the cigar store, and nodded right and left. The crowd respectfully made way for him, but the Sheriff stood his ground.

"Wal," he growled, "ye've sold the widder, eh ? Nineteen thousand dollars is a steep price, to my notion."

"Yes," replied the gentleman, who was known in San Lorenzo circles as Slippery Bill. "Yes, Mr. Mudgit ; but

you must remember that the land is steep, too."

This provoked a laugh, and Slippery Bill, having selected a mild Key West cigar, went his way. Certainly he had the best of it; but public opinion endorsed the dictum of the Sheriff. The widow, undoubtedly, had been sold.

Her name was Tracy. She and her daughter, a mature virgin, had lived for some years hard by the Presbyterian church. The Tracys came originally from Missouri, and the linked sweetness of their vowels was indefinitely extensible.

Some days after the conversation above recorded the Widow disposed of her comfortable home in San Lorenzo, and moved, bag and baggage, into the mountains. The ranch she had so unwisely purchased lay next to mine, and two days after her arrival she came to me in much distress.

"Mister," she said, "I must get me a Chinaman. I hate the nasty, duhty things, but my hired gyurl won't stay so far away from her young man. She left this morning, mister, she did indeed. What I've done for that gyurl tongue can never tell, but she's gone and left me, to marry that miserable Anton, who keeps the saloon at the foot of the grade. Worse, too, he's a Papist, an' the Lord only knows what else besides. I reckon I'd better get me a Chinaman an' have done with it. Its ter'ble, jest ter'ble, but you'll help me, mister, won't you?"

I placed myself unreservedly at Mrs. Tracy's disposal.

"You know their ways," she added, with a sniff. "As for me an' Ceruly, we can't tell one from the other. Can we, honey? There're all alike, same as rattlesnakes, an' all hateful."

That afternoon I drove into town, and interviewed my good friend Quong Wo. We had had many dealings together, and I had found Quong to be a man of sense and honor. He lived in a dirty

wash house which reeked of opium, soapsuds, and Chinese cooking,—smell piled upon smell,—but the leading townspeople sent their washing to him, and he made snug commissions as an employment agent.

"I sabee ole lady Tlacy," he said. "She wantee boy, cookee, washee dishee,—I know."

I explained to Quong that Mrs. Tracy was a particular friend of mine, and that I expected him to give her a good boy, a clean and honest boy. He nodded his head briskly.

'All lite,—I send heap good boy,—Ah Fong."

Ah Fong, accordingly, submitted himself for inspection. He appeared to be quiet, clean, and neat, so I engaged him forthwith. Quong Wo chatted with me while the boy was packing his blankets.

"Wha' for ole lady buy lanch?" he asked.

I shook my head gravely.

"I cannot tell you, Quong. I fear she has made a mistake."

Quong laughed.

"Ole lady pay lotsy money. Pretty soon she come back to town. I think so. Ole lady like church, like church talkee, like minister, *heap likee minister*. No likee lanch, no likee smell cowyard. I know."

Quong was not unversed in the ways of the sex. He had two wives; one was ornamental; the other useful. The former, the small-foot, he kept under lock and key; but the latter—whose pedal extremities had not been interfered with—might be seen hard at work any hour of the night or day. In fact, Leah paid for the keep of Rachel, which proves that Quong was a financier of no mean order.

The next day Mrs. Tracy and Cerulea walked across the cañon to my house, and told me that Fong had gone, but gave neither why nor wherefore.

"You must find me anothah boy,

mister. I hate to trouble you, but I can't leave the ranch right now. Our hired man needs watchin'. Ceruly an' me keep our eyes on him the most o' the time, an' he's pow'ful peart when we're stannin' around."

To oblige the Widow, I again sought Quong Wo.

"Why did Ah Fong leave?" I asked.

Quong summoned Ah Fong, who appeared from the recesses of the wash house, and I repeated my question.

"Wha' for I go?" said Fong. "Wha' for I go? I no likee ole lady."

"Not like Mrs. Tracy. What do you mean?"

Ah Fong shook his head. He was quite prepossessing for a Celestial, and showed a dazzling row of teeth when he smiled.

"No likee," he repeated.

"What did she do to you?" I asked.

Then Ah Fong delivered himself as follows:—

"Afte' dinner ole lady say to me, 'Ah Fong, you tap on my door tomollow mo'ning fi' o'clock. You cookee bleakfus ha' pas' fi'."

"'All lite,' I say, 'I callee you fi' o'clock.'

"Next morning I callee ole lady fi' o'clock. I tap on door. I say, 'Miss Tracy, fi' o'clock,—you get up.'

"Then ole lady say, 'All lite, Ah Fong. I get up.'

"Then I go down stairs. I cookee nicee bleakfus. Makee heap good coffee, —mush,—fly bacon,—set table, but ole lady she no come. I go upstai's. I tap on door. I say, 'Miss Tracy, I cookee bleakfus, heap nicee, heap hot. Wha' for you no come?'

"Then she say, 'O, Ah Fong! We heap tired. You keepee bleakfus one ha' hour. Then we come.'

"I go downstai's. I keepee bleakfus one hour. Miss Tracy no come. Then I go upstai's. I tap on door heap hard. I say, 'Miss Tracy! Wha' for you no come?'

"Then she say, 'Ah Fong, wha' for you make so much noise? I heap tired. You go downstai's. You keepee bleakfus one more ha' hour, then I come sure.'

"I say, 'All lite.' I keepee bleakfus one more ha' hour. I makee more coffee; fly more bacon. Ole lady no come. I wait one hour, an' Miss Tracy she no come. Then I get heap mad. I go upstai's. I tap on door heap hard. Door nearly bleak. I say, 'Miss Tracy! 'Wha' for you no come?'

"Miss Tracy she say, 'You go way, Ah Fong. You makee too muchee noise.'

"Then I get mad as hell. I open door. I see ole lady in bed. I see daughter, too. Daughter heap ugly, you bet. I say, 'Miss Tracy, you allee same damfool. I no likee you. You heap fooler me. You tell me go. All lite,—I go.'"

After due consideration, I think Ah Fong was right to go. His language under very trying circumstances was a thought strong, but pardonable. I did not commend him, however, but went to work with Quong Wo to secure another boy. The story of Mrs. Tracy's late rising had gone abroad, and I had some difficulty in persuading a certain Yee Chung to accompany me to the mountains. To my intense disgust, two days later—I give you my solemn word of honor, only two days later—the Widow again appeared at my home.

"How's Yee Chung?" she asked.

Mrs. Tracy replied in a low tone.

"Mister, I was obliged to send him away this morning."

"Bless my soul," I cried, "what has he done?"

"I'm a Christian woman, mister," said the Widow, more in sorrow than anger, "an' the Lord helpin' me. I may forgive a heathen for abusin' me; but his language, mister, his profanity—"

I asked Cerulea to explain. It appeared that Mrs. Tracy had insisted



upon Yee Chung's taking part in family worship. This Yee Chung flatly declined to do.

"Wo'ship," he said. "I no sabee Melican wo'ship."

"Have you never heard of the Bible?" asked his mistress.

"Bible? I sabee Bible. Allee same big book that Melican man keep on marble table, an' no read."

This Celestial joke provoked Mrs. Tracy. Perhaps she recognized a biting truth; for Bibles, in San Lorenzo, always occupied a prominent place upon marble tables, but were rarely opened. It is unwise for a heathen to jest upon sacred things. Mrs. Tracy, as Western folk say, got on her ear.

"You are a bad boy, Yee Chung. You will burn in hell-fire."

"Hell-fire," cried Chung, with a derisive laugh. "*Where you catch him?* You church lady. I sabee you. You talkee hell-fire allee time. Pretty soon you die. Then you burn hell fire you' selfy. You heap fat. You burn heap good. Makee lotsy flame,—lotsy, lotsy, yah!"

Poor Mrs. Tracy listened to this anathema with her scanty locks on end with horror and indignation. When he had finished she told him to pack up and begone.

"An' now, mister," she said, nearly crying with vexation, "you must try again for the last time. If this third man ain't satisfactory, Ceruly an' I'll have to do the cookin'." Ceruly is right smart at bakin' corn bread, — but perhaps we're gwine to have better luck."

So for the third time I promised to do my best. The fact is, I felt sorry for these two helpless women. I knew what lay ahead of them, and my heart ached for their inexperience. But Quong Wo, when I saw him, swore freely.

"Ole lady no good. Wha' for she talkee church to Yee Chung. He heap good boy. He sabee cook. He no sabee Melican players (prayers)."

I offered Quong Wo an imported cigar, and asked humbly for another boy. His shrewd eyes twinkled.

"Ole lady got daughter," he said, with apparent irrelevance. "Daughter heap ugly? — eh?"

I admitted that the charms of Miss Tracy were those of mind rather than person. Not to put a fine point upon it, she was pulpy in figure, and her features left everything to be desired.

"All lite," he cried cheerfully. "I send Sing Lee. Sing Lee likee Melican women. Sing Lee sabee cook."

Accordingly, Mr. Sing Lee was engaged. I was not impressed with his outward man. He had a villainous smile, and all the perfumes of Araby could not have sweetened his person. But his knowledge of American customs was amazing. I deposited him at the Widow's door, and wondered how long he would stay.

He stayed exactly one week!

Upon the Friday following,—he arrived on Saturday,—Mrs. Tracy paid some calls, and Cerulea and the Chinaman were left in charge of the house. American women—if they are wise—do not leave their daughters alone with strange Mongols, but the Widow, good innocent soul, was unversed in Oriental depravity, and perhaps she considered that Ceruly's face and figure were ironclad protectors of her virtue. Sing Lee, unfortunately, thought otherwise; for—according to Cerulea's incoherent account—he basely attempted to print a Celestial salute upon her putty-colored cheek. The frightened virgin rushed screaming from his embrace, and threw herself upon the protection of the hired man, who was working in the vineyard. That gentleman, being of Irish extraction, with a grievance of his own against Chinese cheap labor, hastily cut some stout willow saplings, and waled the would-be Sextus till all the sticks broke and the cañon was filled with cries. For two hours, so Mr. O'Callaghan subse-

quently told me, what was left of Sing Lee lay upon the ground and moaned. Then he gathered together the pieces of his anatomy, and cursing horribly, disappeared in the direction of San Lorenzo.

That night a furious knocking at the door disturbed my slumbers. I peered out of window, and saw my friend, Quong Wo, astride a three-cornered mule, and covered with dust. I opened the door as speedily as possible, and asked Quong to what I was indebted for the unexpected pleasure of his visit. His reply I give verbatim.

"Sing Lee heap bad man,—you bet you life. He kiss Tlacy girl,—wha' for, I no sabee. Hiled man beat him with one, two, three stick. He heap strong, he most kill Sing Lee. Sing Lee come to town. He buy poison. He killee ole lady. He killee girl. He killee hiled man. You bet you life. I sabee Sing Lee. When he good, he belly good; when he bad, he allee same debil. One hou' an' hap ago China boy wake me up, an' tellee me. I catch mule an' ride heap hard. Pletty soon mule die."

I glanced at my watch. It was nearly morning. The Tracys breakfasted early. Manifestly there was no time to lose. We put the mule into the barn, and I told Quong that I thought the beast would survive. It takes more than a ten-mile gallop up hill to slay a Californian mule. Then we struck out on foot for the Buena Vista Ranch.

I fancy we frightened the old lady nearly out of her wits, but believe me, her drawling tones that morning were sweet music to my ear. Cerulea and O'Callaghan soon appeared, but Sing Lee was nowhere to be found. Quong Wo and I looked at each other, and the word "mare's nest" occurred to me.

"You have had your ride for nothing."

Quong Wo pondered for the space of a minute.

"I sabee Sing Lee," he said in emphatic tones. "Sing Lee here, you bet. We look again."

So we searched diligently, and under a pile of hay found a foot. At the end of the foot was Sing Lee,—stark and stiff!

"Mercy sakes," cried the Widow, covering her eyes with her apron. "The man's dead."

We returned to the house, and presently Cerulea said with an hysterical laugh, "I reckon I'd better be gettin' breakfast. I can't touch a morsel, but—"

Quong Wo touched my arm.

"You eatee bleakfus here," he said solemnly, "an' pletty soon you die. I tell you, I sabee Sing Lee. He belly bad man. He buy lotsy poison."

I began to grasp his meaning.

"Look here," I cried as cheerfully as I could. "This place is not a pleasant spot just now. Suppose you all come over to my house and take pot luck."

They accepted the invitation gladly, and we left Sing Lee with his compatriot Quong Wo. The remains were subsequently removed to San Lorenzo, and buried in the paupers' corner of the San Lorenzo cemetery. Suicides are not shipped to China.

All the food in the Widow's house was carefully collected and sent to San Francisco. According to the report of a prominent analytical chemist, strychnine was found everywhere in large quantities. The shock of this discovery proved too much for Mrs. Tracy. She sold her ranch at a great sacrifice, and returned to San Lorenzo.

She says that no Chinaman is to be trusted, alive or dead, but she gave my friend Quong Wo the handsomest gold watch and chain that money could buy.

*Horace Annesley Vachell.*



WE HAD been out all day from Singapore on a wild-pig hunt. There were eight of us, including three young officers of the Royal Artillery, besides somewhere between seventy and a hundred native beaters. The day had been unusually hot, even for a country whose regular record on the thermometer reads 150 degrees in the sun.

We had tramped and shot through jungle and lallang grass, until, when night came on, I was too tired to make the fourteen miles back across the Island, and so decided to push on a mile farther to a government "rest bungalow." I said goodbye to my companions and the game, and accompanied only by a Hindoo chikari, struck out across some plowed lands for the jungle road that led to and ended at Changhi.

Changhi was one of three rest bungalows, or summer resorts, if one can be permitted to mention summer in this land of perpetual summer,—owned and kept open by the Singapore Government for the convenience of travelers, and as places to which its own officials can flee from the cares of office and the demands of society. I had stopped at Changhi Bungalow once for some weeks when my wife and a party of friends and all our servants were with me. It was lonely even then, with the black impenetrable jungle crowding down on three sides, and a strip of the blinding, daz-

zling waters of the uncanny old Straits of Malacca in front.

There were tigers and snakes in the jungle, and crocodiles and sharks in the Straits, and lizards and other things in the bungalow. I thought of all this in a disjointed kind of a way, and half wished that I had staid with my party. Then I noticed uneasily that some thick oily-looking clouds were blotting out the yellow haze left by the sun over on the Johore side. A few big hot drops of rain splashed down into my face, as I climbed wearily up the dozen cement steps of the house.

The bamboo "chicks" were all down, and the shutter-doors securely locked from the inside, but there was a long rattan chair within reach, and I dropped into it with a sigh of satisfaction, while my chikari went out toward the servant-quarters to arouse the Malay *mandor*, or head gardener, whom H. B. M.'s Government trusted with this portion of her East Indian possessions.

As might have been expected, that high functionary was not to be found, and I was forced to content myself, while my chikari went on to a neighboring native police station to make inquiries. I unbuttoned my stiff *kaki* shooting jacket, lit a manila, which my mouth was too dry to smoke, and gazed up at the ceiling in silence.

It was stiflingly hot. Even the cicadas

in the great jungle tree, that towered a hundred and fifty feet above the house, were quiet. Every breath I took seemed to scorch me, and the balls of my eyes ached. The sky had changed to a dull cartridge color.

A breeze came across the hot, glaring surface of the Straits, and stirred the tops of a little clump of palms, and died away. It brought with it the smell of rain.

For a moment there was a dead stillness,—not even a lizard clucked on the wall back of me; then all at once the thermometer dropped down two or three degrees, and a tearing wind struck the bamboo curtains and stretched them out straight; the tops of the massive jungle trees bent and creaked; there was a blinding flash and a roar of thunder, and all distance was lost in darkness and rain. It was one of the quick, fierce bursts of the southwest monsoon.

I did not move, although wet to the skin.

Presently I could make out three blurred figures fighting their way slowly against the storm across the compound. One was the chikari; the second, the mandor, naked save for a cotton sarong around his waist; the third was a stranger.

The trio came up on the veranda—the stranger hanging behind, with an apologetic droop of his head. He was a white man, in a suit of dirty, ragged linen. It took but one look to place him. I had seen hundreds of them “on the beach” in Singapore,—there could be no mistake. “Loafer” was written all over him—from his ragged, matted hair to the fringe on the bottom of his trousers. He held a broken cork helmet, that had not seen pipe-clay for many a month, in his grimy hands, and scraped one foot and ducked his dripping head, as I turned toward him with a gruff,—

“Well?”

“Beg pardon, sir,” he said, in a harsh,

rasping voice, “but I heard that the American Consul was here. I am an American.”

He looked up with a watery leer in his eyes.

“Go on,” I said, without offering to take the hand of my fellow-countryman.

He let his arm fall to his side.

“I ain’t got any passport; that went with the rest, and I never had the heart to ask for another.”

He gave a bad imitation of a sob.

“Never mind the side play,” I commented, as he began to fumble in the bottomless pocket of his coat. “I will supply all that as you go along. What is it you want?”

He withdrew his hand and wiped his eyes with his sleeve.

“Come in out of the rain and you won’t need to do that,” I said, amused at this show of feeling.

“I thought as how you might give a countryman a lift,” he whined.

I smiled and stepped to the door.

“Boy, bring the gentleman a whisky and soda.”

The “boy” brought the liquor, while I commenced to unstrap and dry my Winchester.

My fellow-countryman did not move, but stood nervously tottering from one leg to the other, as I went on with my task. He coughed once or twice to attract my attention.

“Beg pardon, sir, but I meant work—good, honest work. Work was what I wanted, to earn this very glass of whisky for my little gal, what is sick—sick in a hut at the station.”

“Your little what?” I asked, in amazement.

“My little gal, sir. She’s all that’s left me. If you’ll trust me with the glass, I’ll take it to her. Can’t give you no security, I’m afraid, only the word of a broken-down old father, who has got a little gal what he loves better than life!”

My long experience with tramps and

beach-combers was at fault. No words can convey an idea of the pathos and humility he threw into his tone and actions. The yearning of the voice, the almost divine air of self-abnegation, the subdued flash of pride here and there that suggested better days, the hopeless droop of the arms, and the irresolute tremble of the corners of his mouth, would have appealed to the heart of a heathen idol. That one of his caste should refuse a glass of "Usher's Best," and be willing to brave the burst of a southwest monsoon to take it to anyone—child, mother, or wife, was incredible.

"Drink it," I said roughly. "You will need it before you get to the station. Boy, bring me my waterproof and an umbrella. Now out you go. We'll see whether this 'little gal' is male or female,—seven or seventy."

The loafer snatched up his helmet with an avidity that admitted of no question as to his earnestness.

We made a wild rush down across the oozing compound, through a little strip of dripping jungle, over a swaying foot-bridge that spanned the muddy Sonji Changhi, and along the sandy floor of a cocoanut grove. On the outskirts of a station we came upon a deserted bungalow, that was trembling in the storm on its rotten supports.

We went up its rickety ladder and across its open bamboo floor, to the darkest corner, where, on an old mat under the only dry spot in the hut, lay a bundle of rags.

My companion dropped down among the decayed stumps of pineapples and cocoanut refuse, and commenced to croon in a hoarse voice, "Daddy come,—Daddy come,—poor dearie," and made a motion as though to put the bottle to a small, dirty white face that I could just make out among the rags.

I pushed him aside and gathered the unconscious little burden up into my arms. There was no time for senti-

ment. Every minute I expected the miserable old shelter would go over.

We made our way as best we could back through the darkness and driving blasts of rain. The loafer followed with a long series of "God bless yous." He essayed once or twice to hold the umbrella over his "little gal's" head, but each time the wind turned it inside out, and he gave it up with an air of feeble inconsequence that characterized all his movements.

I put my burden down on a couch in the dining-room, and chafed her hands and feet, while the boy brought a beer bottle filled with hot water.

It was a sweet little face, pinched and drawn, with big hazel eyes, that looked up into mine as my efforts sent the blood coursing through her veins. She was between five and six years old. A mass of dark brown hair, unkempt and matted, fell about her face and shoulders.

I wrapped a rug about her. She was asleep almost before I had finished.

A little later I roused her, and she nestled her damp little head against my shoulder as I gave her some soup, but her eyelids were heavy, and it seemed almost cruel to keep her awake, even for the food she so badly needed. The father had shuffled about uneasily during my motherly attentions, and seemed relieved when I was through.

While the boy brought a steaming hot curry and a goodly supply of whisky and soda, I turned the self-confessed father of the big hazel eyes into the bath-room.

With the grime and dirt off his face he was pale and haggard. There were big blue marks under his shifting gray eyes and his hair hung ragged and singed about his ears.

He had discarded his dirty linen for a blue flannel bathing suit that some former high official of H. B. M. service had left behind. There were traces of starvation or dissipation in every movement. His hand trembled as he conveyed the hot soup to his blue lips.

Gradually the color came back to his sunken cheeks, and by the time he had laid in the second plate of curry and drank two whisky and sodas he looked comparatively sleek and respectable. Even his anxiety for the little sleeper seemed to fade out of his weak face.

I had been watching him narrowly during the meal. I could not make up my mind whether he was a clever actor or only an unfortunate; he might be the latter, and still be what I was certain of,—a scamp.

The wind whistled and roared about the great verandas and into the glassless windows with all the vehemence of a New England snow storm. It caught our well protected punkah-lamps, and turned their broad flames into spiral columns of smoke. Ever and again a flash of lightning flared in our eyes, and revealed the water of the narrow straits lashed into a white fury.

I should have been thankful for the company of even a dog on such a night, and think the loafer felt it, for I could see that he was more at ease with every crash of thunder. I tiptoed over to the "little gal," and noted her soft, regular breathing and healthful sleep, undisturbed by the fierce storm outside.

I lit a manila, and handed one to my companion. We puffed a moment in silence, while the boy replenished our glasses.

"Now," I said, tipping my chair back against the wall, "tell me your story."

My guest's face at once assumed the expression of the professional loafer. My faith in him began to wane.

"I am an American," he began glibly enough under the combined effects of the whisky and dinner, "an old soldier. I fought with Grant in the Wilderness, and —"

"Of course," I interrupted, "and with Sherman in Georgia. I have heard it all by a hundred better talkers than you. Suppose you skip it."

I did not look up, but I was perfectly

familiar with the expression of injured innocence that was mantling his face.

He began again in a few minutes, but his voice had lost some of its engaging frankness.

"I am the son of a kind and indulgent mother,—God bless her. My father died before I knew him,—"

I moved uneasily in my chair.

He hurried on,—

"I fell in bad ways in spite of her saintly love, and ran away to sea."

"Look here, my friend," I said, "I am sorry to spoil your little tale, but it is an old one. Can't you give me something new? Now try again."

He looked at me unsteadily under his thin eyebrows, shuffled restlessly in his seat, and said with something like a sob in his voice:—

"Well, sir, I will. You have been kind to me and taken my little gal in,—saved her life,—and for a change I'll tell you the truth."

He drew himself up a little too ostentatiously, threw his head back, and said proudly,—

"I am a gentleman born."

"Good," I laughed. "Now you are on the right track, and besides you look it."

"Ah! you may sneer," he retorted, "but I tell you the truth."

His face flushed and his lip quivered. He brought his fist down on the table.

"I tell you my father,—ah! but never mind my father." His voice failed him.

"Certainly," I replied, "Only get on with your story."

"I came out to India from Boston as a young man," he continued, "either in '66 or '68, I forget which."

"Try '67," I suggested.

"It was not '67," he exclaimed angrily, "it was either '66 or '68."

"Or some other date. However, that's but a detail. Proceed."

"Sir, you can make sport of me, but what I am telling you is God's truth. May I be struck dead if one lie passes



THE CHANGHI BUNGALOW.

my lips. I came out to plant coffee, and thought like many others that I had only to cut down the jungle and put in coffee plants, and my fortune was made."

"And did n't you?" I asked, glancing at his dilapidated old helmet that hung over the corner of the side-board.

"Look at me!" he burst forth, springing upon his feet, his breast heaving under his blue pajamas.

"Pardon the question," I answered. "Go on, you are doing bravely."

He sank back into his chair with a commendable air of dignity.

"I had a little money of my own," he continued, "and opened up an estate. It promised well, but I soon came to the end of my small capital. I thought I could go to Calcutta and Bombay and Simla, and cultivate my mind by travel and society while the bushes were growing. Well, it ended in the same old way. I got into the

*chitties'* hands—they are worse than Jews—at 2 per cent a month on a mortgage on my estate. Then I went back to it with a determination to pay up my debt, make my estate a success, and after that to see the world. I worked, sir, like a nigger, and for a time was able to meet my naked creditor, from month to month, hoping all the time against hope for a bumper crop."

"I understand," I said. "Your bumper crop did not come, and your chitty did. Where does she come in?" I nodded in the direction of the little sleeper.

He glanced uneasily in the same direction, and a tear gathered in his eye.

"I married on credit, sir, the daughter of an English army officer. It was damnable. But, sir, you would have done likewise. Live under the burning sun of India for four years, struggle against impossibilities and hope against hope, and then have a pair of great hazel eyes look lovingly into yours and

a pair of red lips turned up to yours, and tell me if you would not have closed your eyes to the future, and accepted this precious gift as though it were sent from above."

The pale, shrunken face of the speak-

the rest,— she never came back. That ended the struggle. I would have shot myself but for the little one. I took her and we wandered here and there, doing odd jobs for a few months at a time. I drifted down to Singapore, hop-



"I COULD MAKE OUT THREE BLURRED FIGURES."

er glowed, and his faded eyes lit up with the light of love.

"We were happy for a time, and the little gal was born, but the bumper crop did not come. Then, sir, I sold farm tools and my horse, and sent the wife to a hill station for her health. I kept the little gal. I staid to work, as none of my natives ever worked. It was a gay station to which she went. You know

ing to better myself, but, sir, I am about used up. It's hard — hard."

He buried his head in his long, thin fingers, and sat perfectly still.

There was a sound outside above the roar of the wind and the rain. At first faint and intermittent, it grew louder, and continuous, and came close. There was no mistaking it,—the march of booted men.



"What's that?" asked my companion, with a start.

"Tommy Atkins," I replied, "the clang of the ammunition boot as big as life."

His face grew ashy white, and he looked furtively around the room.

"What's the matter?" I exclaimed, but as I asked, I knew.

I opened the bath-room door and shoved him in.

"Go in there," I said, "and compose some more fairy tales."

He was scarcely out of sight when the front door was thrown open, and a corporal's guard, wet yet happy, marched into the room.

The corporal stood with his back to the door, and gave himself mental words of command,— "Eyes left, eyes right,"— then, as a last resource,— "eyes under the table." He had not noticed the little bundle in the dark corner. He drew himself up and gave the military salute.

"Beg pardon, sir, but we are out for a deserter from the 58th,— Bill Hulish,— we 'ave tracked him 'ere, and with the compliments of the commanding officer, we'll search the 'ouse."

"Search away." I answered, as I heard the outside bath-room door open and close softly.

They returned empty-handed but not greatly disappointed.

"Wet night, corporal," I ventured.

"One of the worst as ever I knew, sir," he replied, eying the whisky bottle and the two half-drained glasses.

"Ad a long march, sir, fourteen miles."

I pushed the bottle toward him, and with a deprecatory salute he turned out a stiff drink.

"'Eres to yer 'ealth, sir, an' may ye always 'ave an extra glass ready for a visitor."

I smiled, and motioned for his men to do likewise, and then, because he was a man of sweet composure and had not asked any questions as to the extra glass and chair, told him that his bird had flown.

"Bad 'cess to him, sir, 'e's led us a pretty chase for these last four weeks. If 'e was only a deserter I would n't mind, but 'e's a kidnaper. Leastways, Tommy Loud's young 'n turned up missin' the day he skipped, an' we ain't seen nothin of 'er since."

"Is this she?" I asked, leading him to the cot.

Hardly looking at the child, he raised her in his arms and kissed her.

"God be praised, sir," he said with a show of feeling. "We 'ave got her back. I think her mother would 'ave died if we 'ad come back again without her,— but, O my little darlin', you look cruel bad. Drugged, sir, that's what



"I PUSHED HIM ASIDE."



"GAVE THE MILITARY SALUTE."

she is. Drugged to keep 'er quiet and save food. The blag'ard!"

"But what did he take her for?" I asked.

"Bless you, sir," replied the corporal, "she was his stock in trade. I reckon

she's drawn many dibs out of other people's pockets that would've been nestling there today if it 'adn't 'a' bin for 'er."

Then a broad grin broke over his ruddy features, and he looked at me quizzically.

"But 'e was a great play hactor, sir."

"And a poet," I added enthusiastically.

"'E could beat Kipling romancin', sir." He checked himself, as though ashamed of awarding such meed of praise to his ex-colleague.

"But we must be goin'; orders strict. With your permission, sir, I will leave her with a guard of one man for tonight, and send the ambulance for her in the morning."

He drew up his little file, saluted, and marched out into the rain and wind, with all the cheerfulness of a duck.

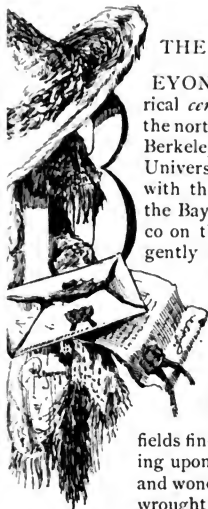
I could hear them singing as they crossed the compound and struck into the jungle road:—

"O, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,  
an' 'Tommy, go away:'

But it's 'Thank you, Mister Atkins,'  
when the band begins to play,  
The band begins to—"

A peal of thunder that shook the bungalow from its attap roof to its ne-bong pillars, drowned the melody and drove me inside.

*Rounsevelle Wildman.*



## THE STORY OF THE SAN PABLO RANCHO.

BEYOND the symmetrical *cerrito* that marks the northern boundary of Berkeley, the seat of the University of California, with the blue waters of the Bay of San Francisco on the west, and the gently sloping hills of the Coast Range on the east, lies the Rancho de San Pablo.

Travelers over the lines of railway that traverse its broad fields find themselves gazing upon pastoral scenes, and wonder at the change wrought so suddenly after

entering its limits. Scarcely a vestige of the city life so near; no suburban homes, only an orchard or two, greet the eye along its plains; its great bay frontage, miles in extent, does not bustle with the chimneys of industrial establishments; the warehouses to be found on the north and the south are missing on the San Pablo shore; instead, as in colonial days, it is the grazing ground for cattle. While Berkeley heights are dotted with picturesque homes, the slopes of the San Pablo, from which the adventurous Spaniard gazed on the broad Pacific through the Golden Gate, lie dull and unimproved.

The San Pablo Rancho, stunted by long years of stupendous litigation, has advanced but slowly in the path of progress. True, upon this vast estate is the little Spanish village of San Pablo, but its straggling houses, built around one of the old haciendas, do not represent the live, healthy California town; and

its farms, owned by those who felt that at any moment they might lose their titles, and therefore did not care to sow what others might reap, have a perceptible air of neglect. This condition of the great Rancho—grain fields that should be villages, hills over which cattle roam where suburban homes should stand, a water frontage that might have been utilized for purposes of extensive manufacture—is due to litigation,—that state of affairs which plays so prominent a part in the history of the average Spanish rancho in California.

The famous case of Emeric *vs.* Alvarado, which has held the attention of courts, the lawyers, and numerous litigants, for a generation, is nearing its end. It recalls the story of the San Pablo—a tale that had its beginning in the Arcadian days. It is a story of lands in bondage, while the strength to bear was wasted; of the reckless characteristics of the Spanish race; of parcels of land deeded away from a whim; of usury and distrust; and finally, of a mesh and jumble and puzzle of the title to acres upon acres of land, which even a Solon would find hard to unravel.

Litigation is, as has been stated, the word that appears most often in the history of the Spanish grant. So in reading the story of the San Pablo, with its forty years of legal wrangle, one learns in a general way of the method of disposition of the millions of acres of land that composed the Spanish or Mexican grants of Alta California.

The change of government resulting from the war between the United States and Mexico came upon the "native Californian" with kaleidoscopic suddenness. The "invaders," the then hated *gringos*, had brought with them a new world,—another existence for the de-

scendants of the Spanish explorers: it was no longer the *dolce far niente* of idle days, but the struggle for retention of the princely grants which the treaty of Guadalupe de Hidalgo decreed them.

Their lax land laws made them the prey of the unscrupulous adventurer and the greedy usurer; add to these the well-known characteristics of the race, the love of chance, and their trustful, generous nature, and one will readily understand why our courts for forty

looked upon with favor by the government. Accordingly in 1823 he was granted three square leagues of land, (afterwards increased to four square leagues,) on the eastern shores of the bays of San Francisco and San Pablo, lying within what is now the county of Contra Costa, and known as the Rancho de San Pablo.

It mattered little in those primitive days whether Castro occupied three or six leagues of land; but the crude manner of description of those Mexican



THE CASTRO HACIENDA.

years and more have been busy in unraveling the tangles in land titles which have resulted. Out of this state of affairs grew the forty years' battle for the rich fields of the San Pablo,—the famous suit of Emeric *vs.* Alvarado.

Francisco Maria Castro was one of the argonauts of Spanish California, and was, some sixty years ago, comandante at Yerba Buena, the site of the present metropolis of the Pacific Coast. His services against the Indians gave him distinction, and the fact that he was the head of a large family was

grants was another serious cause of fraud and trouble, after the more enlightened and certainly more enterprising "Americanos" came into this fair land. Illustration of this is a story of the location of the famous New Almaden mine, situated only a few miles south of the city of San José. The New Almaden is accounted the second richest quicksilver lode in the world. Its original ownership hinged on the translation of a simple Spanish word.

In the early forties the boundary of two adjoining grants was a small creek

running nearly east and west at a distance of a mile from the opening of the now famous mine. The side dividing line, running north and south, was an imaginary one, extending, as the Mexican description of the land stated, from an oak tree on the northern boundary through the *falda* (a Spanish word meaning skirt) of the hill, a mile south, to the top of a ridge. The two Mexican owners of the ranchos grazed their cattle side by side in harmony, until the accidental discovery of the quicksilver lode, which was found on the slant of the hill so prominent in the description of the land. Then, naturally, each claimed the mine as his property. But neither knew the exact line of division, which ran through the slope of the hill at some point, and consequently neither knew in whose land the rich find was located. So they rummaged through the records, and found the description of the line as stated above, namely, that it ran through the *falda* (skirt) of the hill.

Don Juan (we will call him, as the names of the conflicting parties are not handed down with the story) was located on the eastern side of the line, and consequently claimed that the word *falda*, or skirt, meant the extent of hill from a point quite near its brow to its base, which distance was nearly three fourths of a mile. Thus he could, according to his argument, run the line to the top of the hill slope, (the extreme western point,) and claim the mine as his property. Señor Pedro, however, owner of the western rancho, construed *falda* to mean simply the edge, or base, of the hill. The line running to the point on the extreme east would place the rich lode within his grant.

The disputers took the matter into the courts, and the decision rested on the translation of that simple Spanish word *falda*. An expert, well versed in the Spanish language, spent months poring over Castilian literature, both ancient and modern, seeking for various



SEÑOR DON VICTOR CASTRO.

uses of the word *falda*. Finally his testimony was given to the court, and in it he stated that in the circumstances in question the word implied the edge, or base. From this standpoint the court rendered its decision, and Don Pedro, owner of the western rancho, became possessor of the New Almaden.

Another story is related of a smart ranchero who took advantage of a weak description of his land, and succeeded by a clever move in adding thousands of valuable acres to his original grant. Three of the corners of his rancho, the northwestern, the northeastern, and the southeastern, were fixed by immovable landmarks. On the southwestern corner stood an old hut, that served as a junction of the southern and western lines of the grant. The imaginary straight lines connecting these corners were considered the boundaries of the rancho. Each boundary was nearly three miles in length, thus making the claim contain about nine square miles,

in nearly the form of a square. The shape of the grant as well as its extent of territory was not accurately known by the proper authorities, the fact of the four above mentioned landmarks designating the several corners being all the crude description contained. It occurred to the Mexican gentleman on reading over the description of his land one evening, that it would be a novel and altogether beneficial plan to himself to move that hut mentioned in the description as a prominent landmark to

Francisco Castro, with his wife and family, settled near the present station of San Pablo on the Southern Pacific Railway. This was over seventy years ago, quite a time before even the slightest signs of the present scenes of prosperity that now surround the Bay had appeared, and nearly a generation before that great influx of civilization came pouring through the Golden Gate and over the Sierra in search of gold.

The four leagues of land had no other claimant. The thought undoubtedly



GRAPE VINE AT THE ALVARADO RESIDENCE.

a point two miles farther to the southwest. This move would include some very fine acres of grazing land which he coveted greatly, and which no one but the government claimed. He made the change, and thus added nearly six square miles of valuable land to his tract. When the government surveyors several years later ran the lines of his rancho, he was allowed the entire extent. No one was the wiser, but the smart Mexican was the richer.

To return to the history of the San Pablo. After the grant was awarded the Mexican officer by his government,

never crossed his mind, that even in the old age of his youngest child nearly two hundred claimants, but very few of whom are his descendants, would be fighting for the land on which he settled; and that in full view of his domains (then far removed from civilization) would be a great city, with its improvements of every description,—San Francisco, the eighth city in rank in a country of 70,000,000 of inhabitants, where seventy years before there stood, as the the only sign of Caucasian civilization, the Mexican military barracks, which Castro himself commanded.

"Castro and his family, consisting of his wife and ten children and the issue of a deceased daughter,"—so reads an old record concerning the Rancho,— "resided upon, occupied, and exercised acts of dominion over, the land for eight years."

On November 5th, 1831, Castro died, leaving his widow and the above-mentioned family. His last will and testament gave to his wife, Gabriela de Castro, an equal undivided half interest of the great estate, and to his ten children and the issue of his deceased daughter was willed each separately a one twenty-second share of the Rancho. That is to say,—and here again an old record is quoted for explicitness,— "eleven equal undivided twenty-second parts thereof to his widow, and one equal undivided twenty-second part thereof to each of his children then living, and a like undivided twenty-second part thereof to his grandchildren, heirs of his deceased daughter Francisca." Throughout all the litigation concerning the estate, when claimants were attempting to make various adjustments, this division of the Rancho according to the old will held, and the final partition now being made hinges directly upon it. So it was not the fault of the old Mexican commandante that the forty long years of litigation came about.

In the year 1835, Joaquin Castro, the eldest son of the old Sergeant, who had been appointed executor of his father's last will and testament and administrator of the estate, petitioned for and obtained from the Mexican nation a confirmation of the grant, made twelve years before to his father. He also petitioned for and obtained an augmentation of the estate to the extent of a little more than one square league, making in all about four square leagues of land. This petition to the Mexican government was a method pursued by all claimants of grants, in order to obtain a clear title to their estates.

From the time the government in 1835 granted a request of Joaquin Castro until the year 1850, the affairs of the Rancho stood as the will had dictated, the widow Castro possessing one half of the grant, the other half belonging to the children. Up to the latter year no actual partition had been made, the family living upon it and cultivating it in common. The inhabitants of the San Pablo were noted for their hospitality; the *haciendas* of the Castros were a welcome sight to the weary traveler. There were race-tracks on the great Rancho, and there were to be found all the amusements of Spanish life in California in that early day. From 1830 to 1850 the San Pablo was all that a Spanish rancho could be, and peace and plenty reigned.

Prior to 1850 three of the ten children died, and each of their one twenty-second parts, according to law, became the property of their mother, Gabriela de Castro. Thus the widow, who originally possessed in her own name eleven twenty-seconds of the estate, secured by the death of her three children an interest of fourteen twenty-seconds of the Rancho.

In the summer of 1851 Mrs. Castro died, having deeded her entire interest to her daughter, Martina Castro, wife of the celebrated Mexican governor of California, Juan B. Alvarado. Thus Mrs. Alvarado, one of the eight remaining heirs, secured her mother's fourteen twenty-seconds of the estate, which, with her own one twenty-second part, made her possessor of fifteen twenty-seconds of the San Pablo Rancho.

But the other heirs to the estate of Francisco Castro murmured over the proposed allotment of the land. They appealed to a Mexican law, which, it was claimed, permitted only a life estate to vest in the widow of Castro, and urged that the property be divided in equal shares among the eight surviving interests. This contention continued until



1855-56, when all parties in interest appeared to have determined upon a partition on the plan of eighths instead of twenty-seconds. Frequent transfers were made. Lawyers, usurers, and speculators, began to acquire the possessions of the needy and guileless Castros, which possessions were in turn deeded to innocent persons, who sought farm homes in close proximity to what even then promised to be the great metropolis. These sales were made on the basis that the Rancho would be divided into eighths. But, alas for the hopes of many, the partition expected in 1856 was never effected, and those who purchased of the Castros (excepting the Alvarado interest) after the one twenty-second portion of each had been exhausted, finally found themselves without title, and they or their successors now in occupation of the land must soon forever bid farewell to the homes they created, and the lands they have occupied for nearly forty years.

The Alvarados, backed by people of brains and means, determined to claim fifteen twenty-seconds of the entire Rancho. Then the real struggle began, and the war has by no means been confined to the courts,—for bullets have cut no small figure in the protracted conflict. Purchasers who sought possession were driven from the field, and many persons who secured good title in 1855 did not secure possession of an acre until the present year. The suit of *Emeric vs. Alvarado* was brought in the interest of the Alvarado title, Emeric having purchased of the wife of the dashing Ex-Governor.

After passing from one court to another, after an appeal to the Supreme Court and from there to a re-hearing, a decision was rendered in 1889, by the Superior Court of San Francisco, fixing the method of partition. This decision, sustained by the Supreme Court, was based directly on the will of Sergeant Castro, the Alvarado claimants secur-

ing fifteen twenty-seconds of the Rancho.

It remained for Judge J. C. B. Hebbard, at present presiding judge of the Superior Court of San Francisco, who was not born when the trouble over the division of the estate commenced, to close the case of the San Pablo Rancho.

In 1891 Judge Hebbard appointed three referees to partition the extensive property among the numerous claimants, and the work of final partition progressed steadily for two years, and is now at an end. The intricate and interesting work of partition would make a lengthy article in itself. The survey ordered by the referees found that the Rancho contained over seventeen thousand acres, a curtailment of the original claim. The greatest owner, the son of the man who instituted the suit, has been awarded 2500 acres, or \$246,000 worth of land according to the referees' valuation. An ex-justice of the Supreme Court is about the smallest owner,—twenty-eight dollars' worth,—the remainder having been exhausted by reason of the decision's substituting a one twenty-second for a one-eighth interest. Now titles to land in the San Pablo are as perfect as any land titles in California, and the long litigation is at an end.

Seventy years ago one man was sole possessor of the San Pablo Rancho. At present hundreds occupy its fields. A generation since all the claimants of the grant were of the race of Castro. Today there are but half a score who hold even the remotest interest in the great property which once their ancestors possessed entire.

A few hundred yards from the Ceritos Creek, the southern boundary of the grant, on a little knoll, stands an old house of the Spanish colonial days. It has its interior court and its pottery roof tiles, its high narrow windows and its wall of white. It is one of the few remaining specimens of the Mexican



hacienda. In this abode lives Victor Castro, the only one of the children of Francisco Castro now living. He is a venerable gentleman of the true Spanish type, seventy-three years of age, but still possessing a keen and loved remembrance of the scenes of the San Pablo in the halcyon days. When a youth, he and his companions were wont to cross the bay in their Spanish *botes* on Sunday mornings, to attend mass in the little church at San Rafael. Now the spires of the cathedrals in the great city which has succeeded Yerba Buena are visible from his home. Mare Island, which he once claimed as his own, and over which his cattle roamed, lies to the north. By its shores are now moored some of the famous ships of the Amer-

ican Navy. It was Victor Castro who gave this island its name, "*Isla de la Llegua*," from the fact that more than fifty years ago a *llegua* (mare) jumped from his rude stock-boat into San Pablo Bay and swam to the island. Castro reaped but little benefit from his title to Mare Island. The government of the United States subsequently bought it.

In the center of what is now the town of San Pablo stands the old homestead of the Alvarados, in which one of the sons of the distinguished Governor Juan B. Alvarado, still resides. A quaint grape-vine extends its generous shade at the portals of the old house. This snarled and weather-beaten sentinel is one sturdy remnant of colonial days on the Rancho.

*John Francis Sheehan, Jr.*

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### MOUNT HOOD.

BEYOND the city and the sloping forests,  
Beyond the foothills and the mountain ranges,  
Withdrawn, above, behind all towering peaks,  
Rests a white cloud,—motionless, luminous,  
Far-up, remote, touching the roof of Heaven,  
Lit by eternal sunlight, glistening,  
And glorified!

Motionless, there it lies,  
Like frozen mist, or like a thunder-head  
Fixed and solidified. Below, the clouds,  
White fleet on fleet, drift round the bay of Heaven,  
Till all the cloud-banks winrowed in the east  
Break up and vanish.

Now the great white cloud  
Looms up like God's white throne, stands forth revealed,  
In endless tracts of blue, a mountain peak!

*Apollos Merill.*

## THE WAR IN THE ORIENT.

BY THE FIRST U. S. ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO KOREA.

THE eyes of the world are, for the time being, fixed upon the Orient. To the close and careful observer the conditions that now exist are a natural sequence. For twenty-five years Japan has been making ready for this conflict. She has studied and adopted the methods of modern warfare, and her people, intensely patriotic, and with an aptitude for arms, born perhaps of a former feudal system, are eager for the fray.

The jealousies and animosities of China and Japan are not of recent date: they had their origin in the remote past, and the Korean Peninsula, jutting down as it does between them, has often been the cause and scene of conflict. As far back as the second century of the Christian era, Japan claims to have conquered Korea, and to have made of her a vassal state.

For some centuries these relations, with certain interruptions, seem to have continued; then came a cessation of tribute and subsequent invasions, until near the end of the fifteenth century, Japan again conquered and overran Korea. Shortly after the Koreans, aided by the Chinese, forced them to abandon the country. From this time dates the dominating influence of China. Japan, however, never relinquished her claim until the year 1876, when she made a treaty with Korea, recognizing her as an independent nation. Prior to this recognition, the Japanese felt that to surrender their claim upon Korea would be an act of cowardice, and a national dishonor.

The present war is being waged, not with the desire of conquest, but for the purpose of wresting Korea from the

stagnating influence of her unwieldy neighbor. The statesmen of Japan realize that the strength of Korea is in her weakness; that the preservation of her autonomy and the recognition of her independence are absolutely necessary to the peace of the Orient. They know that China's domination of the peninsula or its dismemberment and absorption would be a constant menace to themselves; and well aware that there is a large party in Korea, headed by the King himself, which is more than anxious to break the thralls that have so long bound them, and to adopt Western ideas and Western civilization, they are determined that Korea shall have that opportunity.

If there is to be any permanency and stability, under the new order of things, for Oriental nations, it must come about by a complete reorganization; and Japan, recognizing that fact and having adapted herself to the conditions, is more than willing by an exhibition of prowess to command that respect to which she is entitled.

Her thirty-five millions of people, however much they may differ upon minor questions of policy or state, are a unit upon the subject of this war. Besides her reserves, she can put into the field two hundred and fifty thousand well armed, well drilled men. The rank and file, although small in stature, have that self-confidence and *esprit de corps* so necessary to a soldier. Less lawless, and more subject to control than the men of Anglo-Saxon birth, I am mistaken if they do not prove themselves their equals in courage and tenacity, and I shall be surprised if this war does not

develop among the Japanese officers men of marked military skill and ability.

An efficient medical corps goes with the army, with all the adjuncts for the proper care of the sick and wounded; and even Japanese ladies, it is said, are volunteering for hospital service.

The navy of Japan consists of thirty-five steam vessels of sixty-one thousand tons displacement, mounting 324 cannon, all of the finest European model and equipment. It is officered and manned entirely by her own people, and its efficiency has already been demonstrated.

To be convinced that Japan is in the van of progress, it is only necessary to watch the transformation that has taken place. Her Emperor, with a dynasty extending back beyond the Christian era, and always absolute, has of late conceded a Constitution to his people. Imperial edicts have given place to legislative enactments. Her courts have long been established, and her code is administered by competent judges. That the Western powers have yielded, or are about to yield, the extra-territorial rights reserved by treaty, is sufficient proof of this. The professions are well represented, and journalism, with its hundreds of daily and weekly papers, is doing its active work. Schools are everywhere established, and manufacturing, incident to the new order of things, such as iron works, cotton mills, etc., with an aggregated capital of yen 70,734,764, are in successful operation. Japan builds her own ships and manufactures her own arms. She has more than eighteen hundred miles of railway, costing yen 78,303,127, much of which was constructed entirely under the supervision of Japanese engineers.

Her banks, national and private, have a paid-up capital of yen 92,324,100. The budget submitted to the Imperial Diet on the 28th of November, 1893, shows that her revenues exceed her expenditures, and that the balance of trade is largely in her favor.

Public hospitals, insane asylums, and homes for foundlings, have been endowed, and public charities—patronized and encouraged by their Majesties—relieve the wants of the infirm and destitute.

In a word, Japan is on the high road to an enviable station among the nations, and it is high time for the narrow, carping, commercial spirit, which actuates most of the diplomatic measures, to recognize this fact.

China has always been an enigma among nations. Exclusive, anomalous, and grotesque, she seems to be a petrified relic of the past. Older than the Roman Empire, she had a fantastic civilization long before the days of Grecian decadence. Though dynasties have fallen and thrones have crumbled, unchanged and unchanging her civil polity has withstood the shock of subjugation and of revolution.

The Tartar hordes came to conquer, and remained to assimilate. Genghis Khan left his conquests to her keeping, and she held them for centuries, not by the force of arms but by the glamour of display.

Time was when her dominion extended from the Sea of Japan to the borders of India,—when embassies from Thibet, and Siam, and Tonquin, and Korea, came with their yearly tributes to the Imperial Government, and went away impressed with its greatness. But one by one she has been shorn of her dependencies, until now there are none left to do her honor.

A recent official Yellow Book gives the population of China as 303,241,969; this, however, is believed to be an overestimate. The navy consists of three iron-clads, seven cruisers, thirty-five iron-clad gunboats, and nine torpedo vessels, built in England and Germany. The army is said to number 1,200,000 men: of this force, however, only a small percentage is efficient for active

service. No trustworthy statements as to revenue and expenditure exist.

The great mass of the common people are patient, submissive, and industrious, and while the most of them can read and write, they are nevertheless densely ignorant. They are purposely led to believe that China covers a large part of the Earth's surface, and they regard and designate the people of other nations as barbarians. Foreigners are always liable to insult and abuse, and everywhere, even in Peking, the anti-foreign sentiment prevails, and occasionally breaks out.

The education of the *literati* consists in being well versed in the aphorisms of the Chinese classics, and upon their proficiency depends their political preferment. It occupies the time and pleases the fancy of the student, and ambition is both stimulated and restrained thereby.

The laws of the Empire seem to be a mass of formulated customs and Imperial edicts, which can be construed to suit any judicial whim. The government of China is vested in a supreme head, who is called the Son of Heaven, and several Boards of Council, with an army of subordinates, from the governors of provinces to the lowest magistrates, all depending upon the sovereign will for honor and emoluments. They live constantly in an atmosphere of jealousy and suspicion; actuated always by a desire for personal aggrandizement, they would rather humiliate a rival than save an empire. It is a part of the policy of the central government to keep alive these animosities, for therein lies its safety and control.

This cumbersome bureaucracy inspires only one sentiment in the minds of its subjects, and that is fear. It maintains its sway by a system of surveillance that prevents combination, breeds distrust, and crushes the spirit and pride of its people. Under such conditions there can be no patriotism, and no unity in action. Therefore I say that China,

numerically strong, is intrinsically weak. Clever as the Chinese are in many things, they seem to be wanting in the heroic qualities which lead on to victory; either because the martial spirit has been discouraged by ages of suppression incident to their form of government, or because they have no confidence in their leaders, and no genuine respect and regard for their rulers.

But deficient as they are in valor, they are adepts in the art of diplomacy. Believing that the end justifies the means, they resort to finesse to accomplish their purposes. In all of their intercourse with the Western nations they have adopted the Fabian policy, and yield only when they must.

Threatened with danger by reason of the Japanese invasion, China is filled with trepidation, and is even now entreating her one interested friend among the Western nations to intervene in her behalf, but unless that power can induce other nations to join with her, there will be no intervention. Russia, silent and ominous, is the unknown quantity in European policy which holds ill-advised action in check.

China's claim of suzerainty over Korea is more mythical than real. She has always disclaimed any responsibility for the conduct of her so-called dependency, and has held intercourse with the Hermit Kingdom only upon terms dictated by Korea.

She induced her to make treaties with the Western nations, knowing well that those powers did not enter into treaty relations with dependent states. In the year 1885, in convention with Japan, she stipulated to withdraw her troops from Korean territory, and not to occupy it again excepting upon notice; and yet, by insinuation, she clings to this vague phantom of dominion apparently to flatter her own vanity and to aggravate Japan.

Korea, awed by the pretension of the Middle Kingdom, and dominated by cer-

tain powerful families who are saturated with Chinese influence, is, in all that pertains to the conduct of affairs, a lesser China. Like her prototype, she suffers from an excess of government and a surplus of patronage. The power of these families is constantly exercised to control both king and commons. The Queen of Korea is a daughter of the House of Min, a strong adherent of China. She has had a party of her own, and has heretofore dictated much of the policy of the government. The defeat of China has caused a rupture in the Royal household, and the Queen is now in seclusion. At heart the King is a liberal, and is much beloved by his people. He understands the policy of other nations, and has an intense desire to break away from the thralls of a defunct civilization, and to have his country enter upon an era of progress.

Korea has a population of from twelve to fifteen million. They are undoubtedly of Tartar origin, although they have a history dating back four thousand years. The Korean language discloses no root-forms in common with the Chinese, which would indicate that there is no direct kinship between the races. They have a phonetic alphabet, and many books published in their own tongue. Education is universal; the lower classes learn to read and write their own language, while the upper classes acquire the Chinese characters as well, and study the Chinese classics. The people are industrious; their artisans work well in wood, and iron, and stone; they weave their own cloths, and make their own implements. Emulating the highest type of civilization with which they were conversant, they have adopted the forms and ceremonies of China, but in temperament, disposition, and character, they are not Chinese. They are neither arrogant nor impudent. Thousands of the young men of Korea, actuated by the highest motives, are thirsting for knowledge; modest

and refined, they are prepared to take on culture in its true sense.

The old parties, which intrigued for power and place in the past, have been swept away under the new conditions, and the people are now divided into two parties, which might be designated as the liberals and the conservatives.

Until now, the conservatives, who are pro-Chinese, have tenaciously held the power. The liberals, under the leadership of Kim Ok Kuen, a high official in the Korean Foreign Office, Pak Ing Ho, a brother-in-law of the King, Hong Yong Sik, a son of the Prime Minister, and So Kwang Pom, the King's Chamberlain, attempted by the rash *coup d'état* of 1884 to oust the conservatives and to gain control. That their purpose was pure and patriotic there is no question; but they were defeated by the active interference of the Chinese troops stationed in Seoul, and forced to flee from the country. The Japanese guard became involved in the conflict, and fought for several hours with the Chinese in the palace grounds of the King; but being greatly outnumbered they retired, and subsequently marched away to the sea. In the *emeute* which followed, numbers of the Japanese civilians were killed, and their legation buildings burned.

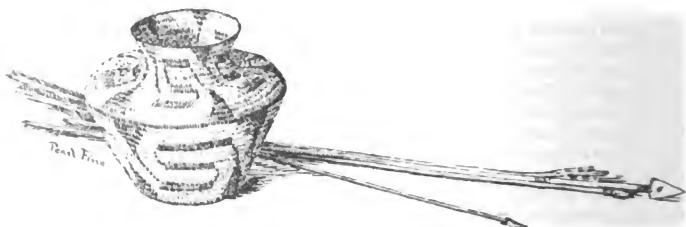
Of the liberal leaders, So Kwang Pom came to the United States, where he has since remained; until now, recalled by the King, he is *en route* to his own country.

All this is but a repetition of what had occurred before, when, at the instigation of the Chinese, the Japanese legation was driven from Korea.

Sympathizing with the liberal party, Japan has taken the field, determined to put an end to China's baleful influence in Korea, and to save the little kingdom from decay and dismemberment; and there is no pretext which would justify an intervention to prevent

her from doing this work of reconstruction. She seems to be adhering to the articles of civilized warfare, while the Chinese are liable to perpetrate unheard-of cruelties. If the vile and superstitious mandarins vent their spite upon non-combatants of other races, their punishment should be dire and instantaneous. The missionaries should have all the protection that it is possible to extend to them; and China should be held to an accountability so strict that it would shake the Dragon Throne itself, if necessary. The civilized world has already suffered too much from her arrogance and barbarity.

*Lucius H. Foote.*



### TO AN INDIAN BASKET.

FAIR token, deftly wrought by savage art,  
 The craft of dusky fingers trained to twine  
 The supple willow, shaped in patterned line,  
 Enweaving strand by strand the dearest part  
 Of storied lore wild nature can impart  
 To breasts that ever worship at her shrine,—  
 What handiwork is more sincere than thine,  
 Or bears the impress of a truer heart?  
 I hear the mother crooning soft and low  
 Beside her sleeping child, while fingers fly  
 To shape thee, basket; weaving to and fro  
 The strands of love to live perpetually,  
 Embodied in thy form. What art can show  
 A higher claim to immortality?

*Charles A. Keeler.*

## THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF 1856. II.

ON SUNDAY, at 8 A. M. of May 18, 1856, every man was at his post ready for duty.

The day opened calm, with a cloudy sky. To the captains of each company only were imparted the time of movement and duties to be performed. The arrangement was such that every company should appear before and about the jail at the same moment. The order "Forward, march!" was given about 10 A. M., and from all the armories, which were located in various parts of the city, the Vigilantes moved.

The word now became general, "The Vigilantes are out," and then commenced a wild rush of the people for the jail. As by magic, 2,500 men, all fully armed, were in position, and in less time than it takes to write these few lines, fully fifteen thousand people were spectators of the coming scene.

There now appeared on the roof and



JAMES KING OF WM.

about the jail, possibly two hundred "Law and Order" guards, who took their position, many on the roof in front, the wall forming a rampart of partial safety. Directly in front of the jail door and about one hundred feet from it was placed a field piece.

I was a member of the Coleman Guards, Captain Pinto in command. Pinto was an experienced officer, having seen service in Mexico. To the Coleman Guards and a French company made up of old veterans was given what was called the post of honor (privilege of getting hit first in any conflict). These companies' position was directly in front of the jail's main entrance.

I was just back of the field-piece, and consequently directly in front of the jail door; thus all proceedings were in full view.

As soon as it was known by the committee representing the Executive that all was in readiness, a demand was made

JUDGE DAVID S. TERRY.



From Rivors's Pamphlet. Published by Darrow, Rochester, 1857.

DELIVERY OF CASEY TO THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

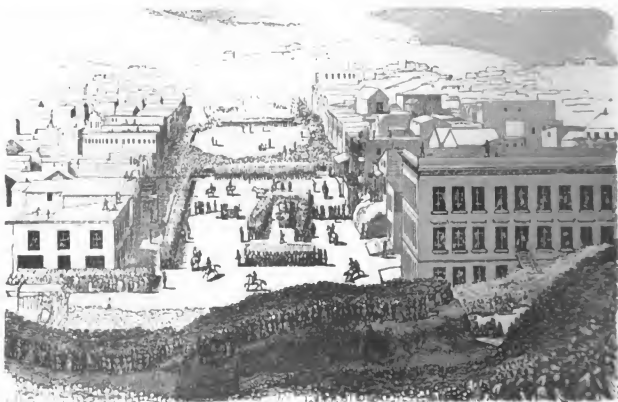
upon Sheriff Scannel for the surrender of Casey. The demand was refused.

A few minutes were given for consideration. Again the demand was made and refused. A wave of the hand as a signal, and the man in charge of the field-piece lit his fuse, and began swinging it in the air, awaiting orders.

It was an exciting moment. There stood President Coleman and Myers F. Truet on the steps of the jail, which

raised them in full view, conversing through the wicket with the Sheriff. Watch in hand, five minutes were given for opening the door. All counted the minutes as they passed. Time nearly up, and the door still unopened. Time up. The door opened! The committee and several of the Vigilance police entered. The crisis was passed.

After entry to the jail the balance was a matter of but fifteen minutes.

From the *Wide West*, July 4, 1856.

DELIVERY OF CASEY.



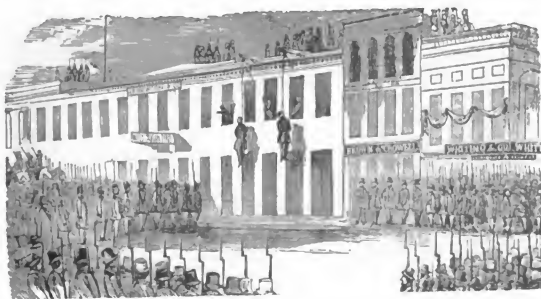
From the *Wide West*, July 4, 1856.

EXECUTION OF CASEY AND CORA.

when Casey appeared in full view, in charge of Marshal North, of the Vigilance police, and members of the Executive. On the appearance of Casey a shout of approval went up from the vast multitude. By a wave of the hand from President Coleman all was quietness again. A carriage was now driven up, and in it Casey was placed. A hollow square was formed by the various com-

panies, and at once they started for the Vigilance stronghold.

The remaining companies were still kept in position, as the work was but partially done. In about an hour, several members of the Committee returned, and had no difficulty in securing Cora, who also was put in a carriage, when the entire body marched to the headquarters on Sacramento Street.



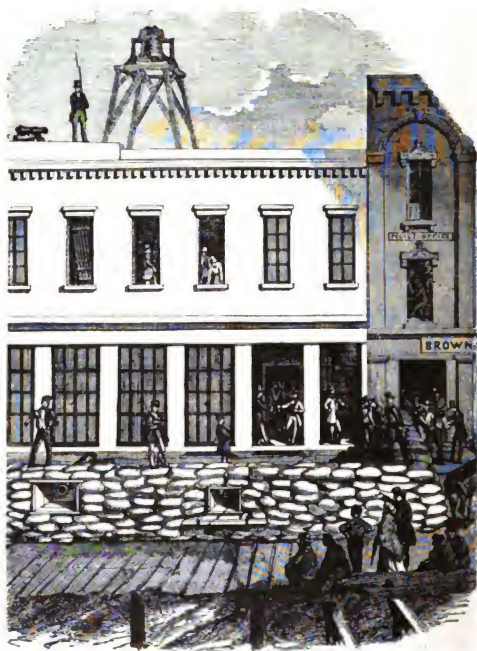
From Rivors's Pamphlet.

EXECUTION OF CASEY AND CORA.

The "Law and Order" party for the first time realized they had a well-armed foe, and yet they felt a slumbering strength in the sounding term of "Law and Order." The "Law and Order" party had with it, working actively, a few good, well-meaning citizens; but take

was still alive, and regularly at short intervals bulletins were posted, giving the eager public information as to his condition.

Every day that passed increased the business and purposes of the Committee, and enlarged their ideas as to what



From the *Wide West*, July 4, 1856.

FORT GUNNYBAGS AND THE ALARM BELL.

the organization as a whole, it was a hard crowd. Up to this time not 800 men could be mustered for open combat. These were by no means feared, yet well watched.

The Committee being now in possession of Casey and Cora, the community breathed freer. James King of Wm.

plans for reform should be entered into for ridding the community of every objectionable character, — especially all those known as ballot-box stuffers, gamblers, and others. The Committee was still increasing in numbers, at the same time that great care was being taken as to the standing of applicants. The

Committee's enlargement called for more arms, all of which called for more money. Every member so far was fully armed with one weapon or another. There were rifle, musket, shotgun, revolver, and artillery companies. Every sympathizer possessing arms offered them to the Committee, and masters of ships in the harbor tendered their cannon. From every part of the State came offers of aid. The mountain press and people were in full sympathy.

Business now was a secondary matter, the mind of the entire public being centered on coming events. It was a peculiar, I may say chaotic, condition of affairs, yet grandly controlled by the wise counsel of an intelligent Executive.

THE trial of Cora had now been progressing for some days,—a searching inquiry into all the particulars of the assassination, that justice might be done. He was condemned and notified of his coming fate.

On May 20th James King of Wm. breathed his last, and a sorrowing city was soon draped in mourning. His death produced a renewed excitement; vengeance was uppermost in the minds of the masses, and it required great effort to keep this feeling within bounds. But for the fact that Casey was in the hands of the Vigilantes, nothing could have withheld the people.

The trial of Casey was now proceeded with in due form and proper consideration for justice. He was found guilty of murder, the time for executing the sentence of death was set, and he was notified. The streets of the city, at night especially, were densely packed. They were patrolled and guarded by the mounted police of the Vigilantes. On the 22d of May James King of Wm. was buried. It was one of San Francisco's most lovely days. All business was suspended, and thousands of people were on the streets, in the vicinity of the old Unitarian Church, on Stockton

Street, where the services were held. A large concourse of people followed the remains to the grave. In Laurel Hill Cemetery can now be seen the tomb of him whose honest promptings led him to death in battling for our political rights and moral advancement.

While the bells were tolling for Mr. King's funeral, at the Vigilance rooms on Sacramento Street altogether a different scene was being prepared. Around "Fort Gunny Bags" stood as a guard two thousand armed Vigilantes, in silence awaiting coming events. From the second story windows of the Fort had already been built two platforms and beams. Soon, in their white robes and caps, appeared Casey and Cora, with their spiritual advisers. The scene spoke louder than words. In silence, and with due solemnity, the cords were cut, when both simultaneously dropped into eternity. Thus James King of Wm. and Colonel Richardson's blood was avenged. For over an hour the bodies were left hanging, that all might realize the fact, and evil-doers take warning. The bodies of Casey and Cora were then delivered to their friends, and in the Catholic churchyard at the Mission Dolores they found their final resting place.

It was clearly apparent that the Committee not only asserted their determination to do, but that they dared to act, and now began a general scattering to the interior, the Atlantic States, the Islands, and Australia, of many individuals whose guilt was mostly known to their own consciences. Already, numbers of well known ballot-box stuffers and thieves had been arrested, and were confined at the Vigilantes' rooms awaiting trial: others were sought for, and among these the renowned Ned McGowan. He was a wily fellow, up to all the political tricks of the times; one who considered the end justified the means. He was diligently sought for, but was too foxy for capture. The writer was in one squad

which came so near capturing him that his bed was still warm. He fled to Mexico.

Yankee Sullivan, a noted ballot-box stuffing politician, had already been arrested, and was confined in the Vigilance rooms. Realizing the spirit and determination of the Committee, and knowing his own bad deeds, he became so terrified at the outlook, that on May 31 he committed suicide, to the great regret of the Committee. Sullivan had given them a great deal of valuable information respecting his and others' acts of ballot-box stuffing. He admitted also his conviction for crime in England, and sentence for fourteen years to New South Wales, from which place he escaped and came to California. The suicide for the time being was some benefit to the Law and Order party, by the way of obtaining more numbers, but the bad effect on the community was short-lived.

Charles P. Duane's record had been quite thoroughly overhauled, and he was now wanted by the Committee. A posse was ordered to make the arrest, and although not in the detail I knew of the contemplated move, and expecting a lively time in making it, accompanied the squad. Duane was extensively known from his wild record, and such a favorite was he among the "boys," and so active and dashing a fellow, that to take him alive would be no easy task; consequently extra precaution was taken. He had previously asserted that no dozen Vigilantes should take him.

He was now known to be in a saloon, on Clay Street between Montgomery and Kearney. The room led through to Merchant Street. At both places of egress, in citizen's dress, were stationed a number of heavily armed Vigilantes. Mr. Duane was now informed he was wanted at the rooms of the Vigilance Committee. At first he demurred, and dashed through to Merchant Street,

there falling into the hands of other Vigilantes. Seeing he was overpowered by numbers, took in the situation, and considering "discretion the better part of valor" yielded, and was rapidly conveyed to the rooms, followed and surrounded by numbers of Vigilantes.

The news that Chas. P. Duane had been arrested, and was a prisoner at the "Fort," created quite a stir in the "Law and Order" camp, and soon large numbers of men not members of the Committee began to gather about the rooms. The Executive Committee, thinking a rescue might be attempted, as a precaution sounded the Vigilance bell three times. In fifteen minutes two thousand men were under arms, guards were doubled, and cannon planted in readiness, but to the "Law and Order" element the preparation was too sudden and too formidable to combat. The Vigilance bell, a very large one, was suspended from frame-work erected on the roof of "Fort Gunny Bags," and when struck could be heard over all the main part of the city. Every Vigilante knew that when he heard the sound of that bell he was immediately wanted, armed.

Billy Mulligan, another bad character, had been arrested, and was also confined at the Vigilance rooms. On June 1, Judge Terry, as one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, issued a writ of habeas corpus, commanding the Sheriff to bring before him the body of Billy Mulligan. Terry had previously been making himself conspicuous as an opponent of the Committee, and this move was understood as an act of the "Law and Order" party to put the Committee in more open defiance.

The writ was resisted by the Committee, and the court given to understand that a higher court — the people — was in session. This resistance, of course, incensed Judge Terry, and the Law and Order party generally.

A Law and Order meeting was now called, the place of meeting to be at

the Plaza. It was extensively advertised for June 3, and was as the grand rally of the Law and Order party. The meeting convened with Jas. H. Wade, president, and was addressed by Calhoun Benham, Alex. Campbell, C. H. Brosnan, and Colonel E. D. Baker, afterwards U. S. Senator from Oregon,—all lawyers. They berated the Committee, of course, and pleaded for "Law and Order," but the meeting was a miserable failure. They tried to raise the American flag on the liberty pole, but even in that they were defeated, as the halcyards broke before it reached the top.

From the time of Sherman's appointment as Major General of Militia until June 2, there had been many interviews with prominent Law and Order citizens, as conference committees, all having in view some kind of a compromise; but the Executive Committee could see no good coming out of any patched-up peace, with ballot box stuffers to continue their rule, so continued their work of arresting, knowing they had the confidence of the great majority of the people, not only of the city but State.

The refusal to recognize the order of Judge Terry caused the Governor to issue, on June 3, a proclamation, declaring San Francisco in a state of insurrection, and requesting State troops to report to General Sherman.

This proclamation called out the third, fourth, and fifth divisions of State militia, comprising nineteen counties. The Law and Order element now felt that it had the upper hand of the situation, and after twenty-four hours it claimed a force of some three thousand men, and asserted that in a few days more they would have at least ten thousand supporters. At the recruiting offices in San Francisco, however, not one hundred men had enrolled.

This proclamation, with its general effect, tended to make more serious the position of the Vigilantes. Great caution and consideration were given to every

move, and yet there was no swerving from the marked line of work. The great mass of the people of city and State strongly condemned the Governor's action, and with very few exceptions the press of the State denounced it. By quoting an article from the *Sacramento Union*, then the leading journal outside of San Francisco, the sentiments will be understood.

If by ordering out the militia of this State, to assist Judge Terry to serve his writ of habeas corpus, a collision follows between the military and the people, in which the life of one good citizen is sacrificed, the State authorities will regret it as long as they live; more than this, their names will be execrated by the people, or we are greatly in fault. An attempt to force the people at the point of the bayonet cannot succeed. Ours is not a government founded on force; it rests upon public opinion and the will of the people.

For a few days after the issuance and publication of the proclamation, there was an excited and unsettled condition in the public mind, and hundreds of citizens enrolled as Vigilantes, bringing the number up to fully five thousand members. The Committee began to prepare for the worst, one of the first moves was to plant a thirty-two pounder cannon in front of the rooms. Notwithstanding rumors from Law and Order quarters, of large numbers being ready to take up arms against the Vigilantes, word came to the Vigilance Committee from the counties called upon, to the effect that members of company after company had withdrawn, and now offered their support to the Committee. It is not to be disguised that in the city there were secret Law and Order organizations, but as a whole, no larger number than twelve hundred individuals all told was accepted as a possible force. That the rashness of hot-headed men might cause a conflict of forces was not beyond the pale of possibilities. The *Alta*, one of the leading papers of the city, well expressed in the following the sentiments of people and press:—

If the issue must come, (which God grant may be

averted,)—if a struggle for supremacy must be made between the good citizens and the vile hordes of hieves, murderers, and ballot-box stuffers, who have ruled us too long already; if we must fight in defense of our dearest rights, and our future peace, so let it be. A holier cause never nerved the arm of mortal man,—if we falter now, if we permit the class of men who sympathize with felons and murderers, who countenance and support ballot-box stuffers, again to establish themselves here, we might as well give up all hope, all desire, for future peace and prosperity for our city.

On the issuance of the proclamation, Governor Johnson made a requisition on General Wool at Benicia for arms. Previous to this requisition, Governor Johnson and General Sherman had interviewed General Wool in regard to furnishing arms on the Governor's requisition, and Governor Johnson and General Sherman understood that they were to have the arms when desired; but when the requisition was made, General Wool saw no authority for such delivery, and declined to do so. This called forth a question of veracity between General Wool on the one side, and Governor Johnson and General Sherman on the other. General Wool considered that he made only a qualified promise, while the others considered it as absolute. However, General Wool refused. Judge Terry and Colonel Baker at once interviewed General Wool on the subject, but he positively declined to furnish arms. Governor Johnson then appealed to the President. The finale of this unpleasant matter was the approval by the President of General Wool's course.

Thus Governor Johnson and his Major General had on their hands a big proclamation and a big bluster without power to support it; and yet the Law and Order party had enough arms in their various armories to create uneasiness and possible trouble.

It is impossible by words to convey the excitement that existed in the minds not only of the people of San Francisco but all over the State, at the prospects of a possible conflict. To

save this, a great pressure was brought upon the Governor, to have him withdraw his proclamation; but this he declined to do, unless the Committee yielded, and this they would not do. It was now or never. That a conflict would take place seemed for a time certain. Bloodshed was, if possible, to be avoided. As expressed by another: "Let a gun be fired, let a patriot fall on the side of popular rights, and a physical revolution becomes a necessity."

The position of affairs was such that the better class of citizens, as sympathizers with the cause in which the Vigilance Committee was laboring, took upon themselves the work of reconciliation, if possible, between the Governor and his advisers, and the Committee. To this end the following well known and highly distinguished men were appointed by their fellow-citizens a committee to wait on the Governor: J. B. Crockett, Chairman, ex-Governor Henry S. Foote, E. V. Earl, Baillie Peyton, John Sime, J. J. Williams, E. W. Bissell, James D. Thornton, M. R. Roberts and James Donahue. Governor Johnson with his advisers, Judge David S. Terry, Volney E. Howard, General Sherman, and Colonel E. D. Baker, (all radical opponents,) met them by appointment at Benicia.

The committee, on presenting itself for interview, was notified by the Governor's advisers that it would be necessary to put their request in writing. Although this was regarded as rather discourteous, yet in the interest of peace they indited the following:—

To His Excellency, J. NEELEY JOHNSON, Governor of California:

The undersigned citizens of San Francisco, on their own behalf, and on behalf of a large portion of the people of that city, respectfully ask a personal interview with your Excellency, touching the present alarming crisis in its affairs. (Signed by committee, as above.)

In due time they were brought into the presence of the Governor and his

advisers, when matters of conciliation were talked over, and the committee informed that an answer would be given in writing. To this respectful body of citizens the Governor made the following reply :—

To J. B. CROCKETT and Others, Committee of Citizens of San Francisco :

In reply to the verbal communication made to me this evening, in relation to the existing condition of affairs in San Francisco, I have to say, that the hope you have expressed that the unhappy difficulties of which you have made mention may terminate without bloodshed fully accords with my own desire ; and I can assure you that nothing shall be done on my part which shall not be imperatively demanded, necessary to secure a compliance with the Executive Proclamation issued by me on the 3d inst. By virtue of the Constitution of this State, it is made my duty to enforce the execution of the laws. This duty I shall perform ; and if unhappily a collision occurs, and injury to life and property results, the responsibility must rest on those who disregard the authority of the State.

J. NEELEY JOHNSON,  
Governor of California.

The committee received the answer in disgust, and upon returning to the city made their report. It was now clear to every man in the Vigilance Committee and out of it, that safety was only in being strong, and prepared for any contingency. The Vigilantes, however, were on their mettle. There was no change in their program.

Up to this time the following men had been arrested, and were confined in the Vigilance rooms : Billy Mulligan, Wooley Kearney, Martin Gallagher, Billy Carr, Ed Bulger, and C. P. Duane. These had had their trial, been condemned, and ordered to leave the State never to return under penalty of death, without a revocation of the order. To carry out this demand, on the morning of the 5th of June they were, in a body, escorted by an armed force of the Vigilantes and placed on board the steamer and shipped to Panama.

To the credit of Billy Mulligan it can be said, that when on the steamer he expressed himself as follows : "I find no fault with the Vigilance Committee ;

they are acting right. There are hundreds of men as bad as I am, who deserve the same treatment. There is not an officer in the city and county of San Francisco who is legally elected. They are all thieves from the — down, and should be driven from their offices."

This declaration was rather too sweeping, as there were a few who had the respect of all good citizens.

Where it was not desirable to arrest, and yet necessary to rid the community of rough characters, they were notified, under seal of the all-seeing eye, signed "33, Secretary," that within a specified time they were commanded to leave the State, never to return. Those receiving this notice, without exception, left in due time. Where individuals could not leave for want of means, the Committee paid their expenses.

The Committee's strength now, through the excitement of the community, had reached fully five thousand members, with a full complement of arms, and still they continued enrolling. Repeated threats of rescue made greater watchfulness necessary ; besides the fact that General Sherman and others of influence were stirring up more or less excitement all the time.

It must not be understood that the Committee at any time undertook to interfere with the courts, which kept on in their usual course ; neither did the Committee allow the courts or the Proclamation to interfere with their work. About this time the Grand Jury made its report, and from it I copy the following, as further justification of the Committee's organization :—

We regret to say, that, with a few honorable exceptions, the administration of the laws had been in the hands of corrupt and inefficient men. The sacred rights of the people have been outraged. Life and property have not had the security of a well regulated and honest administration of law and justice.

Under color of law, great crimes have been committed and permitted, and in almost the vain pursuit of justice, in the execution of law. The vilest

criminals have escaped punishment, when all other modes failed, by technical defects in prosecution, or disagreement of juries.

On June 6 John Crowe, John Hennessey, John Lawler, James Cusick, J. W. Bagley, William Hamilton, Jack McClure, and Terence Kelly, received the following notice:—

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ROOMS,  
SAN FRANCISCO, June 6, 1856.

*Sirs:*

The Committee of Vigilance, after full investigation and deliberation, declare you guilty of being a notoriously bad character and a dangerous person, a disturber of the peace, a violator of the purity and integrity of the ballot-box, and have according adjudged the following sentence: That you [name] leave the State of California on or before the 20th day of June, 1856, never to return under the severest penalties.

In witness whereof, the seal of the Committee of Vigilance is hereto attached.

By order of the Committee.

[SEAL.]

33, SECRETARY,  
Committee of Vigilance.

Every member of the Committee was known only by his number.

General Sherman, disappointed in not obtaining arms from General Wool, and not wishing to take the responsibility of a conflict so poorly prepared, on the 7th of June resigned his commission. His office was at once tendered to and accepted by Volney E. Howard.

In justice to the Committee of Vigilance, before leaving the subject of General Sherman, I must say respecting his letters to General Ewing and Judge Field, that here I do not care to enter into details or criticise errors of view and statement, but will assert that the Committee, though of opposite views, was composed of men of as high sense of moral honor, patriotism, and intelligence, as General Sherman. From the first Sherman seemed chagrined to think the Committee would not take his dictum as law. While there was some feeling at the General's talk and course, his views were attributed to his military education, and lack in experience in Pioneer life.

The appointment of Howard was highly acceptable to the Law and Order party, and a great deal of activity was infused into their organizations. At this turn of affairs the Committee of Vigilance, seeking to avoid bloodshed if possible, concluded to issue an address to the People of California. It was a clearly expressed, explanatory paper. I will only quote the beginning and ending, the whole address being lengthy:—

*To the People of California:—*

The Committee of Vigilance, in the position they now occupy by the voice and countenance of the vast majority of their fellow citizens, as executors of their wills, desire to define the necessity which has forced this people into their present organization.

Great public emergencies demand prompt and vigorous remedies. The people, long suffering under an organized despotism, which has invaded their liberties, squandered their properties, usurped their offices of trust and emolument, endangering their lives, prevented the expression of their will through the ballot-box, corrupted the channels of justice, have now risen in virtue of their inherent right and power. All political, religious, and sectional differences and issues have given way to the paramount necessity of a thorough and fundamental reform and purification of the social and political body. The voice of the whole people has demanded union and organization as the only means of making our laws effective, and regaining the rights of free speech, free vote, and public safety.

We have spared and shall spare no effort to avoid bloodshed or cruel war, but, undeterred by threats of opposing organizations, shall continue, peacefully if we can, forcibly if we must, this work of reform to which we have pledged our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honors. Our labors have been arduous, our deliberations have been continuous, our determinations firm, our counsels prudent, our motives pure, and while regretting the imperious necessity which called us into action, we are anxious that this necessity should exist no longer; and when our labors shall have been accomplished, when the community shall be freed from the evils it has so long endured, when we have insured to our citizens an honest and vigorous protection of their rights, then the Committee of Vigilance will find great pleasure in resigning their power into the hands of the people from which it was received.

Published by order of the Committee.

[SEAL.]

33, SECRETARY.

When one takes into consideration



the excitement of the community at the time, when no man was neutral, the address must be considered as having the true American ring about it. The address was well received, and satisfied all that there was no weakening or wavering in their purpose. "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must," meant all the words implied.

In many prominent places, all over the State, public meetings were held, at which resolutions were passed approving the Committee's course, and offering aid when required: in fact, in several places companies were formed and drilled. On the 12th a meeting was called in San Francisco of sympathizers with the Committee; this was presided over by Judge D. O. Shattuck, A. G. Randall, Secretary. This was preliminary to a general mass meeting of all citizens not members of the Vigilance Committee, but sympathizers with it. The meeting was held in front of the Oriental Hotel, then located in the gore of Market, Bush, and Battery streets. It was an immense gathering of citizens. Colonel Baillie Peyton presided. As Vice-Presidents were H. M. Naglee, E. A. Woodruff, Lafayette Maynard, David Chambers, G. N. Shaw, Louis McLane, Abel Guy, G. Elliott, Sam. J. Hensley, H. M. Grey, John Sime, G. Page, Gustave Touchard, Daniel Gibbs, G. W. Church, F. C. Hambly, F. Peckham, and W. C. McMichael. A. G. Randall was Secretary.

It is only necessary to canvass the callings and positions of these men (all prominent business men), and the status of this meeting can be seen. A long series of resolutions complimentary to the Vigilance Committee was passed, committees of finance appointed, etc. This meeting was so universally attended that it had a depressing effect on the Law and Order element, and yet they kept up a feverish excitement through the activity of their new Major General and his hot-headed assistants.

The Vigilantes never wavered, but kept right on with the work of investigating the characters of suspects, and making arrests when desired. On the 18th of June were arrested T. B. Cunningham, Alex Purple, Frank Murray, and Thos. Mulloy. Bill Lewis, hearing he was wanted, surrendered. On the 19th Philander Brace, the murderer of John B. West, was caught and at once taken to the Vigilance rooms, and his trial entered upon. On the 20th Terrence Kelly was also arrested.

Of course every arrest created its excitement, and the interior was by no means free of it. At Sacramento a Citizens' Mass Meeting was held, and a committee appointed to call upon the Governor, and request the withdrawal of his proclamation; also to visit the Committee in San Francisco, in order to be better advised as to the modes of action when assistance might be required.

The Law and Order party was now more openly seeking recruits, having the proclamation for its backing, and was in hopes of some false move on the part of the Vigilance Committee that would redound to its benefit.

The Committee, learning of the sloop Julia's having on board one hundred and fifty stand of arms for the Law and Order party, at once dispatched John L. Durkee, with assistants, to overhaul the sloop, and take possession of arms and men. On the night of the 20th of June they made the capture, bringing to the "Fort" the arms and the three persons captured,—Phillips, Maloney, and McNabb. This "piracy on the high sea," together with the loss of arms, made another big commotion. In fact, the entire community, between the Law and Order party on the one side, who kept spreading boastful reports of coming aid, with the Vigilance Committee's resolute acts and arrests on the other, kept the minds of the people in such a state that no one knew what moment,

day or night, a crisis would come. Every Vigilante looked to the perfect condition of his weapon.

After the discharge of the men captured, it was found that Maloney, who was among them, was the very man the Committee had been looking for, he being charged as a ballot-box stuffer. An order for his arrest was at once made and placed in the hands of Sterling A. Hopkins, then one of the principals in the Police Department. Hopkins, learning that Maloney was at the office of Naval Officer R. P. Ashe, proceeded thither, and there met not only Maloney but Doctor Ashe, and Judge Terry of the Supreme Court.

Hopkins requested Maloney to accompany him, and on pressing this request by arrest, was ejected from the office. He at once sent to headquarters for assistance. Maloney suspecting this and fearing trouble left, accompanied by Ashe and Terry. On the appearance of Maloney on the street, Hopkins again tried to arrest him, but Ashe and Terry stepped in to prevent it.

In the hands of Judge Terry was a gun; this in the scuffle Hopkins seized hold of. At this, Judge Terry drew his bowie knife and stabbed Hopkins in the neck. It so happened that several of the mounted police came on the scene, and ascertaining the facts, called aid to Hopkins; then mounting, dashed with all speed to the Vigilance rooms, while Ashe, Terry, Maloney, and some friends, ran for the armory of the San Francisco Blues, a Law and Order camp located on the northeast corner of Dupont and Jackson streets.

The report was made to the Committee that Judge Terry had fatally stabbed Hopkins. That the actor in this new tragedy was Judge Terry came to the Executive, then in session, like a bombshell. Startling as it was, they were equal to the emergency, and instantly issued an order to sound the alarm. As quickly, the Vigilance bell

gave forth its meaning peal. "To Arms! To Arms!! Vigilantes to Arms!!!" and to arms they flew like magic, producing a scene of unparalleled excitement. It can only be partially imagined—no pen can portray it. Armed Vigilantes headed by Marshal Charles Doane poured from the Vigilance rooms and from all their numerous armories in solid columns, and in less time than it takes to write this page four thousand men were under arms.

The din of closing stores, shutting of windows and doors, made a deafening tumult. All business was suspended. Draymen with their loads of merchandise stopped their teams at the first tap of the bell, unharnessed their horses, mounted them, and were soon on duty in their cavalry companies.

The afternoon was calm and clear, and afar sounded the meaning tones of the Vigilance bell to the wives, mothers, and children, of the Vigilantes, who in turn dropped their duties, and rushed to windows, porticos, and the street, in the wildest frenzy, not knowing of the cause, and trembling at thought of the outcome; for as they understood it from all they had heard, the Vigilance bell and bayonets meant bloodshed. The city was all astir. The streets were soon densely packed, and rumors of one kind and another excited the whole people.

To the armory of the San Francisco Blues the Vigilantes moved, completely surrounding and blocking up every avenue to it. All the forces being in position, Marshal Doane made the demand for the surrender. The demand caused more or less parleying, and the delay seemed like maneuvering for time, in hopes the Law and Order forces might come to their rescue.

"Surrender, or down comes the building!" said Marshal Doane.

At this juncture a committee from the Executive, composed of Vice President Thomas J. L. Smiley, C. J. Dempster,



From *Wide West*, July 4, 1856.

REGENERATION OF CALIFORNIA BY THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

George K. Ward, W. H. Tillinghast, and T. Rogers, came upon the scene, when the demand called for attention.

To this demand came the following:—

If the Executive will give us protection from violence we will agree to surrender.

R. P. ASHE, Cap't Co. A.

J. MARTIN REESE, 1st Lieut.

To this was sent the following reply:—

To R. P. ASHE and Others:—

We have to say in reply to your communication of this date, that if Judge Terry and S. R. Maloney, together with all arms and ammunition in your possession, be surrendered to the charge of our body, we will give you and the building in which you now are protection from violence.

By order of the Executive,

Nos. 12, 13, 50, 645, 332.

Fifteen minutes will be given for surrendering.

The second story of the building, used as the armory at this time, had iron shutters that were wide enough open for service as port holes, and through them also could be seen the array of field

pieces, cavalry, and bayonets. Drawn up near by, and fronting directly to the columns of the building, were several heavy field pieces, with the linstocks smoking all ready for action. It took only one glance to convince all that "down comes the building" had its meaning. Captain Ashe then asked for protection for Terry and Maloney, while in the hands of the Committee, from persons outside of the Vigilance Committee. This was granted, when the doors were opened.

With Terry, Maloney, and Ashe, were some dozen others who happened to be in the armory when Terry, Ashe, and Maloney, arrived.

Before the party was brought out all arms, accouterments, and ammunition, of the military company were delivered to the Committee and handed out. These filled two express wagons, which were soon driven ahead far enough to make room for two close carriages, in

one of which was placed Judge Terry and R. Maloney, and the second was occupied by others of the party. The arms and carriages were now placed in a hollow square, surrounded by cavalry and bristling bayonets, and thus the entire body took up its march for the Vigilance rooms.

With the Vigilant body and citizens the streets were densely packed from

building to building the entire line of march. It was a remarkable spectacle,—the people rising in their majesty above all constituted authority, in the interest of social elevation, and against political degradation, assuming a right which unmistakably evinced the fact that in the people rests the power, and that they are the higher law, even for men wearing the purple robes of legal royalty.

*Almarin B. Paul.*

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



### AUTUMN.

GONE are the forms that the seasons fashioned  
Of rare-spun garments and rainbow dyes,  
Delicate blossoms, and blooms impassioned  
With Springtime's breath and the Summer's sighs.

Fled is their radiant life,—and drifting  
In purple films of the Autumn's veil,  
The restless souls of the flowers are lifting  
The aching sound of a ceaseless wail.

O, passionate blooms of the Summer's wearing !  
O, pale, sweet blossoms of tender Spring !  
What are the sorrows your souls are bearing  
In the dim, fair realm of their vanishing ?

We know they are filled with some tearful longing,  
For sighs are sounding on every hand  
In mournful surges of color, thronging  
The shores of the Autumn's shining land.

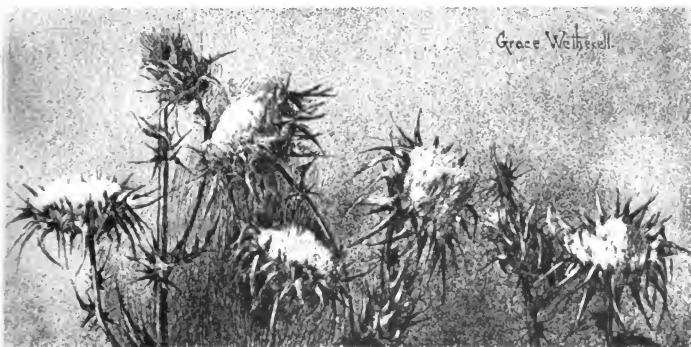
For the dawn is a pensive thought, — and a dreaming  
Of purple eves is the afternoon ;  
And the sunset's glow is a red flood streaming  
To quench the light of a white-faced moon.

And that wistful haze on the far-off mountains,  
And the throbbing hues on the hillside near,  
And the leaves that are drying their life's fresh fountains  
With flame of their red and ash of their sere,

Are sad with the pain of the sweet souls filling  
The Autumn world with their whispered woe ;  
And these minor chords of color are thrilling  
In touch of a spell which their spirits know.

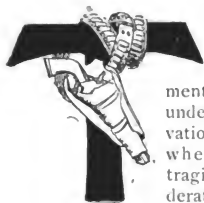
But in that sleep which their souls are nearing,  
When the snow-tomb creaks on its icy hinge,  
They will drift to a land beyond our hearing,  
And take from the landscape its mournful tinge.

*Josephine Spencer.*



## TRUE TALES OF THE OLD WEST.

## I. A REMINISCENCE OF THE AUSTIN GANG.



THE following episode claims to be nothing but a statement of facts that came under the personal observation of the writer, and whether the heroic or tragic element preponderated will be left to the judgment of the reader.

In the spring of 1866 I assisted in the gathering of a large herd of beeves in Llano and Lampasas counties, Texas, intended for the California market. The outfit considered necessary to drive across the continent 1,500 full grown, broad-horned steers, few if any of which had ever felt the touch of a human hand since they were branded as calves, was rather extensive, and in our case consisted of twenty men, sixty horses, and two wagons loaded with supplies.

The horses, wagons, provisions, and blankets, were easily obtained in and about Austin, but the purchase and branding of the cattle took time and plenty of hard riding, for the cattle men lived many miles apart, and one or two hundred head from each ranch was all that we could depend upon at so short a notice, as it was late in the season when we arrived, and the herds had already been closely culled, and most of the drives to the North and West were well out of the settlements.

Then came the most important, as well as what proved to be the most difficult, task of all, that of hiring the men.

Austin was filled with the riff-raff that usually forms a prominent feature in the population of towns everywhere along the Western border; there were disbanded soldiers, renegades from other

States, and adventurers of all kinds, but very few experienced cowboys could be had at any reasonable figure, as most of these had departed with the earlier herds. After nearly a week we found we had succeeded in engaging only five or six really competent men, leaving us no alternative but to fill out the required number with others who knew little or nothing about cattle driving, and whose antecedents were in many cases of the most dubious character.

It is not my purpose to give in this article any minute description of the drive, albeit the foregoing details are necessary for an intelligible explanation of what followed. Sufficient then to say, that misfortune followed in our trail from the day we turned our faces westward from the branding pens.

This was due partly to the incompetence, indifference, and general worthlessness, of so large a proportion of the herders, and partly to causes beyond human control. The criminal element soon revealed itself among us, creating a distrust that destroyed the harmony of the camp, and rendered efficient co-operation difficult and uncertain.

When we reached the eastern edge of the staked plain, refugees came into camp from the other side, with the news that a band of Indians, led by that implacable old war-chief, Satanta, had taken possession of Horse Head Crossing on the Pecos, and were capturing all the cattle that reached the ford.

Efforts were then made to obtain a cavalry escort from Fort Chadbourne, but this proved unsuccessful, and we decided to drive to the northeast and winter in Kansas.

Our misfortunes had only just begun.

The discord in camp rather increased than abated. The herd was rapidly being decimated by nightly stampedes of the most violent character, which proved even more destructive to the men and horses in proportion to their number than to the cattle themselves. Dispirited and worn out by overwork, exposure, and loss of sleep, our systems were but poorly fortified against disease, and soon after crossing the Red River all fell victims to malaria in its most malignant type. Sometimes, for a week at a time, there would not be a man who was really fit for the saddle; and this state of affairs continued until the early part of December, when fifteen emaciated, fever-stricken men with about thirty skeleton horses drove what remained of the herd in a blinding snow-storm down into the rich bottoms of the Marais du Cygne.

Five of the original twenty were dead; three had succumbed to disease, and the other two had, to use a significant Western expression, died in their boots.

Closing the synopsis at this point, we will return to a period antedating the crossing the Red River, and concern ourselves chiefly with the fortunes of only four of the party, two of whom were the last two mentioned. What names these two worthies sailed under before they honored us with their society, or whether there had been any previous acquaintance between them, none of the others knew; but it was soon evident that the names of John Smith and George Carter, which they used in signing the contract, were handles of temporary convenience.

It was soon observed that they had frequent consultations that ceased when others approached, and almost always rode on the same flank of the herd, whether in the drive by day or the guard by night; but the vague suspicions thus engendered rested upon foundations too slight to justify serious consideration, and it was not until we had

been nearly three weeks on the road, and were encamped one night near Kickapoo Springs, that an incident occurred that could only be explained by the most inexcusable carelessness or deliberate criminal intent.

About midnight a heavy rain set in, which continued until morning, but as the cattle appeared quiet and up to that date had given us no serious trouble, only the usual number of herders were detailed for the night-watch. In the morning, when the herd was rounded up, it was discovered that nearly two hundred head had disappeared.

The watch was immediately called together and closely questioned, but the result was far from satisfactory. It was learned that Smith and Carter had, as usual, taken one side together, and the other five had divided the rest of the line. As it happened, these five were amongst the most skillful and reliable cowboys in the outfit; their integrity and fidelity was beyond question; but about the only information they could impart was, that it was impossible that any such number of steers could have passed over their beat that night without their knowledge. Smith and Carter asserted with equal vigor that they had not escaped by them.

Preparations for the day's drive at once ceased; and all day mounted men scoured the surrounding country in every direction, but the rain had effectually obliterated the trail, and no traces of the fugitives were ever discovered.

In the party were two splendid specimens of the native Texan, Taylor and Coffey, the value of whose services to us during the entire trip could hardly be overestimated. As cowboys they had no superiors. Before the War they had belonged to that body of picked men selected by the State of Texas to patrol the neutral zone between the settlements and the hostile Indian tribes, to check as far as possible the horse-stealing propensities of

the latter. They were therefore men of tried courage, exceptionally fine shots, and superb riders. Both brought their own horses with them when they engaged for the drive; all the others used those belonging to the outfit.

For a week or ten days after the above incident, we moved slowly towards the northwest. The country was mostly rolling prairie, with a thin sprinkling of post oak and mesquit, intersected at intervals by small streams fringed with cottonwood and willows. The buffalo had long before gone north, but deer and antelope were abundant, and bands of wild mustangs were occasionally seen.

Late one afternoon the cattle were rounded up for the night on a small tributary of the Concho, and soon after sunset the guard for the first watch, including both Taylor and Coffey, threw their saddles on fresh horses and rode out to the herd.

The routine of camp life varied only with the individuals selected for each task, one of which was to cut out every night from the band a sufficient number of horses to mount the whole party, and stake them where they could be readily reached in case of a stampede, when every man was expected to stay in the saddle until daylight.

On this evening the staking fell to Smith and Carter, and later on it was observed that they had picketed two of the best horses much farther away than usual, and close to the belt of timber along the creek. They were ordered to bring them in nearer the wagons.

The order was obeyed in such a surly, reluctant manner that it was noticed by every man in camp, most of whom, however, attributed it at the time to "pure cussedness." But it was soon forgotten, and every man was presently busy with his own affairs, preparing for guard duty on the next day's drive. The days were still long, and it was probably after nine o'clock before all

the tired men were asleep. At midnight, when the relief was aroused, the astounding discovery was made that Smith and Carter were both missing.

The whole camp was aroused, and it was found that they had decamped, taking with them two pairs of blankets owned by the men on guard, two Spencer repeating carbines and cartridge belts, two revolvers, two fine Spanish saddles, having on them the only saddle bags in outfit, with lariats and rations for several days; finishing off by going through the pockets of all the garments removed by the sleepers, and abstracting money, tobacco, and other valuables.

The affair had evidently been managed very skilfully, and had only miscarried in regard to the two horses. They were obliged to take two which although a little inferior to the first, were picketed a little farther away.

How all this was accomplished without arousing any of the men created considerable surprise, as they must have taken several trips between the camp and the timber on the creek.

Coffey and Taylor were the two last to come in, having stayed with the herd until the second relief had arrived, and as soon as they learned the particulars, the latter exclaimed, "It is just as I expected; they belong to the Austin gang, and this accounts for the heavy loss of cattle on that stormy night."

The "Austin gang" was a band of ruffians who had established themselves near that city soon after the war, and made a specialty of plundering Northern men who came into the State to buy cattle, relying upon Confederate sympathy for immunity when detected. One of their methods was based upon a knowledge of the fact that cattle when separated from the herd during a drive will sooner or later return to their old ranges, even when several hundred miles away.

Two or three of the gang would hire out as cowboys, and trust to luck for



favorable opportunities to occur to run off the cattle at night, as they had done in this case. If successful, they staid long enough to avert suspicion, and then deserting, would return to the ranges and gather all of that brand they could find, and either run them into Mexico or dispose of them to local butchers. If circumstances failed to render this program available, they generally deserted the outfit with what booty they could secure before the State line was crossed. It is but justice to say that there were few if any Texans in the gang.

The excitement in camp at these disclosures ran very high. Various plans for recovering the property were being discussed, when Taylor and Coffey came to the front and offered to start in pursuit at once.

No one knew better than they the perilous nature of the undertaking for which they prepared so coolly. It foreshadowed an evenly matched conflict with two members of the most despicable band of renegades that ever infested the Southwest,—men who if warned in time would not hesitate to lie in ambush and shoot down a pursuer with the same delight with which an Apache murders a lone prospector.

Taylor and Coffey were not even actuated by the hope of pecuniary reward. The stain it had inflicted upon the fair name of their native State, and the injury done to the enterprise with which they were so prominently identified, appeared to be the principal incentives, aided by that love for adventure which made to so many of their class the most fascinating feature of border life.

It was a beautiful night; the moon rode full and glorious in a cloudless sky, and threw its mellow light over the landscape, revealing the rolling prairie or miles around, when the two men vaulted into their saddles, ready to depart upon their dangerous mission less than an hour after midnight.

The trail was taken up where the stolen horses had been staked. Through the timber and down the bed of the creek they had been led, until a turn around a small knoll hid the camp from view, and enabled them to come out on the prairie without being seen by the herders. There they had evidently stopped long enough to adjust their packs and prepare for the long ride, ere they struck out for the nearest settlement, which was at least two hundred miles away.

Two hours later, out of that same thicket rode the avengers, the leader mounted upon a pale horse, whose sagacity subsequently proved most fatal to the outlaws.

Legible as the pages of a printed book lay the trail before the eyes of those experienced men, the tall grass, heavy with dew, still prostrate from the tread of flying hoofs, and flecked with dust. For miles they were able to follow it with their horses on a lope. Bunglers in the matter of trail hiding were the fugitives, and had it not been for the serpentine course they pursued, crossing and recrossing the cattle trail, but never keeping it for any considerable distance, it would have seemed as if they were defying pursuit. Now and again they descended into the creek bottoms, where the pale moonbeams filtered through the leaves of the tall cottonwoods in a dim, uncertain light; but the tracks at the edge of the ford were still wet, and the sloping banks revealed the fresh earth torn away in the ascent.

Up they went over the plateau and through a dog-village, miles in length, where the little yellow-eyed owls bowed and teetered, or a dissipated rodent gave a yelp of affright, and disappeared in a summersault down the nearest burrow.

Now and then a band of antelope dashed across their pathway and huddled together upon some distant knoll, where they stamped and snorted their disapprobation at this unwonted intru-

sion of their domain, or a gaunt gray wolf, startled in his predatory excursion, sprang from the long grass and slunk away in a long gallop over the plain.

But the riders drew rein only at the demand of a faulty trail or a slackened cinch. Naturally reticent, and made still more so by long familiarity with border life, they said little. A word, a gesture, or even a glance, usually answered every purpose. The eyes of both were fixed upon the trail which lay between them, or eagerly scanned the country beyond.

It was evident that they were gaining in the chase, as the outlaws, not dreaming of pursuit before morning, if at all, had slowed down to quite a leisurely gait after the first few miles, and it appeared very possible that daylight would bring them into view. There was also another important factor that forced itself into notice as the night waned,—the moon would go down at least an hour before daylight, and the prospect of such a delay at this critical stage gave them considerable anxiety. But a rare good fortune in this dilemma came to their rescue. In the good old days of Cromwell or Miles Standish it would have been regarded as a special dispensation of divine Providence.

Taylor was riding a gray mare, whose wonderful intelligence and perfect training in all the equine accomplishments admired by the cowboy had often been the theme of conversation. In a stampede it made her rider capable of handling alone one side of the panic-stricken herd. In the ordinary maneuvers of the cattle Taylor had but little use for his bridle rein; she knew quite as well as he the proper thing on such occasions, and in cutting out cattle no steer could hope to evade her, either by dashing into a thicket or by crowding into the dense portions of the herd. She never lost sight or scent of the marked bovine, or failed to bring her rider alongside.

Taylor valued her above all else in his

possession. He allowed no one to ride or even stake her out to grass, and he usually reserved her for stampedes and other special occasions that required the best horses as well as the best men.

And so it happened as they rode that night and watched the moon-shadows grow long and slender before them, that it suddenly dawned upon Taylor that for some time his horse had been aiding them in following the trail, and he exultingly shouted, "Coffey, we shall catch them sure; just fall behind a little and watch Bess for a few rods," dropping the reins as he spoke over the horn of his saddle. The noble animal feeling her head at liberty sheered at once into the trail and followed its every turn as a beagle follows the hare.

The discovery was most timely, for a short distance beyond they found the trail had been crossed and recrossed for several miles by a band of mustangs, which doubtless scented the horses of the outlaws, and obliterated the trail in a manner that must otherwise have delayed the pursuers for hours.

And now at last the moon went down and the darkness that precedes the dawn brooded like a pall over that great billowy prairie, where the pale horse, unchecked and untiring, plunged along. No rein guided her footsteps, no word of command reached her ears.

The light of approaching day stole over the plain, and the dewdrops upon the rank grass sparkled in the rays of the morning sun. The little scissor-tails with their plaintive notes flitted about in the mesquit trees that sparsely dotted the landscape, and far above in a sky serenely blue those ever present great carrion birds, so graceful in distant flight and so repulsive when at hand, floated about in circles that seemed to realize the very poetry of motion.

But the eyes of Taylor and Coffey, as they reached the crest of a divide that commanded quite an extensive view of the country, were fixed upon two ob-

jects moving slowly along a few miles in advance. But a single glance and a word. The horses were suddenly stopped and turned back down the slope, where the men dismounted to prepare for the encounter which both deemed inevitable.

"You have done your duty well, old gal, and now we will do ours," said Taylor, patting the neck of his horse affectionately.

When they again ascended the ridge, the two objects had disappeared over a distant swell, and putting spurs to their horses, they hastened to close the distance between ere they were discovered.

The surprise of the outlaws when they first caught sight of their pursuers—who had maneuvered so skillfully that they were less than half a mile away—was doubtless very great.

For a moment they drew together as if for consultation, but unprincipled ruffians as they were, they did not lack courage, and as soon as they saw that their pursuers did not outnumber them they at once decided to give battle.

There were no preliminaries, no attempt was made by either side to adjust the little difficulty, and the first shock was short, sharp, and decisive. Coffey and Taylor closed in as rapidly as possible upon the outlaws, who had unstrung their carbines, faced about, and sat upon their horses coolly awaiting their approach. Both sides opened fire as they got fairly within range.

Well mounted and equally well armed as the outlaws were, it would seem at first glance as if neither side had any advantage upon that open plain; but the onslaught soon demonstrated that the latter were no match for those two cool, determined marksmen, whose lives had been spent amongst the big game and hostile Indian tribes of western Texas.

A forty-five caliber bullet struck Carter in the shoulder, shattering the bone. The arm dropped helpless, and his carbine fell. As he stooped in the saddle

to regain it with the other hand, his horse suddenly shied, and he fell heavily to the ground, his foot pushing through the stirrup and out beneath the dew-soaked tapadero, when the now thoroughly frightened animal dashed madly off, dragging his rider at his heels.

Smith took in the situation at a glance, but he could offer no assistance, and hurling a curse deep and vindictive at his assailants, he put spurs to his horse and before they realized his intentions was going at full speed towards a belt of timber that skirted a creek about a mile to the north.

Then there ensued a race, with life or death for the stakes. The outlaw's horse was the freshest and he had gained a start of several rods. The magazines of the carbines only held seven cartridges each, nearly all of which had already been used, and as the disadvantage of an empty gun under present conditions was not to be ignored, the remaining shots could not be risked in uncertainties. If he could reach the timber he could then laugh at his pursuers, or pick them off at leisure if they did not speedily get out of range.

But an obstacle unseen and unsuspected lay between him and this city of refuge. Just before reaching the trees his horse stopped abruptly on the bank of a dry arroyo, and refused to descend.

There was not a moment to lose. He sprang from the saddle and dashed down into the gulch. But a glance must have satisfied him that it offered no protection, as its level, sandy bottom could be raked by shots from either direction. Up the opposite bank and over the intervening space towards the timber he ran, but the delay had been fatal, as the Texans had now reined up their steeds on the opposite bank.

Two more shots rang from their carbines and the outlaw fell, struck by both bullets. He struggled to his feet, but finding he could not stand, shouted, "You've got me, you —," and sinking

to a sitting position, tried to fire. But the cartridge failed to explode, and throwing the gun aside, he drew a Colt's revolver from his belt,—when a shot stretched him dead upon the sward.

The Texans cautiously crossed over, and approached the body to examine the wounds. One leg was broken above the knee, and two other shots had passed through the body, either of which would have proved fatal.

Now that the battle was over and they had escaped without a scratch, the feelings of the victors towards their late antagonist underwent a change. "But didn't he die game, though," said Coffey, whose admiration for the man's courage had, as was characteristic with his class, for the moment overpowered every other sentiment.

While this tragedy was being enacted at the arroyo, far out on the prairie to the south a distracted horse was running in great circles, trying in vain to escape from its frightful burden. Coffey mounted and rode out to intercept the runaway, which turned towards him as soon as he approached, and came up at a canter, neighing pitifully.

Throwing a lariat over her neck, he succeeded in allaying her fear, and led her, still dragging the gruesome object, back to his companion. Besides the shattered shoulder, it was found that Carter's neck had been broken either in falling or by the horse's hoofs, and his face was mangled beyond recognition.

The Texans had not come prepared to bury anybody, and they were well aware that, had the others proved victorious, kicks and curses would have been the very mildest form of burial service which they would have received. Still they could not forget that the ghastly clods they were standing over had once been human beings, nor did they fail to notice the gathering of those great silent birds, whose dusky wings as they sailed to and fro overhead so often shadowed the faces of the dead.

A proper burial with the facilities at their command was out of the question, and so they dragged them down into a little side cut in the arroyo, where they laid them side by side, and covered them from sight with logs and branches of trees drawn from the timber.

It was nearly noon when this was finished, and they were packed ready for the return over the twenty-five long miles that lay between them and the camp.

The time passed slowly that day at the camp on the Concho: no drive was attempted, and the herd was permitted to scatter about on the prairie with here and there a mounted man to prevent straggling. The men not thus engaged either idled along the creek or gathered in groups near the wagons, repairing their saddles or clothing; but the anxiety felt by all was apparent in the conversation, and the searching glances so frequently cast over the country to the east. We knew it was possible that we should never hear of either party again, and aside from all questions of friendship or even humanity, the loss of four men and as many horses at this stage of the drive was a serious matter.

The sun had almost touched the western hills when two horsemen, each leading a pack animal, were seen approaching. There was no mistaking the gray horse of the leader, and a shout arose that started all the stragglers hurriedly towards the camp.

A few minutes later the two men, haggard and pale, rode up to the wagons where we were standing in a group to receive them. Jubilant as we felt over the evident success of their quest, there was something in their eyes that seemed to discourage any hilarious outburst of our sentiments. One by one they removed the stolen articles from the packs and held them up to be identified, until all had been returned to their rightful owners; then they removed the saddles and let their weary horses go free.

*E. A. Hamilton.*



## FAN SHOW'S THANKSGIVING.

FAN SHOW was a true sport. Everyone conceded this who had played against him during the nine months he had dealt "tan" in the rear of the store at the corner of Cum Cook Alley.

He was as imperturbable as a stoic, and whether fortune favored or frowned upon him had always a bland smile for his guests when the hour came to close his game, and say,—

"S'pose you come again, me play more,—sabe?"

Fan was something of a dude. His cue was glossy and his poll clean shaven. When in luck he dined at the "Palace of One Thousand Delightful Pleasures," in Dupont Street. When the game went against him, he boiled his rice in the rear room, and placing a portion before his household god, prayed for better fortune in the future.

Lee On, the interpreter of the police court, always crossed the street to avoid Fan Show. He once said to Sergeant Riley:—

"Me know Fan Show in Canton. He no go back no more. Spose him do,—swish." The last word was accompanied by a pantomimic representation of Fan Show's decapitation.

The day before Thanksgiving, Fan was afflicted with a spell of blue devils of ultra-celestial blueness. For a week the game had gone against him, until but twenty of the seven hundred silver dollars that had made up his capital remained. Slowly, with downcast eyes that noted nothing of his surroundings, he walked amidst the crowd on Dupont Street, thinking of charm after charm that might change his luck.

At the door of the Mission he paused, and lingered there until the last strains of "Beulah Land" died away, and even then he hesitated, apparently listening to the voice of the speaker within.

Fan Show had intended to "throw the sticks" before the altar of the temple and make an offering to the God of Fortune; but now he hesitated, for he was shrewd above his countrymen.

As he stood there he thought: "This is the white man's temple. They are wiser, stronger, and more fortunate, than my people. Perhaps their god is stronger than my gods, and will give me good luck."

He entered the Mission, and sitting near the door, watched the proceedings curiously. Of the service, when he passed out, he understood but one thing: the morrow was a feast day to the white men's god.

He paused before his own doorway and awaited the coming of Policeman O'Flaherty, who, by virtue of the gift of sundry pieces of yellow metal, was his friend and mentor in the ways of civilization. As that gallant preserver of the peace stopped to light one of Fan Show's cigars, the latter asked,—

"Wha' fo' t'anksgivin'?"

"Thanksgiving? Oh, him heap big day. Eat roast pig, roast duck, roast chicken, have big dinner,—if you're in luck," answered O'Flaherty.

"Allee samee Clistian feast day?"

"Of course it is, you yellow heathen," exclaimed O'Flaherty, as he gave a pull at the door of the next store, and slowly moved off through the alley, a stream of fragrant smoke floating in his wake.

Fan stood for a moment in silent meditation: then with an exclamation of relief he walked briskly to the Palace of Ten Thousand Delightful Pleasures, where he gave the waiter an order that filled the proprietor, Gee Ho, with joy.

When Fan Show laid his head upon his bamboo pillow that night he murmured, "Now me allee same 'Melican Clistian. Me eat loast pig, loast duck, loast chicken. Me have heap good luck now."

On the morrow Fan sat behind his table, and turned the bowl of cash in its center before the motley throng that gathered about its corners. The pile of coins at his left hand had grown rapidly during the hours of play, and his eyes glistened as the assurance that his luck had returned became momentarily stronger.

Lee Sing, who had lost a month's earnings during the last hour's play, muttered many an oath in guttural Cantonese, as he watched the segregation of the cash in groups of four. He started in amazement as the last draw was made, Fan the while deftly palming a coin, thereby causing the "two" corner, upon which but three dollars was staked, to win; while the "one" with ten dollars, the "three" with eighteen dollars, and the "four" with thirty dollars in stakes, lost to the banker.

Lee Sing played no more, but nursed his wrath, and studied Fan Show's pretidigitation until that worthy arose and said,—

"S'pose you come again, me play some more,—sabe?"

The players departed, and Fan, after securing his winnings in the pouch beneath his blouse, under his left arm, lighted a cigar and strolled to the corner, where for a few minutes he watched the chaffering of his countrymen with the green grocer. Then, his cigar smoked out, he walked slowly to his own doorway.

He placed the key in the lock and then paused as though to listen. He raised his face toward the sky, and throwing both hands aloft with outstretched fingers quivering in the gleam of the electric light, fell prone across the narrow sidewalk, his feet resting upon the step.

He murmured: "Me Clistian! me Tanksgivin' man! Me eat loast pig, loast chick—"

There was a sound of shuffling feet.

An hour later Policeman O'Flaherty stumbled over Fan Show's body. As he examined the quaintly carved dagger hilt that protruded from his dead friend's left shoulder, he said:—

"I knew that trick with the odd cash would fetch him some day. He was a clever heathen!"

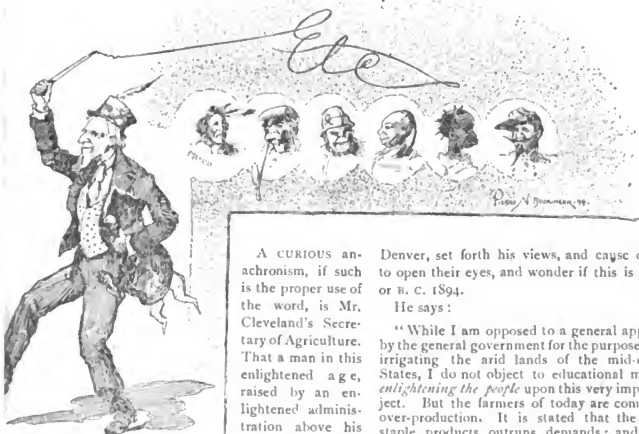
*Charles Scofield.*

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## THE GLACIER.

SILENTLY slipping, sliding softly down,  
Each moment further from the mountain's crown,  
The Glacier comes. And so the human will  
That retrogrades, each hour gets lower still,  
Until at last, beside the mountain's base,  
You scarce can recognize the old time face.

*Clarence Hawkes.*



A CURIOUS anachronism, if such is the proper use of the word, is Mr. Cleveland's Secretary of Agriculture. That a man in this enlightened age, raised by an enlightened administration above his fellow-farmers, and their tutelary guide, as it were, should

publicly and repeatedly pronounce against irrigation as a means of increasing wealth and benefiting agriculturists passes understanding.

He not only disapproves of government appropriations for irrigating purposes, but goes further, and discourages the general practice of irrigation,—for the masterful reason (farmers, take notice) that it tends to make good crops and possible over-production. This from the man who by right of commission is the recognized grand master workman of the farming brotherhood of the United States!

In the Dark Ages there never was any fear of over-production except in one or two historic cases, and then the cause of such a lamentable mistake of nature was rapidly corrected by cutting down the olive orchards of Spain and burning the wheat fields of Central Europe. This was political economy after Mr. Morton's own heart, and it brought the very result these prehistoric Mortons expected,—raised the price of olives and wheat, and incidentally, caused a famine that relieved the earth of an over-production of homines. To the era when man cultivated the soil with crooked sticks, and moved from spot to spot as the land ran out, Mr. Morton properly belongs,—not to an age when great States like California, Colorado, and Idaho, owe half of their agricultural wealth to the system he despises.

A letter from this very original Secretary to the secretary of the Kansas Irrigation Association, and another to the late National Irrigation Congress at

Denver, set forth his views, and cause our farmers to open their eyes, and wonder if this is A. D. 1894, or B. C. 1894.

He says:

"While I am opposed to a general appropriation by the general government for the purpose of directly irrigating the arid lands of the mid-continental States, I do not object to educational methods for *enlightening the people* upon this very important subject. But the farmers of today are complaining of over-production. It is stated that the supply of staple products outruns demands; and, if this be true, I can conceive of no greater fallacy than the farmers asking the general government for an appropriation to make productive the lands which are now sterile by fertilizing them with water at the common expense."

The italics belong to us, for it strikes one as slightly paradoxical that any "*enlightening*" that might come from the Department of Agriculture under its present régime would do little towards dispelling any past, present, or future darkness. Secretary Morton may be a clown rather than a fool, but I am afraid he would have hard work convincing the Western farmer of the fact.

IN THE October number of the *Century Magazine*, Lambert Tree, ex-Minister to Spain and Russia, follows up the discussion of the Consular Service, begun in the August number, with his own testimony. It is, as one has been led to expect by the written opinions of his ex-diplomatic colleagues, in favor of abolishing the present Consular Service System, and substituting for it the Civil Service, as is now in practice in the Army and Navy. It will be noticed in all like arguments by this class of ex-office-holders, that no mention is ever made of possible improvements in their own strictly ornamental branch of the foreign service. This may of course arise from the fact that in these days of the cable and the ocean greyhound, the diplomatic service has lost all its former useful qualities except one—the social—and lives on from mere force of usage. In which case, one *gentleman* is as capable as another to fill the position, and as there are no

duties but the rules of court precedence to learn, a new man is as good as an old one. Consequently, the ex-ministers do not think the question merits discussion.

Well and good, but in the Consular service of all nations the responsibilities and duties, as was shown in a late "As Talked in the Sanctum," are as great and important as they are trying and intricate. To fill successfully the position of Consul in one of our Consulates of the first class, a man must be the equal in a measure of a competent banker, custom house broker, judge, lawyer, notary, post-master, and even clergyman. The very fact that our Consular machinery moves so quietly that most people think it does not move at all, proves to one who knows that the men who are performing these duties are performing them as they should.

People who do not understand the service are easily misled by such sophistry as appears from time to time, and when an incompetent man is appointed to Consular office, the entire newspaperdom of the country sets up a howl for the abolition of the present system. If the newspapers would turn their attention to their own parishes, and insist on clean officials, clean Congressmen, and clean politics, a corrupt Consulate would be an impossibility.

What the Consular Service needs is more money,—not money from the National Treasury, but more of the money that they themselves earn; for the Consular Service is not only self-supporting, but it pays over a quarter of a million a year toward the support of the Diplomatic Service.

It is hardly fair that the Consul, for example, at Liège, Belgium, should only receive \$1,500 a year, when his office pays the United States government directly \$2,447.50 a year, and handles between five and six million dollars worth of exports annually, in the light of the fact that our Minister to Belgium receives \$7,500 for doing nothing. One can go through the Register of the Department of State and find hundreds of such examples; in fact, more than half of the Consular positions reveal a like state of affairs.

Good positions in any department of the government call for good men, and good salaries alone make good men procurable, except in the lone instances where the occupant is serving for glory and social position only.

It is useless to repeat what was said in full in the August "As Talked in the Sanctum," on this subject, and it is as useless for the New York magazine to marshal such a host of fallacious opinions on the Consular Service from a class of office-holders who are, from the very nature of their positions, not qualified to express themselves authoritatively on the subject.

It is exceedingly rare for the OVERLAND to electioneer for any particular person. Its political influence has been strongly given at times, but almost

always for measures, and not for men. In the present municipal election, however, it has a word to say for Mr. Anton Roman, the founder of this magazine, who is now candidate on the Non-Partisan ticket for Recorder. The city's business should be done on business principles. It would be strictly "business" to place at the City Hall, so well known, so thoroughly tried, and so blameless a man as Anton Roman. His services to letters in this community, as founder of the OVERLAND and the earlier *Californian* would entitle him to consideration, and once considered, his personal qualities should ensure his election.

PARTY platforms, as a usual thing, are rather poor reading, intentionally long, enthusiastically dry, and refreshingly passé. They seldom say what they mean, or mean what they do unwittingly say. In fact, the ordinary "platform" as a statement of party principles, is as much a relic of the past as jury trials,—and just as absurd. Once in a while, that is, once in a long, very long while, a platform is worthy of reading. An instance we think of this may be found in the platform just adopted at the Massachusetts Republican State Convention. It is crisp and to the point, whatever fault it may otherwise have.

It reads as follows :

An equal share in government for every citizen.

Best possible wages for every workman.

The American market for American labor.

Every dollar paid by the Government, both gold and silver dollars of the constitution and their paper representatives, honest and unchanging in value, and equal to every other.

Better immigration laws.

Better naturalization laws.

No tramp, anarchist, criminal, or pauper to be let in, so that citizenship shall not be stained or polluted.

Sympathy with liberty and republican government at home and abroad.

Americanism everywhere.

The flag never lowered or dishonored.

No surrender in Samoa.

No barbarous queen beheading men in Hawaii.

No lynching.

No punishment without trial.

Faith kept with the pensioner.

No deserving old soldier in the poor-house.

The suspension of dram-drinking and dram-selling.

A school at the public charge open to all the children, and free from partisan or sectarian control.

No distinction of birth or religious creed in the rights of American citizenship.

Devotion paramount and supreme to the country and to the flag.

Clean politics.

Pure administration.

No lobby.

THE list of deaths of distinguished men that marks the opening of every winter is large this year, even so early. Literature has suffered worst; for the foremost writer of America and the foremost



writer of England are included. Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Anthony Froude, widely different though they were, was each the last of a group of writers, easily superior to any they have left behind. No historian, the world over, has anything like the brilliancy and authority of Froude, and surely there is no likeness or successor to the good Doctor. To invent a new kind of literature as he did, or to make a great discovery in medicine, as he also did, is a greater boon to the world than to devise a rapid-firing gun, or build a Siberian railway. It is not meant to disparage the writers that are left that we say these things,—great writers will no doubt continue to rise and shine, so long as men are left to read. It is only the expression of the natural feeling that there is neither limit nor shame to grief for so dear a head as Holmes.

At this writing it seems probable that, before the magazine is fairly issued, there will be added to the year's necrology the Czar and the Ameer. The possibility of this is now troubling all the courts of Europe and influencing the money markets of the world. Blessed is America, that she can grieve for the loss of her gentle Autocrat, without trembling at the death of any sterner potentate.

NOW that the OVERLAND is the only magazine on the Pacific Coast, and has largely increased its circulation and advertising patronage, (see advertising pages,) it has been the recipient of a great deal of kindly and well-meant advice from friends new and old: one of the favorite bits of this is—"Why don't you get Howells, Stevenson, Kipling, Crawford, and so on, to write for you?" This advisory inquiry has been answered verbally and otherwise as possible. To place our reasons in editorial amber, these are somewhat as follows:—

If the gentle reader wishes to read Crawford *et al.*, he can do so by buying the Eastern and European magazines, where they will always be found morning, noon, and night, *ad libitum*. The OVERLAND is not designed to support the professional writer. It is the outgrowth of a peculiar field, full of its own rich traditions and story,—a field that has not an equal in the world. From the romantic history of Alta California and the footsteps of the old padres, to the days when its first Editor contributed to its pages the Luck of Roaring Camp and the Heathen Chinee, down to the today, when the Spaniard and the miner have given place to the new West, when the California of gold has merged into the California of fruits and flowers, grain and manufactories, the OVERLAND has been the medium in which all this changing, pulsating life has been preserved.

What is true of California is equally true of New Mexico, Arizona, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Idaho, and Texas, as well as the Sandwich Islands and the Asiatic Coast.

The writer for the OVERLAND lives in the OVER-

LAND's field, with exceptions that prove the rule, and writes because he has something to say, and not for pay alone. For example: in place of the professional Eastern writers we have had within the past six months a series of four articles embracing a complete history of the Territory of Arizona—"Building a State in Apache Land," by Col. Charles D. Poston, first Delegate in Congress from that Territory, that are considered valuable enough to be republished in book form by the Territorial Legislature; a history of the Vigilance Committee of '56, by A. B. Paul, a member; a descriptive poem of the Pacific Coast—"The Song of the Balboa Sea," by Joaquin Miller. Articles on the Chinese,—their manners, games, societies, history,—by such eminent Chinese scholars as Prof. Stewart Culin, of the University of Pennsylvania, Frederic J. Masters, D. D., and Fong Kum Ngon; essays on the Naval Needs of the Pacific, the Nicaraguan Canal, and the Korean War, by men like Irving M. Scott, Consul-General Merry, Lieutenant Winn, and General Lucius H. Foote, ex-Minister to Korea; true stories of Western life, by such well-known residents as Hon. Rollin M. Daggett, ex-Minister to Sandwich Islands; Fred. M. Stocking, W. S. Hutchinson, S. S. Boynton, and Mrs. Bandini. The Asiatic Coast has been covered by Rounsevelle Wildman, late U. S. Consul at Singapore; Mark B. Dunnell, ex-Vice Consul, Shanghai; and there has been a host of Hawaiian writers.

Naturally, Eastern writers appear in the pages of the magazine, but as a rule their contributions are on Western topics, like Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's Indian story, "Zee Wee," and Professor Culin's Chinese sketches.

The OVERLAND has no wish to be either exclusively Western or narrowly local, but it does desire to be original.

Such is our answer, gentle reader and patron, to the numerous kindly inquiries as to why we do not buy work *a la* New York magazines. We can have it by paying for it, but we do not wish it at any price unless it meets our demands.

### A Distant Relation.

In the dim old hall,  
The cuckoo's call  
Hastened my departure.  
I gathered my cane,  
And sighed in vain,  
To leave her thus was torture.

I said good night  
In the dimmest light,—  
A most dangerous situation.  
"A sister's love,"  
Heavens above!  
It's a very distant relation.

Edwin Wildman.

### A Little Saunter.

WHEN the sun's a comin' up 'nd ole Earth is wet,  
Jest ez though he'd washed his face 'nd hedn't  
dried it yet;

Birds fer miles 'nd miles around chipperin' 'n' singin',  
Pigs a gruntin' music fer the feed the man 's a bring-  
in',

Rooster crowin' fit to split round the kitchen door,  
Anserin' "Good mornin'" to a half a dozen more,—  
Other folks can roust around, but for me I wantur

Take a little saunter,

Fill up full of green 'nd blue in a little saunter.

When the sun 's a goin' down lazy ez you please,  
Settin' good example fer a *man* to take his ease;  
Cows a lyin' chewin', 'nd a wobblin', early bat  
Er a sparreh, half asleep, flies a past yer hat;  
When yev hed yer supper 'nd the world seems good;

When the air, jest lazin' round, smells of piney  
wood,—

'Tain't no time to roust around, 'nd fer me I wantur  
Take a little saunter,

Jest hang back 'n' let my legs take a little saunter.

When you almost *feel* the moon shinin' on yer back,  
(See her in the warter 'nd she seems to make a  
track

Leadin' off to Heaven, jest a easy distance walkin'.)  
When it 's all so still, a sound seems like silence  
talkin';

Starry eyes a gawpin', like the children's to a story;  
Room fer nothin' nowhere 'ceptin' night 'nd God  
'nd glory,—

I jest *dasst* roust around, 'nd I never wantur  
Do no more than saunter,

Fill up full of shiny peace in a little saunter.

J. Edmund V. Cooke.



### Trilby.<sup>1</sup>

*Trilby* is good, so good that reviews of it by the score — no two of them alike — are almost as interesting as the book itself. At this date reviews have sunk to the level of testimonies, and yet they can be read. It requires a really remarkable work to make the reviews of reviewers readable.

The plot, or in this case the dénouement, of *Trilby*, is original, as was the plot or controlling motif of Mr. Du Maurier's first novel, "Peter Ibbetson," and that is saying a good deal in these times. *Trilby* reminds one of no other book on our shelves, or within the range of our reading. Hypnotism has

been variously treated, but never as here. The fact that you or I consider it an unpardonable exaggeration, does not make it less surprising or less interesting.

Old Svengali, the Jew, who is a great maestro, but cannot sing a note out loud, went about "for ever singing, singing, singing, as probably no human nightingale had ever yet been able to sing out loud for the glory and delight o' his fellow mortals; making unheard-of, heavenly melody of the cheapest, triviallest tunes — tunes of the café concert, tunes of the nursery, the shop, parlor, the guard-room, the school-room, the pot-house, the slum. There was nothing so humble, so base even, but what his magic could transform it into the rarest beauty without altering a note."

<sup>1</sup>Trilby. By George du Maurier. Harper & Brothers: New York: 1894.

This, coupled with his wonderful knowledge of music, brilliancy of touch, and a certain magnetic influence, makes this the most repulsive character of the book, the most interesting, and the creator of the most remarkable voice in Christendom.

For Trilby, the heroine, the model for the artists of the Latin Quarter, the bon camarade of the same, a person who does not know one note from another, falls under his spell, and in three years of training outshines Patti, Alboni, and all the singers past and present.

All the characters of the story are carefully and distinctly elaborated. Little Billie, Taffy, the Laird, — in whom the author delights in discovering likenesses to the Three Musketeers, — are the ones around whom all the others revolve. Their early life and unswerving friendship as art students in the Latin Quarter of Paris are told with that delicacy and sympathy of tone which we have learned to expect from Du Maurier. There is a freshness, joyousness, youthfulness, in their Bohemian existence in their quaint rooms in the Place St. Anatole des Arts, that more than makes up for any lapses that occur in the somewhat tiresome narration of their after life as famous painters in London. One loves the three inseparables for what they have been, rather than for what they became.

One is not sure to sympathize with Little Billie, Taffy, and Gecko's undying love for Trilby. It strikes us as a little far-fetched and beyond one's individual experience of real life. Trilby was not mentally or morally, according to her own confession, the kind of a young woman whom two well-brought-up young men would in the ordinary course of events sacrifice everything for. Trilby lacked a sense of right and wrong, as well as a sense of tones in music. With Svengali it is possible. Purity and innocence were as absurd to him as bodily cleanliness. A pair of beautiful feet and a charming face was Trilby's all, and they seemed to count for all with these three sturdy, honest, well-taught Britons. It is as strange as Svengali's hypnotic spell, and more unreal.

With all the charm of the work as a whole, there intrudes at times a certain flippancy of style and expression that jars. The author evidently does not always take himself seriously, and forgets that the reader is liable to do likewise.

However, after all has been said and all the reviews have been written, bad or otherwise, *Trilby* will rank as a great novel, — one of the greatest, — and will be read for years to come.

Mr. Du Maurier, as the illustrator of *Trilby*, and "Peter Ibbetson" is hardly equal to Mr. Du Maurier as the author. The pictures of Trilby all look like the Duchess of Towers in his former work, like the picture of the young lady on page 13, "Among the Old Masters," like the washer-women and society women who grace its pages, — and in fact too much like all his tall females. It would be somewhat of a relief, if from time to time he could put a lovely face

and form on one of his heroines who was under six feet two.

### Whitcomb Riley's *Armazindy*.<sup>1</sup>

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY has a new book, a miscellaneous collection, of which *Armazindy* is the title. This mysterious title is a relic of Indiana idiom, a coinage of the quaint, homely dialect of the common people. The lines are Riley-like.

Jes' a child, one minute—nex'  
Woman-grown, in all repec's  
And intents and purposuz—  
'At 's what Armazindy wuz !

Jes' a child, I tell ye ! Yit  
She made things git up and git  
Round that little farm o' hern !—  
Shouldered all the whole concern ;—  
Feed the stock, and milk the cows—  
Run the farm and run the house !—

An early imitation of Edgar Allan Poe resulted in the production of "Leonainie," a beautiful bit of poetry, which was first written as a literary hoax and published in the Kokomo (Ind.) *Dispatch*. It was extensively copied, and declared genuine by Edmund Clarence Stedman and others.

### LEONAINIE.

Leonainie — Angels named her ;  
And they took the light  
Of the laughing stars and framed her  
In a smile of white ;  
And they made her hair of gloomy  
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy  
Moonshine, and they brought her to me  
In the solemn night.—

In a solemn night of summer,  
When my heart of gloom  
Blossomed up to greet the comer  
Like a rose in bloom ;  
All forebodings that distressed me  
I forgot as Joy caressed me —  
(Lying Joy ! that caught and pressed me  
In the arms of doom !)

Only spake the little lisper  
In the Angel-tongue ;  
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper —  
"Songs are only sung  
Here below that they may grieve you —  
Tales but told you to deceive you,—  
So must Leonainie leave you  
While her love is young."

Then God smiled and it was morning.  
Matchless and supreme,

<sup>1</sup>Armazindy. By James Whitcomb Riley. The Bowen-Merrill Co.: Indianapolis, Ind.: 1894.

Heaven's glory seemed adorning  
 Earth with its esteem ;  
 Every heart but mine seemed gifted  
 With the voice of prayer, and lifted  
 Where my Leonainie drifted  
 From me like a dream.

Note the beauty of the lines, and the perfect sentiment and finish of the latter half of the first stanza.

The only awkwardness, if it may be called such, is when the poet becomes retrospective and sings :

"(Lying Joy ! that caught and pressed me  
 In the arms of doom !)"

*Armazindy* is not extraordinary, Mr. Riley has shown much better work in dialect verse, but the booklet is highly enjoyable and the public will have set its signet of approval upon it.

### Scudder's "Childhood in Literature and Art."

MR. SCUDDER is the happy father of a charming little study of Childhood. One takes for granted that he is happy from the grace and seeming delight with which he, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, bids the reader join the joyous retinue of children that as by magic he has gathered from the uttermost parts of the earth,—children from Homer and Greek literature, children from the Bible and the child Jesus, the little ones of early Christian literature and mediæval art, and finally of English, French, German, and our own later American literature. It is a glad-some company, and one that their master understands.

In reading Mr. Scudder's little study, one is struck with the fact, if he has never thought of it before, of the very small part the child played in literature and art during all the centuries down to the last. Dickens was almost the pioneer in English literature,—Paul Dombey, Little Nell, Tiny Tim, and company, were almost the first human children we have. Rapidly following this introduction of childhood in literature came literature for childhood. "Where was the child in English literature before Goldsmith, and where before Goldsmith's time was there a book for children?"

"French literature before the Revolution was more barren of reference to childhood than was English literature." Surprising facts to one who imagined that Little Red Riding Hood was as old as Æsop's Fables.

In Germany we find that Santa Claus and Kris Kringle, the Christ Child and Pelznichal, with the attendant ceremony of the Christmas tree originated. Hans Christian Andersen comes in for a full chapter of praise, before the child's place in American literary art is discussed. "Whatever may become of the great mass of books for young people published in America during the past fifty years," he affirms,—

Childhood in Literature and Art. By Horace E. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Company; Boston and New York: 1894.

"and most of it is already crumbling in memory,—it requires no heroism to predict an immortality of fame for the little book which Hawthorne wrote with so much good nature and evident pleasure, Grandfather's Chair, and the Wonder Book with its Tanglewood Tales." He considers Hawthorne the premier story writer for children of America. The author closes his little study with some wholesome advice as to fit matter to put into our school reading books. He does not believe in the sing-song reading of a mass of scraps by school children, and says so in plain English.

### Collier's Estimate of Joaquin Miller.\*

T. Nelson & Sons of New York have brought out a new and revised edition, "With Supplement on English Literature in America," of W. F. Collier's well known volume on English Literature. The treatment and subject matter of this series of biographical and critical sketches is familiar to all students of the subject.

Some interest for OVERLAND readers attaches to the author's estimate of Joaquin Miller at this time, when the great poem, "The Story of the Balboa Sea" is running in its pages. "Born, 1841—is the representative of the latest school of American poetry, of which Walt Whitman was the chief ornament. Its leading doctrine seems to be that the idea is everything, and the form nothing. Whitman's poems, indeed, read like prose translations of poems written in an unknown tongue. The poetical ideas are there, but there is no melody, no regularity of rhythm, and no rhyme. Miller is not so eccentric, but he has little regard either for rhythm or for rhyme when they act as hindrances to the flow of ideas. \* \* \* In 1871 he published his "Songs of the Sierras." "Songs of the Sunlands" followed in 1873; "Songs of the Desert" in 1875; "Songs of Italy" in 1878; and "Songs of the Mexican Seas" in 1887. Miller is undoubtedly a poet of original genius. Like his career, and his own character, his poetry is wild, passionate, and strikingly picturesque."

The author makes the usual mistake in his review of Bret Harte. "In 1868 he founded the '*Oregon Monthly*,' and became its first editor, and in that magazine he printed the sketches, poems, and tales, that made him famous."

The OVERLAND was founded by Anton Roman in 1868, and not by Bret Harte, who was its first editor, and made his reputation on it.

### The Book of the Fair.†

PROFESSOR STEWART CULIN, well known to the readers of the OVERLAND, opens, as it were, Part

\*A History of English Literature. By William Francis Collier, LL. D. T. Nelson & Sons: New York and London.

†The Book of the Fair. Parts XVII. and XVIII. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. The History Company: San Francisco and Chicago: 1894.

XVII. of Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft's beautiful *Book of the Fair* with a description of the folk-lore department of the building devoted to Anthropology and Ethnology. Games from all nations and all times are Professor Culin's hobby. He has tops dating back to 2800 B. C., and has followed the games of chess and fox and geese from China to Korea, to Japan, Johore, Siam, Egypt, Morocco, Peru, and to New Mexico. Several pages are devoted to this remarkable collection. The Convent of La Rabida, with all its rich stores of manuscript and paintings, is taken up, and illustrated and described. Chapter XXI. of Part XVII. takes up Fine Arts and the Fine Art Palace, the most beautiful building at the Fair. Part XVIII. is also filled with the same subject. The building is illustrated from every point of vantage, interior and exterior; while every nation is well represented by full page reproductions of its most famous works in oil and marble and bronze. The beauty and clearness of the half-tones of this superb memorial of the Fair have full scope in the parts devoted to the Fine Arts, and give one a convincing proof of what half-tone work on plate paper is capable of. The letter press and descriptive writing are worthy the subject. There are seven more parts yet to come.

#### From Blomidon to Smoky.<sup>1</sup>

ALL lovers of out-door life are sensible of their obligations to Thoreau, Burroughs, and Frank Bolles. To the great majority who go through life with their eyes closed, a book of little studies like Mr. Bolles's *From Blomidon to Smoky* is a source of surprise. One cannot realize, until a book like this awakens his faculties, what a fund of information and pleasure can be got from the birds that nest under our eaves, or make our back yards resonant with their music. The chapters devoted to "Barred Owls in Captivity" and "Ways of the Owl" are as interesting as a bit of well told fiction. Mr. Bolles had his eyes and ears open as he tramped through the woods and over the meadows, with his note book ready. Nothing that the bird does is too unimportant to be chronicled, and the story of it all is related in an easy, pleasant, chatty way, that quite takes the reader into confidence.

The first three essays of the volume are well written descriptions of Nova Scotia and Arcadia Land. They cannot but be of interest to readers of Longfellow.

#### Briefer Notice.

A new edition of *Ivanhoe*<sup>2</sup> is always in place at this time of the year. T. Nelson & Sons' edition is one of the best that will bid for the holiday trade. It is 12 mo., printed in new, clear, large type, on good paper, and intelligently illustrated from washes

by an artist who has made a careful study of his subject matter.

*The Palace of the Sun*<sup>3</sup> is a collection of descriptive articles on Hawaii. These were published in the form of correspondence in the New York *Sun*. Mr. Irvine has a happy faculty in descriptive writing, and in this book is seen at his best.

While in "The Lovers of Mauna Kea," the short preface makes an apology for the similarity of names, Pocatacus, Nanketuka, and Minneola, to the nomenclature of the North American Indian, Mr. Irvine fails to apologize for the prose-poetry echo of Hiawatha. "There beneath the sombre mountain, by the base of Mauna Kea, where runs the crystal water through the valley and the trees, lives the athlete Pocatacus and his sweet wife Minneola. Passed from life into the shadows, from the body to the soul-life, without passing through the portal where the body rusts and bleaches, passed they into life eternal with the spirit of the Cave."

Lee and Shepard have published a new *Library Catalogue*<sup>4</sup> that owners of libraries will appreciate at a glance. It is a blank book of convenient size, ruled, with printed headings, giving columns for title, shelf or mark, author, size, date, number of pages, publisher, etc., of each book in the library. For kind-hearted people with short memories, who lend books, a few pages are left at the end for any memoranda they wish to make.

It is just such a publication as all book owners should have: even those whose collection is large enough to support a printed private catalogue will find it invaluable for corrections and new purchases.

The advance sheets of Professor Wm. Carey Jones's *History of the University of California*<sup>5</sup> promise excellently well. The size,—full quarto,—the paper, the type, and more particularly the sample of text and illustrations shown, are all highly satisfactory. Professor Jones is admirably fitted for the task he has assumed, having been connected with the University in many capacities, from student to professor, from its earliest days. His specialty of United States History has made the research necessary to the writing a work of this kind a matter of long training with him, and strict accuracy may therefore be looked for in his work. All it takes to make an interesting story of the University of California is faithfulness and accuracy; for the material is such as to rouse the historian's ardor by its importance, and its wealth of vicissitude and picturesque episode.

The art of photography has advanced so in the

<sup>3</sup>The Palace of the Sun, and Other Sketches. By Leigh H. Irvine. Crown Publishing Co.: New York: 1894.

<sup>4</sup>The Library Catalogue. Lee & Shepard: Boston: 1894.

<sup>5</sup>Illustrated History of the University of California. Edited by William Carey Jones. Frank H. Duke-Smith: San Francisco: 1894.

<sup>1</sup>From Blomidon to Smoky. By Frank Bolles. Houghton, Mifflin & Company: Boston: 1894.

<sup>2</sup>Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott. T. Nelson & Sons: New York and London: 1894.

last few years that it is possible to give results now that were not to be had even five years ago. This is most marked in astronomical photography, but it is also the case in all photographic work. The University of California has been exceptionally fortunate in its photographers, and the best results of their work, judging from the advance sheets, will be given in Professor Jones's *History*. Further notice will be given this book on the completed issue. It seemed well to speak of it from advance sheets, because the size of the edition, it is announced, is dependent on advance orders, and readers of the *OVERLAND* may be glad to have it called to their attention.

### Books Received.

- Bread from Stones. Translated from the German. Philadelphia : A. J. Tafel : 1894.
- Between the Tides. By W. S. Walker. Los Gatos, Cal. : W. S. & Glenn Walker : 1885.
- Narragansett Ballads. By Caroline Hazard. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. : 1894.
- Florida Sketch Book. By Bradford Torrey. *Ibid.*
- From Blomidon to Smoky. By Frank Bolles. *Ibid.*
- Childhood in Literature and Art. By Horace E. Scudder. *Ibid.*
- Schooners that Bump on the Bar. By DeLeon, Mobile, Ala. : Gossip Publishing Co. : 1894.
- The Story of the Nations : — Venice. By Alethea Wiel. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons : 1894.
- Vashti. By John Brayshaw Kaye. *ibid.*
- Lord Ormont and His Aminta. By Geo. Meredith. New York : Chas. Scribner's Sons : 1894.
- The Whites and the Blues. By Alexander Dumas. Boston : Little, Brown & Co. : 1894.
- The Companions of John. *Ibid.*
- Trilby. By Geo. du Maurier. New York : Harper & Bros. : 1894.
- Micah Clarke. By A. Conan Doyle. *Ibid.*
- The Palace of the Sun. By Leigh H. Irvine. New York : Crown Pub. Co. : 1894.
- Armasindy. By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis : Bowen-Merrill Co. : 1894.
- My Lady Rotha. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York : Longmans, Green & Co. : 1894.
- The Literary Catalogue. Boston : Lee & Shepard : 4.
- Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott. London and New York : T. Nelson & Sons : 1894.
- History of English Literature. By W. F. Collier, LL.D. *Ibid.*

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## AS TALKED IN THE SANCTUM.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE air was soft and mellow, the great south window was wide open, and an almost tropical breeze played with the collection of half-finished studies on the Artist's table. It was the 24th of December on the calendar, and across the sea of roofs, in the tower of the Merchants' Exchange, the great clock-face was barely distinguishable in the early twilight. Nothing else indicated that we were within one day of Christmas.

A voice far below was monotonously singing: "Straw—berries,—straw—berries,—two—boxes—for—two bits!"

There was an unreality about the Californian Christmas to which even the Contributor, our '49er, had never been able to reconcile himself. Yet there were no snows at Bethlehem.

The Office Boy entered on tip-toe, to turn on the electric lights, but we were listening to the ancient Major (by courtesy). It was a Christmas story, and the darkness concealed the tears that stood in the good Parson's eyes.

### THE "MAJOR'S" STORY.

"You see, there's no harm in tellin' on Bill, now that Bill is dead and gone. As a professin' member I feel it almost a duty. There are people that I could name, professin' members too, who have consarned themselves with Bill's memory, and kinder insinuate that Bill died out of the fold.

Bill, Bill Coombs, weighed nigh onter two hundred, an' stood six feet in his stockin's. I don't say but that Bill's looks were agin him, as men go, but some way our babies never seemed to mind, and Martha argued that there was some good in a man that babies loved.

Yes, Bill would swear. I don't deny it. He swore right in the presence of Elder Preswick the day Sumter was fired on. Deacon Stebbins—he sent a substitute—left the grocery, but the Elder laid his thin, old hand on Bill's big brawny shoulder and said, just as reverently as the Parson ever did in his big church on the hill, "Amen!" Bill and the Elder put their names down on the roll, side by side, and we followed, forty-seven all told.

When we came back from the war there was a pert young fellow from Boston in Elder Preswick's pulpit. He was smart enough, as boys go. My Martha liked him, but his high soundin' religion someway seemed to jar with the gentle Gospel that Elder Preswick taught us down there at the front. Maybe we blamed the Lord 'cause we could n't bring him back with us, an' only eighteen of us straggled to the Corners after Appomatox.

Any how, Bill took it harder than any one else, and after his sister's husband, Henry Foster, died in his arms before Petersburg, he swore that there was no God. No, I don't set myself up to judge Bill for what he did during those days.

We laid Bill's sister by the side of Henry Foster, just one year to a day after we got back, and Elsie went to live with Bill. It would have done your heart good to have seen Bill plowin' and whistlin' down in the back lot, with Elsie a-seated up atween his big shoulders.

Every Sunday we called by for Elsie, and she went to Sunday School with our Patience, who was just her age lackin' nine days. Bill never went inside the church, yet he stopped swearin' and used to slick up on Sunday after Elsie came.

Martha will tell you to this day that she knew it would come out all right in the end. Martha is a shrewd woman, but she did n't know Bill as I did. There is n't much in a man that you don't find out after four years of marchin' and fightin', shoulder to shoulder, and Bill was stubborn. It was Bill's pig-headedness that saved what was left of us in the Wilderness.

"Bill," said Cap'n Jim White, "if you drag that field-piece to the top of that 'ere knoll, you're a dead man."

"Dead be blanked," answered Billy. And up he went.

After the second mule was down the Cap'n said,—“Corporal Coombs, I command you to return to your company.”

"We all stood there like sheep, those that were able to stand. It had been an all-day's fight, and the rebels were only waiting for the word to sweep up our broken divisions like a drop of water. The field-piece might give us another chance.

"Jim White," said Bill, his eyes kinder shinin' out bright from his powder-blackened face, "I refuse to obey!"

That was all he said. Nothin' much to tell, but it saved us, Jim White an' all. Bill was just so stubborn that after the battle he pulled the chevrons off his arm.

So it nettles me to hear Martha say, "Didn't I tell you?"

It was summer when Elsie came to him, which was the savin' of Bill.

He got softer and softer and tenderer and tenderer, so that by the time the fall huskin' was over that little tot with her big blue eyes could twist him round her finger as easy as nothin'.

Father used to joke Bill, and ask him if he was trainin' for the ministry. If



they had of let him alone, and he could have forgotten his dog-goned stubbornness, I think he would have gone to Sunday-school off an' on with Elsie, and that would have shut folks' mouths after his death.

Along 'bout Christmas I could see Bill was gettin' uneasy like in his mind. Elsie and my Patience did nothin' but talk 'bout Santa Claus and a saw-dust doll with a real china head in Uncle Wick's store-window at the Corners. Of course, Bill was willin' to give Elsie a squad of dolls, and I heard him ask Uncle Wicks myself how much it would cost to send to Boston for a regular one that could talk and roll its eyes. Then Bill's danged stubbornness would rise up and whisper, "How could a man that did n't believe in God celebrate God's birthday?"

That's what Bill asked me one morning, as he was puttin' a new pole in his bobs. I knew Bill was gettin' unsettled, and that when Elsie got up in his lap and whispered in his ear, "I des Santa Claus is doin' to bring Uncle Bill a new pair of wristlets," it was more than a barrel of words from me.

Martha helped knit those wristlets, first a green yarn and then a red one, with a frill of brown at the end. Bill caught them at it once when Elsie came over to spend the evenin'. He rushed out to the barn to look after his four-year-old, and when he came back he complained that the saber cut he got at Lookout Mountain was troublin' him some.

I ran over to Bill's Christmas night, to ask Bill and Elsie over to eat popcorn, hickory nuts, and such like, and found Bill puttin' Elsie to bed. There was a hard look in his face, and I knew that it was no use askin'.

I stood still for a moment, and took off my muffler to change the wet spot from my mouth. Elsie did n't notice me, and knelt down by the side of her crib in her white nightgown, and prayed, "Now I lay me —," just as Jane Foster taught her. When she got through she stopped a minute, and then added a little one of her own. I remember it just as well as though I heard it all over again to-night. She reached up for Bill's big hairy head, and said:—

"O Dod, I want to say a little prayer for my Uncle Bill. I des he forgets to pray sometimes. Uncle is a dood man, Dod. He loves me, and set the leg of my little chicken, Bright. Now it is all well, Dod. Of course you don't know Uncle Bill, Dod, as well as Elsie, so I want to tell you, so Santa Claus won't forget him. Dood-night."

Then she kissed her Uncle Bill, and snuggled in between the sheets.

I guess that finished Bill Coombs's stubbornness. Martha said the next day, when Elsie rushed into the house with her arms full of presents, that Bill would spoil the child; but I knew that could Bill have got over to Boston that night—and back in time, Elsie would have had that doll with the rollin' eyes and talkin' mouth. Bill was always that way,—he never did things by halves.

Bill was ailing all that winter. We hoped he would pick up in the spring. Martha used to send him over boneset tea, and twice he had the doctor, but it did n't seem to do him much good. He liked best to sit up by the arch, and watch Elsie and my little Patience play "keepin' house," or take Elsie in his arms and listen to her prattle.

He did n't go to church, but he used to talk with my Martha off and on, an' he seemed to remember a powerful number of things Elder Preswick said down there in Virginia. I never gave Bill much credit for memory before.

It was 'long during the spring plowin' that Bill took to his bed, complainin'

of that old saber cut. We did n't think much of it, until one day his hired man, John, came rushin' over just as we were doin' the early milkin', and said Bill was dying.

Martha rolled down her sleeves and took off her apron, and we hurried 'cross lots.

Bill was asleep when we came in, so we tiptoed into his room and stood at the foot of the bed. Martha said afterward that Bill looked almost beautiful as he lay there. The window was open, and the smell of the apple-blossoms on the gilly-flower tree that Bill and Jane planted when they were children came into the room, and kinder carried me back to the days when we were boys together, and Jane and old Squire Coombs were alive. I must have been dreamin', for my lids got wet and Martha pulled my arm. Bill had his eyes open; he saw us and smiled, and then put out his hand for Elsie.

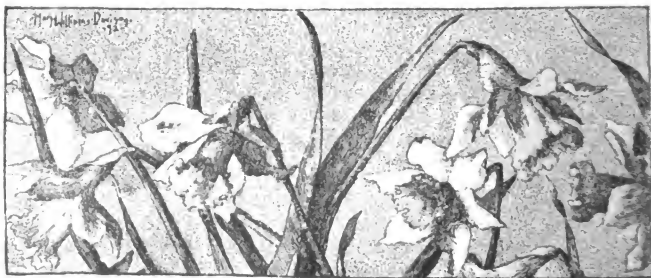
The mornin' sun kinder come in through the apple tree, and fell on Elsie's yellow hair. He drew Elsie up closer an' closer and whispered low, so the doctor would n't hear and tell the folks at the grocery, but Martha and I heard and I always thought the doctor did, leastways he never says anything against Bill.

'Jane,' he sometimes forgot and called her Jane; that was her mother, Henry Foster's wife, that was, 'tell God what — you told — him — Christmas — that your Uncle Bill ain't — a bad man —'

Then Elsie prayed, while Martha sobbed softly like in her sun-bonnet and I looked hard out into the apple tree.

Bill went right on smilin', but when we spoke he never answered.

Elsie crawled up tenderly like onter the bed, kissed the smilin' lips timidly, and then turned to Martha and said, with a frightened, glad light in her baby eyes, just as though she understood it, all 'Uncle Bill is with Dod.'"



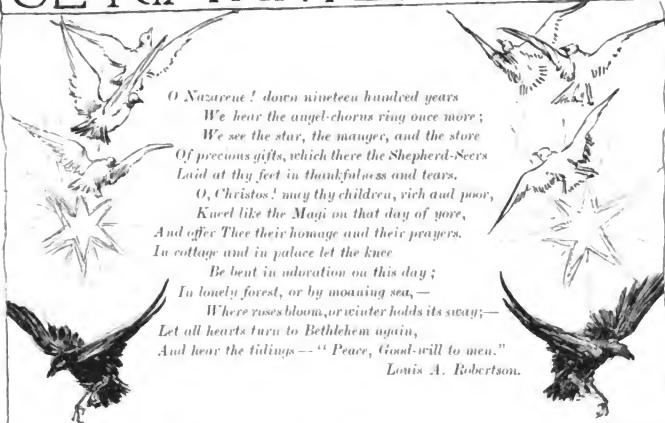


# GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

*O Nazareth! down nineteen hundred years  
We hear the angel-chorus ring once more;  
We see the star, the manger, and the store  
Of precious gifts, which there the Shepherd-Seers  
Laid at thy feet in thankfulness and tears.  
O, Christos! may thy children, rich and poor,  
Kneel like the Magi on that day of yore,  
And offer Thee their homage and their prayers.  
In cottage and in palace let the knee*

*Be bent in adoration on this day;  
In lonely forest, or by moaning sea, —  
Where roses bloom, or winter holds its sway; —  
Let all hearts turn to Bethlehem again,  
And hear the tidings — "Peace, Good-will to men."*

*Louis A. Robertson.*



*Charles  
Hodell  
drawing*

## ANNO DOMINI + MDCCCXCIV





### THE METAMORPHO- SIS OF FENCING.

FENCING, although a science of the past, still holds interest enough among gentlemen to be practiced as a means of physical development. Every now and then an enthusiast will publish a treatise on fencing, or a complete manual and self-teaching method of the art of fence. Occasionally a writer will review the old schools, and although *bona fide* in his intentions, will more or less intentionally display partiality for one school.

To be a good amateur fencer is an accomplishment not to be scorned; but to be able to criticise or willfully omit to recognize that one school among the others stands at the head today, is a weakness not common among the true lovers of the sport.

Fencing is an art, and a noble one,—an art, indeed, that cannot be picked up from books or newspaper articles. It is of no use to explain the intricacies of fencing to a *profane* through the medium of a newspaper. A man courageous enough to undertake the task of writing on the subject must be a fencer, or else he should leave it alone. Thrusts and parries is about all the uninitiated know about it; and from that point of view a mixture of quarte smashed and snake-

like disengages, a few tierces, and enough semi-circles to make three or four complete circles, are manufactured. After boiling all this, the whole is sent to press, and delivered to the public the next morning as one of the most skillful expositions of fencing ever written.

Not being, as the celebrated school of France calls it, "a brevetted maitre d'armes,"



ask that the lovers of sport in general may find it interesting to read the impression of a "professor." In the short space allotted for an article of this kind, it would be superfluous to dwell on the methods of different races and nations. Suffice it to say, that the tendency of our age and times is toward development and improvement.

It will be readily admitted that there is a great and striking contrast between the old brutal and dangerous way in which our forefathers made use of their swords, and the healthful and graceful way in which the modern fencer handles his foil.

As a factor in physical development, fencing is incontestably the best, although it is true enough that it requires a certain amount of strength and power to obtain perfection. It quickens the circulation of the blood and augments its vigor, and every muscle of the human machine is brought into action without unnecessary strain. Young people find it an easy way to develop natural grace. It imparts strength not only to the physical constitution of the fencer, but it has been demonstrated that fencing adds vivacity and accuracy to the mind. After a careful study of the positions and different attacks and parries, the fencer gains not only a certain amount of force and courage, but also learns how much confidence he can place on his physical strength and natural bravery.

Fencing is wrongly considered by many as an apprenticeship in foil ferocity, good only for professional duelists, that they may abuse their strength and skill by carrying out their ill-directed purposes at the expense of the poor unfortunates that are placed in their paths. This double error should be rectified.

Fencing, thoroughly fitted to the chivalric nature of our forefathers, is, I admit, a trifle out of date in our democratic times, with their tendency to abolish old traditions. "*Les armes*"



during a long period of history were part of the glory of France, and were our national specialty. "*L'épée*," translated in English as "dueling rapier," is our national weapon, like the pistol of the Anglo-Saxon, the saber of the Teuton, and the knife or short weapon of the Italian and Spaniard. Oriental nations used, and still use, a sort of connecting link between sword and knife, — too long for one, and too short for the other. The sword is an ancient weapon, and always honored by valorous and chivalrous people. Old Greece, the cradle of intelligence, with a sort of veneration, worshiped "*l'art des armes*."

During our lessons, or while engaged in a friendly assault of arms, every square inch of the body seems to receive an equal share of good. The port or carry of the head becomes proud and characteristically defiant. The lungs attain a wonderful development, and the chest is broadened. The limbs gain a fortifying degree of suppleness and elasticity. Combining prudence and audacity, the fencer acquires quickness of decision coupled with swiftness of execution, and keeps the brain under a continuous strain.

Fencing is the philosophy of gymnastics. Many that are antagonistic to fencing and its results, would hardly be able to decipher the rudimentary principles. On the other hand, what is the sentiment of one that has held a foil or rapier in his hands, and who knows how to handle them? How strong must he be when, through his career, he is compelled to defend his dignity.

The art of fencing, as it is practiced in the fencing room, has no necessary connection with the dueling side of it. The masters of the noble art and the best amateurs strictly oppose dueling. That dueling is closely related to fencing we must admit, but whether it is legitimate or criminal ac-

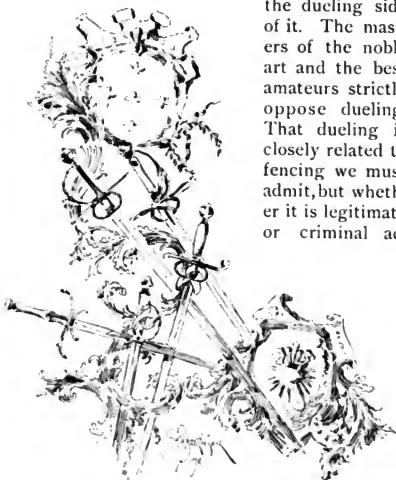
cording to law is a question to be avoided in such a review.

It is a conceded fact that dueling, as a way of settling a *point d'honneur*, is a little ridiculous as it is practiced in some countries. If the insult is serious enough to justify a settlement on the field of honor, a mere scratch is certainly too little to bring about a satisfactory reparation. True enough, with the spirit now prevailing in some countries, there are cases where a settlement before the courts of justice would not wash off the stain and injury inflicted by bullies who have more tongue than brains. But in such cases the duel should be carried to the fullest extent, or not begun at all. The idea of a doctor standing close by the combatants, with a magnifying glass in hand to ascertain whether the wound is severe enough to satisfy the thirst for gore, is a joke and nothing more.

There was a time in France when noblemen had nothing else to do, and fighting duels was an agreeable pastime. When there were no enemies outside of their class, they fought among themselves. In this land of freedom there are no noblemen proper, that is, titled men, except occasionally, when one comes from abroad. Commercial and business men are our titles, and as a rule commercial men are much wiser.

A prosperous merchant was once challenged to fight a duel, after an insignificant altercation in a drawing-room, by a well known count. The merchant, who had no desire to have his epidermis perforated by the sharp-pointed rapier of his noble friend, replied simply, that he could not risk his life against that of a man whose name could not be found in the business directory.

The time of the gladiator is over since an age of knowledge, education, and science, has taken its place. The gladiators of ancient Rome were brave men, — indeed, too brave to live, — and were disposed of in an exciting style. The



whole proceedings were barbarous and brutal, the successful one was simply the victor and nothing else, for the slain was just as barbarous and brave as his more lucky opponent.

In a mortal encounter with any kind of weapon the hand of Providence is the umpire. A good fighter may turn out to be a scoundrel, as it has been proved many a time, and that scoundrel may be respected as a dangerous man. He may live on his glory for a time, but he must necessarily succumb, sooner or later.

This puts me in mind of a good fencer of a dueling family, who ranked among the best amateurs. He lived high and some of his bills were not regularly paid. He would get angry, when some bold creditor dared to ask for a settlement, and was heard to answer thus: "Why, my dear sir, do you know who I am? No! Well, I will tell you. I am a duelist, and if you dare ask me again for money, I will make a sieve of your anatomy."

Fortunately, the law prevented such proceedings, and the nobleman had to resort to some more charitable means of paying his bills than the point of his toledo. As a matter of fact, bullies are rare, and are not respected by fencers.

It is impossible to inflict any bodily punishment upon an adversary during a bout with the foils, otherwise than to force him to acknowledge a point whenever it is made. The weapon used in practicing is commonly known as the foil, or "fleuret," a quadrangular bit of steel about thirty-six inches long and very flexible, properly and carefully tipped. A heavily padded glove covers the hand, while a body jacket of special pattern and moderately filled with hair prevents any chance of injury to the chest. A steel wire mask encases the face and part of the head. Thus equipped the participants are compelled to acknowledge a "touche," or thrust, loyally. Science and skill are all a fencer seeks.

After a bout with foils, no matter how



PROFESSOR H. ANSOT.

spirited it may have been, the participants can immediately resume their street costumes and look trim and tidy. Can you say the same about boxing? The results of a set-to with the mitts are sometimes of a serious character, such as a broken nose, a blackened eye, or broken wrist, and a boxer very often deplores the uprooting of a tooth. Gentlemen will never accept boxing as a general mode of physical cultivation. To box, that is, to strike another man with the well calculated intention to inflict injury, is brutal; and there can be no question about it. Boxing belongs to a different class of people than fencing.

The way the ancients used to wield their weapons was very good then, but altogether too dangerous and brutal. What was good then is certainly out of date today. Their weapons were heavy and cumbersome, and carried with the intention to slay an enemy. They have been modified, and better fitted for our wants. The flint-lock pistol was a very good weapon in its day,—very good, indeed,—but the modern revolver is un-

doubtedly better. Why should we look back to the deeds performed by such primitive weapons? And why should we today try to use a foil as a sword, as they used theirs in the time of street rencontres? Unfortunately for the progress of fencing as a science, some unscrupulous teachers will devise or try to invent a few cuts and parries, but the results are nearly always knocked in the head by a good and careful study in the hands of a competent teacher.

But the great drawback of fencing is the long and laborious practice a scholar is obliged to go through before he is able to overcome the difficulties of the first lessons.



AN EARLY CALIFORNIAN DUEL.

The correct position, when once acquired, is never forgotten. And when mastered, what study a fencer has to go through to become able to control and assume the different attitudes he meets when he is confronted by a good antagonist. Courage and prudence will often overcome agility and strength. Fencing masters and good amateurs rarely indulge in dueling, because their superiority helps to train them to be patient and indulgent.

The character of a man reveals itself when he holds a foil or a sword in his hand. The "*franchise*" of fencing is the mirror of the "sentiment," or feeling. Beware of the man who does not frankly acknowledge his points. A mean or a dishonest man rarely excels in the art. That is because he cannot look his opponent in the eye, with the bold, unflinching gaze of the frank, open nature.

In France the fencer strives to attain elegance and form, and the swordsmen of France deserve to be acknowledged the leaders over all other nations. The French school combines nobleness of character, correctness of form, and the love of all that is truly artistic. The follower of the French school of fence is certainly redoubtable, because the principles of that school more than others impose correctness of position, and the merits of a "*coup de bouton*,"—a thrust without that often indulged in beating and scraping of the blades, just about good enough for stage fencing. The French master thrusts from a correct distance, with a perfect lunge, without ever resorting to the forward or side jumps so commonly used in the Italian school. The art of fencing is noble: indulge in it nobly, or leave it alone.

The practice of fencing, far from engendering rivalries among its followers, is perhaps of all the meetings of men the only one which imposes politeness and good feeling. True enough, the vanity of the fencer is as ferocious and





From a Florentine Print.

implacable as any other, but in the fencing room it disappears under a coat of good fellowship.

*"Dans le jeu terrible de l'escrime, l'intelligence commande en souveraine, de la, son incontestable supériorité."*

San Francisco is of all the Western cities the only one possessing the best fencers, and also the best and most careful teachers. As far back as 1849 it had a teacher of fencing in the field,—Captain H. Martin,—a tenacious little man, who had more courage and will power than science. Nevertheless, he held the envied position of instructor of the Olympic Club. In the fifties, Colonel Monterey, once champion of America, was also instructor of the Olympic Club. He is now in Chicago, at the head of a prosperous fencing club. When young he was a careful teacher, but was ever willing to try conclusions with better men, and had often to take second place. He was defeated and lost his title of Champion of America by Régis Sénac, the well known instructor of the New York Athletic Club. The match, which was a fine gladiatorial combat, took place in 1876, in Tammany Hall, New York. H. Gerichter, well remembered among members of the Turn Verein of California, was equally good.

Duncan C. Ross, perhaps the most brutal fencer that ever carried a sword, made his name in San Francisco as a mounted swordsman, and many a skull would if closely examined show some of his private marks. Captain Jennings, once teacher of the Olympic Club, met many defeats at the hands of Ross. He was also a mounted swordsman. Captain Voss, of the same class of fencers, appeared often before the San Francisco public in mounted contests, as well as Sergeant Owen Davis. The famous Jaguarine, the swordswoman, was and still is at the top notch of the profession called stage fencing. "One, two, three, my turn, and one, two, three, four, my turn," and so on.

In 1888, Mr. M. J. Flavin, once a good amateur fencer, while visiting in New York, secured for the Olympic Club the champion of America, Professor Louis Tronchet, who had defeated Régis Sénac a few months previous, in a contest for a purse and title at Metropolitan Hall, New York. Mr. Louis Tronchet, fencing master, graduate of the school of Joinville-le-Pont, France, is the first classic and the only "Fencing





Master " that ever taught the noble art of fencing on the Coast. Fencing took a new turn, and the wild fencing of yore was abandoned, and the more classic style of fencing took the supremacy, under his correct and graceful tuition.

As soon as Professor Tronchet reached this city he started the San Francisco Fencing Club, and all the amateurs enrolled under his banner. It was a premature enterprise, and Californians were soon tired of the sport, and left him with a most carefully fitted fencing



school on his hands. Professor Tronchet employed for a while as "Prévost d'Armes," or assistant teacher, Mr. E. Eudes,—well remembered here.

In 1889, I was induced by Professor Tronchet to come to this city, and assisted him in his private school. In 1890, I started the California Fencers' Club, and have been the instructor there ever since. When I left the San Francisco Fencers' Club Professor Tronchet brought to light another fencing teacher, Mr. D. Cruft, who had also been

in the French Army as teacher. Still another, Mr. W. B. Easton of the Olympic Club, became quite famous as a teacher and fencer, through the careful tuition of Tronchet. An ex-officer of the French Artillery attained some fame through his connection with the San Francisco Fencers' Club. He started a fencing club in Seattle, and afterward in Portland, Oregon.

To complete the list, a score of followers of the Italian school, all masters, one of them well known in society,



Baron Carlo Sobrero, tried very hard to establish an Italian Club, but failed. Mr. E. Ruggiero was for a while instructor at the Italian Club, and claims to be able to perforate any body on earth, barring Professor Tronchet; but fortunately for us, he never met anybody. S. Lanzilli had for some time the direction of the fencing class at the Italian Club.

A few months ago an Italian fencing master, Mr. G. Navarra, came to San Francisco from South America, and attained some notoriety through a contest with Professor Tronchet, receiving a



well deserved drubbing. The encounter took place before the members of the Mazanillo Parisi Club. As I was a participant in the exhibition with one of my scholars, I expressed an opinion not altogether favorable to the exponent of the Italian school, at which M. Navarra took offense, and expressed his willingness to try conclusions with anybody else on the spot. We met the following evening at the California Fencers' Club, before the members and friends of M. Navarra. The meeting was full of incidents and excitement, and was somewhat of a repetition of the previous encounter. A duel to the death was on the tapis for a week, but fell through, the laws of California preventing such performances.

To complete the list, M. Desiré Gibault, "French school," has come to this city,—not a foil man, but an exponent of broad sword and single sticks. The more the merrier.

The list of amateurs among gentlemen and ladies is so long that it would require a special article. Fencing is implanted in California, and gains ground every day. In the near future we hope to be proud of its popularity.

It is quite in place at this point, before bringing the article to a close, to include an extract from Dumas' "Three Musketeers," illustrating more fully than I possibly could the sanguinary character of the French duel, and the recklessness with which they were brought about, in the time of Richelieu.

Unfortunately for d'Artagnan, among the spectators was one of his Eminence's guards, who, still irritated by the defeat of his companions only the day before, had promised himself to seize the first opportunity of avenging it. He believed this opportunity was now come, and addressing his neighbor, remarked :

"It is not astonishing that that young man should be afraid of a ball; he is doubtless a budding Musketeer."

D'Artagnan turned round as if a serpent had stung him, and fixed his eyes upon the insolent speaker.

"Yes!" resumed the latter, twisting his moustache, "look at me as long as you like, my little gentleman, I have said what I have said."

"And as since that which you have said is too clear to require any explanation," replied d'Artagnan, in a low voice, "I beg you will follow me immediately."

"Of course you know who I am?"

"I! no, I am completely ignorant; and I care less."

"You're in the wrong there; for if you knew my name, perhaps you would not be in such a hurry. It is Bernajoux."

"Well, M. de Bernajoux," said d'Artagnan, quietly, "I will wait for you at the door."

"Go on, I follow you."

"Do not appear to be in a hurry, so as to cause it to be observed that we go out together; you must be aware that, for that which we have in hand, company would be inconvenient."

"That's true," said the guard, astonished that his name had not produced more effect upon the young man.

In fact, Bernajoux was known to everybody, d'Artagnan alone excepted, perhaps; for he was one of those who figured most frequently in the daily brawls which all the edicts of the Cardinal had not been able to repress.

Porthos and Aramis were so engaged with their game, and Athos was watching them with so much attention, that they did not even see their young companion go out, who, as he had told his Eminence's guard, stopped outside the door; an instant after the soldier descended. As d'Artagnan had no time to lose, on account of the audience fixed for mid-day, he cast his eyes around, and seeing that the street was empty, he said: "It is fortunate for you, although your name is Bernajoux, to have only to deal with a budding Musketeer;"

never mind, be content, I will do my best. Guard!"

"But," said he whom d'Artagnan thus provoked, "it appears to me that this place is very ill-chosen, and that we should be better behind St. Germain's Abbey or in the Pre-aux-Clercs."

"What you say is very sensible," replied d'Artagnan; "but, unfortunately, I have very little time to spare, having an appointment at twelve precisely. Guard! then guard!"

Bernajoux was not a man to have such a compliment paid to him twice. In an instant his sword glittered in his hand, and he sprang upon his adversary, whom, from his youth, he hoped to intimidate.

But d'Artagnan had on the preceding day gone through his apprenticeship. Fresh, sharpened by his victory, full of the hopes of future favor, he was resolved not to give a step; so the swords were crossed close to the hilts, and as d'Artagnan stood firm, it was his adversary who made the retreating step; but d'Artagnan seized the moment at which, in this movement, the sword of Bernajoux deviated from the line; he freed his weapon, made a lunge, and touched his adversary on the shoulder. D'Artagnan immediately made a step backwards and raised his sword; but Bernajoux cried out that it was nothing, and rushing blindly upon him, absolutely spitted himself upon d'Artagnan's sword. As he did not fall, but only broke away, d'Artagnan was ignorant of the seriousness of the last wound his adversary had received, pressed him warmly, and without doubt would have soon completed his work with a third thrust, when two of the friends of the guard, who had seen him go out after exchanging some words with d'Artagnan, rushed, sword in hand, from the court, and fell upon the conqueror.

But Athos, Porthos, and Aramis quickly appeared in their turn, and the moment the two guards attacked their

young companion, drove them back. Bernajoux now fell, and as the guards were only two against four, they began to shout, "To the rescue! Tremouille!"

I will briefly describe the ordinary positions assumed, as I merely wish to illustrate the grace developed in fencing, and the full and healthy movement given to all the muscles. In the first position, that is, the attitude assumed when facing an opponent, the foil is held, in the right hand between the thumb and the index, the other fingers are lightly clasped around the handle without any force, the right arm extended from the shoulder without any unnecessary strain from the body. The head is erect and squarely to the front. The left hand hangs naturally from the left shoulder, arm fully extended, and thumb pointing to the rear, the fingers close together and moderately extended. The trunk or chest has a slight twist to the left, presenting about three-fourths of its surface to the front. The legs are smartly straightened, the right foot squarely to the front, the heel of the left foot on a line and close to the right, forming a right angle.

By a series of evolutions the second position "on guard" is assumed, first, by dropping the point of the foil until it is about eight inches from the floor, being careful to keep the arm on a line with the foil and the arm fully extended: second, with a slight rotation of the wrist bring the foil horizontally across the thighs, and the fingers of the left hand "which drop close enough to the right hand" so as to nearly touch the guard or hilt: third, raise both hands over the head and fully extended directly upward and close to the body, the blade horizontally held over the head, the thumb of the right hand underneath, and the palm of the left hand facing downward and below the blade: fourth, drop the sword arm squarely to the front, bending the elbow until it is about four inches from the chest, the

point of the foil directly opposite and between the eyes and pommel of handle on a line with the right breast, the thumb slightly to the right. Meanwhile the left arm assumes a graceful curve, and the left hand drops forward toward the left shoulder and slightly above the head: fifth, from this position bend the knees and bring the right foot to the other from about eighteen inches, according to the length of the legs. Be careful to have the body equally balanced on both legs: both feet squarely on the floor.

From that position the advances or retreats are made:—the advance, by throwing the right foot on a straight line forward, being careful to step smartly and with heels first, the left foot coming immediately forward exactly the same distance, reassuming position number two. The retreat is made on the same principles, with the exception that the left foot is thrown backward and followed with the right. The third position, figure 3, is the lunge or thrust. First, from position two, extend the right arm forward on a line of the shoulder, the foil and arm forming a perfect straight line, the fingers of right hand slightly turned upward by a rotation of the wrist. Second, raise slightly the right foot from the ground,

and send it forward by straightening the left leg, the left foot firmly anchored on the floor. The distance of the lunge is regulated by the length of the fencer's legs, and is correctly assumed when, the lunge completed, the right leg from the knee to the ankle is at right angle with the floor, and the left leg fully extended forward. Meanwhile the left hand is thrown to the rear, stopping about four inches from the left thigh, the fingers extended, and thumb separated and pointing upward. The thumb should be kept in a straight position, leaning neither forward nor backward, and left shoulder moderately forced backward.

To recover the position number two, on guard: draw the body backward by bending the left knee, drawing the right arm to its normal position, raising the left arm gracefully behind the head, and placing the right foot to its proper distance.

In so brief a sketch it would be useless to try to explain the intricacies of the art of fence. Suffice it to say, that fencing once acquired will never be abandoned. It becomes a passion, but in its results, is of great benefit to the system.

Our mottoes are simple but expressive: *Honneur aux Armes. Respect aux Maîtres!*

Henry Ansot.



## THE SONG OF THE BALBOA SEA.

## SONG THIRD.

"And God saw the light that it was good.

*I heard a tale long, long ago,  
Where I had gone apart to pray;  
By Shasta's pyramid of snow,  
That touches me unto this day.  
I know the fashion is to say  
An Arab tale, an Orient lay:  
But when the grocer rings my gold  
On counter, flung from greasy hold,  
He cares not from Acadian tale  
It comes, or savage mountain chine;  
But this the Shastan tale:*

*Once on a time, the friar gray,  
Coyoté, made his monkish round  
And came to where the red men lay  
All dead: starved, stark, upon the ground.  
The last spark from the camp had fled,—  
Prone dead! the very dogs were dead.  
All day amid the dead he prowled;  
Then sat him down and wailed and howled  
Till morn. Then from the mount above  
He heard God's voice in pity say,  
"Yea, all is dead but Love.*

*"So take up Love and cherish her,  
And seek the white man with all speed.  
And keep Love warm within thy fur;  
The white man needeth love indeed.  
Take all and give him freely, all  
Of love you find, or great or small:  
For he is very poor in this,  
So poor he scarce knows what love is."  
The gray monk took Love in his paws  
And sped, a ghostly streak of gray,  
To where the white man was.*

*But man arose, enraged to see  
A gaunt wolf track his new-heaven town.  
He called his dogs, and angrily  
He brought his flashing rifle down.  
Then God said: "On his hearthstone lay*

*The seed of love, and come away ;  
 The seed of love, 't is needed so,  
 And pray that it may grow and grow."  
 And so the gray monk crept at night  
 And laid Love down, as God had said,  
 A faint and feeble light ;  
 So faint, indeed, the cold hearthstone  
 It seemed would chill starved Love to death ;  
 And so the monk gave all his own  
 And crouched and fanned it with his breath  
 Until a red cock crowed for day.  
 Then God said : " Rise up, come away."  
 The beast obeyed, but yet looked back  
 All day along his lonely track ;  
 For he had left his all in all,  
 His own Love, for that famished Love  
 Seemed so exceeding small.*

*And God said, " Look not back again."  
 But ever, where a campfire burned,  
 And he beheld strong, burly men  
 At meet, he sat him down and turned  
 His face to wail and wail and mourn  
 The Love laid on that cold hearthstone.  
 Then God was angered, and God said :  
 " Be thou a beggar then ; thy head  
 Hath been a fool, but thy swift feet,  
 Because they bore sweet Love, shall be  
 The fleetest of all fleet."*

*And ever still about the camp,  
 By peak or plain, in heat or hail,  
 A homeless, hungry, hated tramp,  
 The gaunt coyote keeps his wail.  
 And ever as he wails he turns  
 His head, looks back and yearns and yearns  
 For lost Love, laid that winter day  
 To warm a hearthstone far away.  
 Poor loveless, homeless tramp, I keep  
 Your lost Love warm for you, and too,  
 A cañon cool and deep.*

## I.

AND they sailed on ; the sea doves sailed,  
 And Love sailed with them. And there lay  
 Such peace as never had prevailed  
 On earth since dear Love's natal day.

Great black-backed whales blew bows in clouds,  
Wee sea-birds flitted through the shrouds.  
A wide-winged, amber albatross  
Blew by, and bore his shadow cross,  
And seemed to hang it on the mast;  
The while he followed far behind,  
The great ship flew so fast.

She questioned her if Phaon knew,  
If he could dream, or halfway guess  
How she had tracked the ages through  
And trained her soul to gentleness  
Through many lives, through every part,  
To make her worthy his great heart.  
Would Phaon turn and fly her still,  
With that fierce, proud imperious will,  
And scorn her still, and still despise?  
She shuddered, turned aside her face,  
And lo, her sea-dove's eyes!

## II.

Then days of rest and restful nights;  
And love kept tryst as true love will,  
The prow their trysting place. Delights  
Of silence, simply sitting still,—  
Of asking nothing, saying naught;  
For all that love had ever sought  
Sailed with them; words or deeds had been  
Impertinence, a selfish sin.  
And oh, to know how sweet a thing  
Is silence on those restful seas  
When Love's dove folds her wing!

The great sea slept. In vast repose  
His pillowed head half hidden lay,  
Half drowned in drear Alaskan snows  
That stretch to where no man may say.  
His huge arms tossed to left, to right,  
Where black woods, banked like bits of night,  
As sleeping giants toss their arms  
At night about their fearful forms.  
A slim canoe, a night-bird's call,  
Some gray sea-doves, just these and Love,  
And Love indeed was all!

## III.

Lo! suddenly the lone ship burst  
Upon an uncompleted world,



A world so dazzling white, man durst  
Not face the flashing search-light hurled  
From heaven's high-built battlements  
And high-heaved camp of cloud-wreathed tents.  
And boom! boom! boom! from sea or shore  
Came one long, deep, continuous roar,  
As if God wrought; as if the days,  
The first six pregnant, mother morns,  
Had not quite gone their ways.

What word is fitting but the Word  
Here in this vast world-fashioning?  
What tongue can name the nameless Lord?  
What hand lay hand on anything?  
Come, let us coin new words of might  
And massiveness to name this light,  
This largeness, largeness everywhere!  
White rivers hanging in the air,  
Ice-tied through all eternity!  
Nay, peace! It were profane to say:  
We dare but hear and see.

Be silent! Hear the strokes resound!  
'Tis God's hand rounding down the earth!  
Take off thy shoes, 'tis holy ground,—  
Behold a continent has birth!  
The seas bow down, Madonna's blue  
Enfolds the sea in sapphire. You  
May lift, a little spell, your eyes  
And feast them on the ice propped skies,  
And feast but for a little space:  
Then let thy face fall grateful down.  
And let thy soul say grace.

## IV.

At anchor so, and all night through,  
The two before God's temple kept.  
He spake: "I know yon peak, I knew  
A deep ice-cavern there. I slept  
With hairy men, or monsters slew,  
Or led down misty seas my crew  
Of cruel savages and slaves,  
And slew who dared the distant waves.  
And once a strange, strong ship—and *she*,  
I bore her to yon cave of ice,—  
And Love companioned me.

"Two scenes of all scenes from the first  
Have come to me on this great sea :  
The one when light from heaven burst,  
The one when sweet Love came to me.  
And of the two, or best or worst,  
I ever hold this second first.  
Bear with me. Yonder citadel  
Of ice tells all my soul can tell :  
Its thirst for love, its pain, its pride,  
My soul's warm youth the while she lived,  
Its old age when she died.

"I know not if she loved or no.  
I only asked to serve and love ;  
To love and serve, and ever so  
My love grew as grows light above,—  
Grew from gray dawn to golden day,  
And swept the wild world in its sway.  
The stars came down, so close they came,  
I called them, named them with her name,  
The kind moon came,—came once so near,  
That in the hollow of her arm  
I leaned my lifted spear.

"And yet, somehow, for all the stars,  
And all the silver of the moon,  
She looked from out her icy bars  
As longing for some sultry noon,  
As longing for some warmer kind,  
Some far south sunland left behind ;  
Then I went down to sea. I sailed  
Through seas where monstrous things prevailed,  
Such slimy, shapeless, hungered things !  
Red griffins, wide-winged, bat-like wings,  
Red griffins, black or fire-fed,  
That ate my fever-stricken men  
Ere yet they were quite dead.

"I could not find her love for her,  
Or land, or fit thing for her touch.  
And I came back, sad worshiper,  
And watched and longed and loved so much !  
I watched huge monsters climb and pass  
Reflected in great walls of glass ;  
Dark, draggled, hairy, fearful forms  
Upblown by ever-battling storms,  
And streaming still with slime and spray ;  
So huge from out their sultry seas,  
Like storm-torn islands they.

“Then even these she ceased to note,  
She ceased at last to look on me,  
But, baring to the sun her throat,  
She looked and looked incessantly  
Away against the south, away  
Against the sun in middle day.  
At last I saw her watch a swan  
Surge tow’rd the north, and on and on.  
I saw her smile, her first, faint smile,  
Then burst a high-born thought, and I,  
I nursed that all the while.

## V.

“I somehow dreamed, or guessed, or knew,  
That somewhere in the dear earth’s heart  
Was warmth and tenderness and true  
Delight, and all love’s nobler part.  
I tried to think, ay, thought and thought ;  
In all the strange fruits that I brought  
For her delight I could but find  
The sweetness deep within the rind.  
All beasts, all birds, some better part  
Of central being deepest housed ;  
And earth must have a heart.

“I watched the wide-winged birds that blew  
Continually against the bleak  
And ice-built north, and surely knew  
The long, lorn croak, the reaching beak,  
Led not to ruin evermore ;  
For they came back, came swooping o’er  
With clouds of calling little ones,  
So dense, they dimmed the summer suns.  
And so I knew, somehow, somewhere,  
Beyond earth’s ice-backed, heaving chines,  
They found a softer air.

“And too, I heard sweet stories, held  
In mem’ries of my hairy men,  
Vague, dim traditions, dim with eld,  
Of other lands and ages when  
Nor ices were, nor anything ;  
But ever one warm, restful spring  
Of radiant sunlight : stories told  
By dauntless men of giant mould,  
Who kept their cavern’s icy mouth  
Ice-locked, and hungered where they sat,  
With sad eyes toward the south :

"Tales of a time ere hate began,  
Of herds of reindeer, wild beasts tamed,  
When man walked forth in love with man,  
Walked naked, and was not ashamed ;  
Of how a brother beast he slew,  
Then night, and all sad sorrows knew ;  
How tame beasts were no longer tame ;  
How God drew His great sword of flame  
And drove man naked to the snow,  
Till pitying He made of skins  
A coat, and clothed him so.

"And, true or not true, still the same,  
I saw continually at night  
That far, bright, flashing sword of flame,  
Misnamed the Borealis light ;  
I saw my men in coats of skin  
As God had clothed them, felt the sin  
And suffering of that first death  
Each day in every icy breath.  
Then why should I still disbelieve  
These tales of fairer lands than mine,  
And let my lady grieve?

## VI.

"Yea, I would find that land for her!  
Then dogs, and sleds, and swift reindeer ;  
Huge, hairy men all mailed in fur,  
Who knew not yet the name of fear,  
Nor knew fatigue, nor aught that ever  
To this day has balked endeavor.  
And we swept forth : the wide, black wings  
Still sought the Pole in endless strings.  
I left her sitting looking south,  
Still leaning, looking to the sun,—  
My kisses on her mouth!

"Far toward the north, so tall, so far,  
One tallest ice shaft starward stood,  
Stood as it were itself a star,  
Scarce fallen from its sisterhood.  
Tip top the glowing apex there  
Upreared a huge white polar bear.  
He pushed his swart nose up and out,  
And walked the North Star round about,  
Below the Great Bear of the main,  
The upper main, as if his mate,  
Chained with a star-linked chain.

"And we pushed on, up, on, and on,  
Until, as in the world of dreams,  
We found the very doors of dawn  
With warm sun bursting through the seams.  
We brake them through, then down, far down,  
Until, as in some park-set town,  
We found lost Eden. Very rare  
The fruit, and all the perfumed air  
So sweet, we sat us down to feed  
And clothe us, without thought or care,  
Or ever other need.

"For all earth's pretty birds were here;  
And women, fair and very fair;  
Sweet song was in the atmosphere,  
Nor effort was, nor noise, nor care.  
As cocoons from their silken house  
Wing forth and in the sun carouse,  
My men let fall their housings and  
Passed on and on, far down the land  
Of purple grapes and poppy bloom,  
Such warm, sweet land, such soulfull land!  
Just peace and sweet perfume!

"And I pushed down ere I returned  
To climb the deep world's walls of snow,  
And saw where earth's heart beat and burned,  
A thousand sultry leagues below;  
Saw deep seas set with deep sea isles  
Of waving verdure; miles on miles  
Of rising sea-birds with their broods,  
In all their noisy, happy moods!  
Ay, then I knew earth has a heart,  
That Nature wastes not space or place,  
But husbands every part.

"My reindeer fretted: I turned back  
For her, the heart of me, my soul!  
Ah me, how swift, how white my track!  
All Paradise beneath the Pole  
Were but a mockery till she  
Should share its dreamful sweets with me.  
I know not well what next befell,  
Save that white heaven grew black hell.  
She sat with white face to the south,  
Still sat, sat still; but she was dead,—  
My kisses on her mouth.

"What else to do but droop and die?  
 But dying, how my poor soul yearned  
 To fly as swift, south birds may fly,  
 To pass that way her eyes had turned,  
 The dear days she had sat with me,  
 And search and search eternity.  
 And do you know, I surely know  
 That God has given us to go  
 The way we will in life or death,—  
 To grow, to grow, or good or ill,  
 As one may draw a breath?"

*Joaquin Miller.*

CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.



## DECEMBER.

HEAPS of leaves on the wet earth lying,  
 Dead fern robing, the rocky hill,  
 Fallow field and tall fir sighing,  
 Barren boughs that are never still.

Flocks of crows in the woodland cawing,  
 Wind wound grass where the creek goes by,  
 Over the waters the wild ducks drawing  
 Long black lines on the leaden sky.

Pale seas sobbing on ragged reaches,—  
 Sorrowful mourners bowed in prayer;  
 Wide-winged gulls with sharp, shrill screeches  
 Piercing like poinards the misty air.

Bleak, chill night and drear rain falling,  
 Cheerless morn all clad in gray,  
 Only the weary south wind calling.  
 Only the loon on the lonely bay.

*Herbert Bashford.*



NE hot summer day I was leisurely exploring a quaint old Indian pueblo in New Mexico. It seemed to me that the hands of time had been turned back a few centuries, and that I was living in the olden age,

I am glad to fall in with you this day, for I have ridden alone over many weary miles of the desert, and the face of a friend is a welcome sight to lonesome eyes. To see you brings back memories of the days when I wandered, far from my people, in the strange places of the world; and I love to tell you the old tales of the days that are gone, for in telling them I live them over again in memory. Tonight, after I have eaten and rested, I will tell you a tale of one of whom you asked me long ago,—Raymeya, the witch. When you asked of her before, I replied not; but I have seen that woman again, and tonight I will tell you of her. With whom do you abide in this place?"

I led the way to the house of Ho-leka, and Lo-To-Kah, who was well known there, was received as a welcome and honored guest. Food was spread, after which tobacco and corn leaves were brought, and then our old host and his family clustered about the room, and listened to the talk of the old wanderer until far into the night. Then, one by one, they went to their couches, until all were gone but Lo-To-Kah and myself. When we were left alone the old man sat in silence for a long time, and then he said:—

"Now, O, friend of mine, will I tell you of Raymeya, the witch. And as with all the tales I have told you, I enjoin you not to give it in books to the

when men were either hunters, tillers of the soil, or herders of flocks. In little mud-walled fields men were trimming their vines; far out on the mesas could be seen the browsing flocks, each attended by one or two cotton-clad herders; and coming up from the winding acequias were women and girls, each bearing upon her head a large water jar. In time I became tired, and was resting in the shade of an adobe wall, when I caught sight of a horseman riding toward the pueblo. Before he was near enough for me to discern his features, I could tell by his costume that he was no Pueblo Indian; and as he rode through the narrow streets, and came into the bare little plaza, I recognized in him my old friend, Lo-To-Kah, he to whom I am indebted for so many strange tales of the Indians. He was very old, but he sat as erect on his horse as any warrior in the prime of life. When he saw me, he rode to my side, and called out:—

"Ho, friend, vagrant *Merikotch* that you are, I come upon you in all places.

white-skinned people until after I am dead. I am very old now, my blood is cold and my heart beats slowly, and it will not be long till you are free to give the tales to the people of your kind,—the white race of unbelievers who will say that the tales are lies.

"I am just come from Moqui,—the land once known to the whites by the name of Tusayan,—where I went to assist in the dread dance of the snakes. Although not a Moquiño, I am a priest of the Antelope Order, and I was versed in the mysteries of the snake worship before thirty summers had come into my life. The spirits of birth gave me a wandering foot, and many times have I been absent from the snake dance because I was journeying in the far places of the world. But I went to the dance this year because it is likely to be the last one I shall ever see. My hold on life is now so feeble that when I close my eyes in sleep I know not whether I shall awake in this world of trouble, or in the bright land of peace that lies beyond the grave. At the snake dance this year I saw Raymeya, the witch, and I say to you that she seemed as young and wondrously fair as she did at a time that is now more than fifty years in the past,—a time when she came to me in the forest and besought me to love her. Ah, she is fair! Fairer than any woman who walks upon the earth today! But to me she is not so fair, and was never so fair, as was Zeetah, my wife,—she who awaits me beyond the grave, and whose image is in my memory by night and by day.

"I have told you of the early years of my life. I have told you how I rescued Zeetah from wild horses to which the brute Navajos had bound her. I have told you how I avenged in blood the injuries the Navajos had done her. I have told you how she became my wife, and brought me greater joy than most men ever know. I have told you of my journeyings among the white-faced peo-

ples, and of my battles and hunts in my own country. All these tales I have told you before, and I could have told you of Raymeya before if I had cared to speak of her. And even now I am not sure that it is good to tell you of her. You are to me a friend, and I believe I have a warm place in your heart. When I am gone from the earth I desire that you will remember me as a man who knew no fear, and as a man who spoke ever in true words. And this strange tale of Raymeya is so unlike all other tales, it is so much like the lies of an evil spirit, it is so much like the speech of one who is crazed, that I fear you will not believe it, but will think that old Lo-To-Kah spoke to you lies. Come, friend of mine, let us seek our places of sleep, and leave the tale of the witch untold."

I assured the old man that nothing could make me think he spoke in lies; that I might not believe the tale he would tell, but would believe, at any rate, that he thought it true. And after much persuasion, he said:—

"It is well, my friend; the tale shall be yours. The people to whom you tell will not believe, but for them I care not. And you may believe, for you already know many unbelievable things that are true of this mysterious, silent land that is my home. You know that a Navajo *shaman* can plant a seed of corn in sterile ground, and make it sprout, grow into stalk, tassell out, and ripen, and all in a single day. You know that many of the Indians have a charm that makes the bite of the most poisonous snake as harmless as the bite of a fly. You know that the Utes can detach the soul from the body, and send it wandering many, many miles from where the body lies asleep. So to you the tale of Raymeya may not seem all made up of lies. What the people of your race believe, I care not. They are the greatest of all the races that have had existence since the face of the earth first appeared



above the mighty waters ; but with all their wisdom they are a race of wrangling unbelievers. But the night grows old, and I have yet to tell you what I know of the tale of Raymeya

"After I returned from the great raid against the Navajos — of which I told you—I was treated with great honor by my people. War songs were sung about me, the children gazed upon me in awe, and my words were held in high esteem in the councils. I loved the honor and the praise, but more than all things else I loved Zeetah, my wife, and I would leave the councils and the dances and the games of the men, and spend the time apart with her. Ah, *amigo mio*, never does a man know the fullness of life till he knows such love as I have known !

"One day in council the old chief of the clan to which I belonged arose in his place and said that he was old, and the days of his life were almost gone, and that before he was gone he desired to surrender his office to a man who was young and strong, and just and fearless, so that the years to come would be good years for his people. Then, while the warriors and the old men held their very breath in silence, he placed his hand upon my head, and asked me to be chief in his stead.

"I was but a youth then, señor : an honor had come to me that many aged men had sought through their lives, without finding ; but instead of being pleased, I was so grieved that I almost wept. While I sat in silence, with my eyes cast down, the people began shouting :—

"Lo-To-Kah, the chief ! Lo-To-Kah, the chief ! We are the warriors of Lo-To-Kah, of the oaken heart, and no people can stand before us !"

"I embraced the old chief and thanked him,—and I thanked the warriors who were willing to have me for chief ; and then I told them that not yet would I consent to be their chief, but that in six days I would give them an answer.

And then I left the council and went to Zeetah.

"I told Zeetah that if I became chief the troubles of the people would become my troubles, and their cares would be my cares. I said to her that many times would I be called from her side to decide among the people, to direct the hunts, to parley and treat with other tribes ; but, if I were not chief, much of my time would be hers, and could be spent with her ; and I asked her to decide whether I should be chief or not.

"Zeetah said : 'Whether you are chief or not, O, Lo-To-Kah, ever will you be found in the thickest of the battles that are fought against our enemies ; ever will your voice be listened to in the councils ; ever will the people be guided by your wisdom, and ever will you be a leader among them ; for nature has made you a chief, and what is offered you is only your due. Yet the matter is a grave one, for every hour you would be away from me would be an hour that my life would lack to make it complete. I cannot tell, my husband ; you yourself must choose.'

"Then we decided that I should go alone into the forest, away from my wife, and away from my people, and there should meditate until I should be guided aright. And I took blankets, and a bow and arrows, and I went alone into the depths of the forest.

"I went many miles, and when night came I builded a fire and lay down by it to sleep. But I was so lonesome, and longed so much for my wife, that I was minded to go back in the night and tell the people I would not be their chief. But I did not go, and I slept till the sun came up, and then I killed game and cooked it, and sat down to meditate again. In this way the days and nights passed, until the sun had risen and set four times, and I had made no choice. Then the night came on again, and I sat by my fire and brooded. It was a night of moonlight, and multitudes of stars

shone in the sky above me. Away in the far distance I saw the white-topped mountains that the Spanish people call the Mountains of Silver. Far behind me lay the peaceful valley where my people were encamped, and all about me were the numberless trees of the forest. While I sat there musing and gazing away at the mountains, I heard a soft step in the leaves behind me, and before I could fit an arrow to my bow, there stood before me a woman as fair as any woman who has ever breathed the breath of life. She was a white-skinned woman, and she was clad in finer garments than had ever been seen in the lands of the Indians. Her dress was of white, clinging silk; a black *reboso* was over her head; and on her white neck, and around her arms, and on her fingers, were jewels of so wonderful brightness that scarce could I look upon them. The woman smiled as she gazed upon me, and she said:—

“‘You are Lo-To-Kah, and you are such a man as I had hoped you would be. I have journeyed great distances to meet you. I have arrayed myself so that I may seem fair in your eyes. Look upon me! Am I not more beautiful than any woman you ever saw?’”

“I answered: ‘You are arrayed in garments of greater beauty than any I ever saw. You wear stones in which are imprisoned the light of the sun and the splendors of the rainbow. You are fairer than any woman known to me, except Zeetah, my wife. What do you desire of me?’”

“The face of the woman became somewhat sad when I spoke with such reverence of my wife, and she gazed upon me for a time in silence. Then she said:—

“‘Lo-To-Kah, I am the fairest woman upon the earth; and even time and the passing of years cannot mar my beauty. I am wise,—wiser even than all of the oldest and wisest men of your tribe, or of all the Indian tribes under the sun.

I am rich,—so rich that all the wealth of your people would be but a bauble to me. I am great,—so great that chiefs are my subjects. What think you of me now?’”

“I gave answer that I thought the great Manitou had blessed her beyond all women; and again I asked what she desired of me, and she said:—

“‘But one thing do I lack, O, Lo-To-Kah, and that thing I seek from you. I am known to many of the greatest men in the world, and they seek me for lover or wife; but I care not for them, for they are proud, or vain, or false, or have the hearts of cowards. I long for a man in whose heart fear is not; a man who stakes his life upon his promise; a man who is so great that he can rule even me, who am a ruler. Among tribes far from here I heard of you,—for the fame of your deeds has traveled far,—and I came to this land to seek you. I came disguised as a woman of your own nation; and when the people of your kind who dwell in the North came to this land to dance, I was with them. I have watched you since then; I have come to believe that you are the man of men; and now I seek from you the only thing my life needs to make it complete. The thing I seek from you is love.’”

“Remember, señor, that at that time I had never journeyed among the white peoples; I knew not of their ways; and I thought of women in the way my people thought of them. Among my people a man is much greater than a woman; and, too, a man often has many wives. Many of the women of my nation had sought to be my wife, and the offer of the white woman did not then seem to me so great a thing as I now know it to have been. I answered her, and said:—

“‘In the encampment of my tribe there stands a *can-nee*, made of the hides of buffalo, that is larger than any of the other *can-nees*. In it dwells a woman who is fairer and dearer than any other woman of my nation. The *can-nee* is

mine, and the woman is my wife. The woman is so dear to me that I have promised her, and have promised myself, to have no other wife than she. Many men in my tribe have more wives than one; and among our men are many who will be glad to take you. Go to them.'

"The woman gazed upon me with a strange look upon her face. She folded her arms, and stood for a time in silence, and then she said:—

"'You are but a simple Indian, and you know not what you say. I would not live an instant in a *can-nee* with a man who had another wife. Who loves me, must love me only.'

"I answered: 'I love only Zeetah, my wife. No lips but hers have ever pressed my lips in love, and so it shall be till the day of my death.'

"Then was the woman angered, and she said: 'Fool, you know not what you say. I have untold wealth, great knowledge, great power. I can fulfill your any hope. Why am I not better for you than a wild Indian woman? I can take you to the ends of the earth; with me you can live in a palace and be attended by slaves. But if you care not for such things, I, too, will live with you as an Indian woman, if you will but cast off this Zeetah, and take me for your wife.'

"I answered the woman not at all: and then she sought to tempt me with her loveliness, telling me she would always be young and fair. That failed; and then she told me a strange tale of a city hidden in an undiscovered valley of the Sierra Madre Mountains,—a city of wise Indians who had great houses, and heaps of gold, and great wealth in such jewels as she wore. She said she was the queen of that people, and if I would go with her I might be their king. Then she told me many tales of the far countries of the world, and of the great oceans, and of the mighty ships, and of the cities whose size is so great that

they stretch away farther than the sight of a man can carry. She said she had seen all those places and lands and wonders, and would take me to them if I would go. But I still refused, and I would have refused if she had offered me the world, and all it contains. The woman again became angered, and she said:—

"'What, then, if this precious Zeetah of yours should die? Would you then refuse me?'

"My heart was then filled with trouble, for I feared the woman might work harm upon my wife; and I told her that if so much as one hair upon my Zeetah's head was harmed, I would know it to be her work, and that I would seek her till I found her, and would kill her.

"The woman smiled, and told me I could not kill her. Then she became sad, and she gazed upon me a long, long time, and she spoke no word. But in time she roused herself, and said:—

"'I have journeyed over the world seeking the man of men, and until I met you I had not found him. And now that I have found you, I learn in bitterness that you are not for me. Fear not for your Zeetah; I will do her no evil. See! I have here a charm that is revered among all Indians. If your Zeetah is ever in trouble I will lend her this, and thus show you that I hold your happiness even above my own.'

"From a fold in her robe the woman drew forth the dried dead body of a two-headed rattlesnake, a charm that is sacred among all Indians, no matter of what tribe they are. It is the holiest emblem we know, and fortunate is the man whose privilege it is to see it. A two-headed snake is born but once in a hundred years, and it is sent to earth by Chah-Now-Woof<sup>1</sup> himself. While it lives it is devoutly worshiped, and when it is dead its dried body is so potent a token that no Indian will harm any man or woman who has it. With such

<sup>1</sup>The Great Spirit.

an emblem, *amigo*, you could journey to the uttermost ends of the lands that the Indians know, and all men would do you homage. With such an emblem I could journey through the heart of a land of foes, every warrior of which might be thirsting for my blood, and no harm would be done me. I asked the woman to allow me to touch the snake, for one had never been seen by any man of my tribe. And because I touched it is one of the reasons that life has gone so well with me.

"Then I asked the white woman her name, and when she told me I gazed upon her in awe and wonder, for the name she gave me was the name of the Great Witch of the South, whose fame is known to every Indian man of magic that dwells upon the earth. She said her name was Raymeya! When she spoke her name, I cast down my eyes in reverence. And when I looked again the woman was gone. It seemed as though she had melted into the air. I did not see her again until more than five and twenty years had gone into the past.

"After the woman was gone I again meditated as to becoming chief, but six days passed and I had not made a decision. I returned to the encampment of my people, and before I had been there long the question was decided for me. I found my people in great uproar, for a runner had come to the camp, bearing the tidings that a band of Apaches was coming down upon us, wearing their war paint, and saying they would wipe our warriors from the face of the earth, steal our horses, and take our women for slaves. I had not been in my *can-nee* an hour when the warriors of my tribe came and called me, and told me I must be their chief, for the old chief was sick in his tent, and unless I guided them they would all be killed. Thus was the matter decided for me; my duty became greater than my desire, and I told the people I would be their chief.

"Then sacred *po-o-kante* was made by our men of medicine, war paint was donned, the feathers of eagles were fastened in our hair, and we danced the war dance and sang the old war songs of our people while we awaited the coming of the Apaches. It was not long till they came, but they came like snakes and not like men. They tried to deceive us, and cause us to follow a few of them in one direction, while the others stole upon us from behind our backs to kill us. I had fought battles with the Apaches before, and when a few of them fired arrows upon us from the south, I directed my men to stand firm and not to follow them. The numbers of the Apaches were very many, and soon they ceased trying to decoy us, and charged down upon us, thinking we would flee before their great numbers, and leave our women behind. But we stood side by side, as the white soldiers do when they fight, and we all shot our arrows at once. My men were brave, and they stood by me till many an Apache devil had bit the dust; but soon the Apache fiends crowded upon us in such great numbers that my men were forced backward step by step. Soon we had gone backward so far that we found we could not go farther without exposing our women and children to danger, and at that place I told my men to halt, and fight till they were killed. Then we fought such a battle as was never before known even to the oldest men of my tribe. The Apaches are like reptiles, and they like not to stand on their feet and fight like men; but we killed so many of them that they went mad with anger, and they crowded upon us like hordes of demons. When the fight began I had with me a hundred young men. Soon ten of them were dead, then ten more, and then they fell dead about me as the trees fall in the face of a mountain storm. It seemed to me that soon we should all be killed, and I thought of the Apaches bearing away our women

to make slaves of them. I thought of my Zeetah being forced to dwell with some Apache brute, and the thought made me so mad that I forgot all danger; I shouted the terrible war cry of my people, and I rushed into the midst of the shrieking Apaches, swinging my giant club as I went. I smote the Apaches to the right, and a man fell dead; I smote them to the left, and another of them bit the dust; I smote them on all sides, and as I smote they fell before me. But all the time they crowded upon me closer and closer, and it seemed that my life could not last as long as it takes a man to breathe. All about me was a sea of writhing, upturned faces, and a multitude of arms reaching out to deal me the blow of death. In my youth I had learned the whirling dance, a dance in which one whirls upon his heel, going around so swiftly that scarcely can an onlooker see his face. When I was sorely pressed by the Apaches I thought of my skill in that dance, and I resolved to make it serve me. I whirled my club so fast that soon I had an open space about me, and then I spun upon my heel, and as I spun I swung my club. I went so fast that my club sped through the air making a noise like the rushing of many waters. The Apaches had never seen such a sight, and as they saw their warriors fall dead before my terrible club they became afraid, and they shouted:—

“‘This man cannot be killed! This man bears a charmed life! He must be Chah-Now-Woof, and we cannot harm him. Let us flee, or he will kill us all!’”

“I knew not where my own men were, for I had gone into the midst of the Apaches. And as the Apaches turned and fled I pursued them, and I dealt a blow of death at every step. The hot blood from gaping wounds spurted into my face, but I heeded not. The shrieks of a score of dying men rent my ears, but I heeded not. Writhing men who were dying upon the ground rose up and

struck at me with their clubs, but I heeded not. And making the war cry of my nation sound wildly through the forest, I sped on after the fleeing Apaches; and when they were all gone from before me I was a great distance from the encampment of my people. I was bleeding from a dozen wounds, a hundred arrows had pierced my flesh, but so great had been my rage that I had not felt the stings of my wounds until I stopped to rest.

“I made my way back to the place where the camp of my people had been, and as I went my path was strewn with the dead and dying forms of the Apache devils whom I had slain. One dying man raised upon his elbow, and impotently tried to send an arrow through me, but I jeered at him, and went on. And when I came to the place where the homes of my tribe had been, I saw a sadder sight than my eyes had ever looked upon. The *can-nees* of my people had been burned to the ground; the dead bodies of little children were burning in the fires of the tents, and the bravest and best warriors of my nation were strewn over the place, cold and stark in the grasp of death. And as I went towards the place that had been my home, I came upon the body of my young brother,—a brave boy whom I had loved next to my wife; and as I saw him lying cold and still in death, I broke down and wept as weeps a babe. I lifted his stiff body in my arms, and caressed him; and then I took a vow to kill half a hundred Apache fiends to avenge his death. Then in sorrow I went on; and when I reached my *can-nee*, I found it half burned to the ground; and when I looked within, I found it empty.”

When the old man reached this place in his tale, a sigh burst from his lips, his wrinkled old face went down into his palms, and for many minutes he did not speak. But the sad spell soon left him, and he continued:—

“I went within the ruined remnant of

my home, and in the ground that was the floor I found little furrows that I knew had been made by the feet of my wife as she was dragged resisting from her home by the naked devils who had stolen her. And then I turned my face to the sky, and I vowed to Chah-Now-Woof himself that I would spend my life in avenging the wrong done to my wife. Of my thoughts at that time I will not tell you, for I am old, and great excitement does me harm. But many an Apache has gone to his everlasting home because I have sometimes remembered that awful time.

"I found that part of the Apache band had crept away from the ones I fought, and had gone around our camp and set fire to our *can-ucces*, and killed some women and children; and that they were preparing to steal all our women, when my men had turned upon them, and forced them to fly for life. But before they were forced to fly they had stolen my Zeetah, and she was the only one of our women they had got. Ah, the thoughts that came to me of my Zeetah being forced to endure the embrace and the leers of a naked Apache fiend! — señor, allow me to stop, and to tell you no more of this tale."

The old man arose from his seat, and strode up and down the room, his face working with excitement. But after a time he stopped, and placed his hand upon my shoulder, and said: —

"There will come a happier part of my tale, so I will go on.

"I found that many of our bravest and best warriors had been killed. I found that the old man who had been chief for many years was gone. But the troubles of my people did not rest so heavily upon me as did the sorrow of losing my wife.

"The women cut their hair and wailed in sorrow, and the men sang the song of death, and gathered our dead friends together to prepare them for the journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds. And

while the rites of death were going on, I donned fresh paint, I filled my quiver with fresh arrows, I packed some dried meat in my pouch, and I started away to the south in the track of the Apaches who had stolen all that the world held that was dear to me. At first the trail was clear, but after a day's journey I found that I must contend with the cunning of the Apaches, who are more cunning than serpents; for the trails seemed to divide and go in all directions. Then the trails seemed to disappear, and to fade from the ground. But I had tracked Apaches when I was but a boy, and I followed them as surely as though the way was an open road before me. They had gone with the speed of the wind, and I followed them over the mountains and across the deserts for many, many weary days. My feet bled from the rocks, my strength weakened, but I dragged myself along, determined to find them, to kill my beloved wife so she could be in the other land to meet me, and then sell my life for as many Apache lives as I could get for it.

"I went by day and by night, and at last, in the dead time of a moonless night, I came within sight of the rancheria of the Apaches. O, Chah-Now-Woof, sweet is revenge! When I saw the Apache encampment I forgot that I was weary, and was again a strong man and a chief. I crawled upon my hands and feet, gliding as silently as a serpent glides, and soon I was among the miserable tents of my foes. I went from one tent to another, listening, for I thought I would know my Zeetah even by her soft breath as she slept. At last I came to a tent larger than any of the others, and there I heard a sound that sent my heart into my mouth. It was the voice of Zeetah, who talked as she slept. I listened, and heard her say: —

"'Lo-To-Kah, dear one, I have had an evil dream. I dreamed I was stolen



"AND I TURNED MY FACE TO THE SKY AND VOWED TO GITCHIE MANITOU HIMSELF."

from your side. Oh, Lo-To-Kah, take me closer in your arms.'

"Then my eyes were wet with tears. I scratched upon the wall of the tent to awaken her, and soon I knew she was awake, for she spoke in fright. I whispered to her, telling her I was Lo-To-Kah, and asking her to steal out to me

if she were not bound. Soon she came, silently creeping to me, and I took her in my arms and kissed her as a mother might kiss a loved child, who had come back to her from the grave. And then, as she was weak from so much fear and excitement, I took her in my arms and bore her away into the depths of the



"I RUSHED INTO THE MIDST OF THE SHRIEKING APACHES."

forest ; and as I bore her I saw that she held some strange object in her hands.

"I am different from the men of my tribe, and I could not bear the thought of living with my wife after the great dishonor that had been put upon her ;

and I determined to live with her one night of bliss, and then to kill her, and then go to the rancheria of the Apaches and fight them as long as my life should last. Most of the men of my kind would have kept the woman, being glad



to have her love at any price; but I loved her so much that I would rather have killed her than have her live, and remember dishonor.

"When we reached a safe place in the forest, I told Zeetah what I had determined to do, and then she showed me the dried body of the two-headed snake, and told me that while the battle had raged hottest a strange woman, with a white skin, had crept into our *can-nee*, and given her the emblem, and then faded as though she had gone up in smoke. Zeetah knew of the snake emblem, and she had carried it with her, and because she had borne it she had not been harmed, even though she was among the brute Apaches—those devils who are worse than the lowest brutes the gods have placed upon the earth. And when my wife told me she was free from disgrace, it was the happiest moment I have known in all the years of my life.

"Then Zeetah and I crept back to the camp of the Apaches, and we went to the tent where she had been a prisoner, which was the tent of the head chief. We crept inside, making no noise, and we found the chief still sleeping. Before he awoke a gag was in his mouth, and I threw him across my shoulder and bore him away into the forest, Zeetah following after me. It would have been no wrong thing to have killed him as one would kill a serpent; but when we were in the forest I unbound him. I placed his battle-club in his hands, and I told him to fight for his life, as he and I would never both go forth alive. The battle was fierce, but it was short, and when it was done the Apaches lacked a chief.

"I knew it was Raymeya, the witch, who had come to my *can-nee*, and given the charm to my wife, but I told my wife nothing of her. And one day after that I came home from a hunt and found my wife looking as though she had a trouble, and when I asked the cause, she said

that the strange white woman had come again, and had taken away with her the dried snake. Zeetah asked me if the woman were a mortal or a spirit, and I replied that I did not know. And I do not know unto this day.

"From that time on I did not see the witch again for many long years. My wife died, I tired of this land, and as I have told you before, I learned the speech of the white-skinned people, and journeyed among them with a show. I went to many cities and many places, and in time our show crossed the ocean and went to the land called Europe.

"Never in all my life was I so lonely as I was on the day when we sailed away on the big ship, and set out into the heart of the ocean. Behind us was the great city, its towers and domes glittering in the sunlight, and before us was the expanse of the trackless sea. But the spell soon left me, for all the world had been lonely since I laid my Zeetah to rest in the ground in the shadow of the snow-topped mountains.

"We journeyed through the land of France and through the lands of Italy and Germany, and then we went to England. There the people went wild over us, and multitudes of them came every day to see the Indians. Deerfoot, the Seneca, was with us,—he who was in his time the mightiest and fleetest runner in the world.

"The English people numbered among them one who was a mighty runner, and he desired to try his speed with that of Deerfoot. The race was arranged to take place in a great arena, and on the appointed day a vast concourse of people assembled. The white man was a fleet runner, going with the speed of an antelope; but he was no match for Deerfoot, who sped away like the wind. Away they went, ten times around the great race course, and Deerfoot won as easily as a coyote would win against a mongrel dog.

"The race set my blood to boiling,



THE STATUE.

and I yearned to do something myself to show the white people that we children of the forests and plains were not their inferiors. I mounted the stand of the judges, and I challenged any white man there to wrestle with me for a stake of a thousand English pounds. The English people are famed for athletic skill; and in that audience of people were the famed boxers and runners and wrestlers of the nation. My offer was taken at once, and soon there stepped into the arena a man who seemed to be stronger than the strongest horse. When he was stripped, his muscles stood out on his body like the vines of the poison ivy stand out on the trunks of trees, and his hands seemed like vices. The people shouted, and said the match should take place at once; and I stripped off my outer garments and stepped to the side of the man. He shook my hand, according to the custom of the white nations, and at once we began the battle.

"Before I was aware, the man had grasped me, and he strove to throw me over his head and make short work of the match. But I am an Indian, and while he was striving with all his might I slipped through his iron hands and stood free upon the ground. Then, while he was gaping in wonder, I grasped him in such a way that he could scarce move either hand or foot, I raised him high above my head, I bore him half around the arena, and then I pitched him away from me, and he fell twenty feet from where I stood.

"The people went almost mad with excitement; they pressed about me and shook my hand till I thought they would wring it loose from my arm,—for I had thrown the greatest and strongest wrestler that had ever been known in England. Then a man who was a prince came to me, and he invited Deerfoot and me to go to his palace to a banquet that he would give in our honor.

"I cared little to go to the banquet of

the great man, for such things are little to my taste. But my companions urged me and I went. There were ladies at the banquet, many of them; all attired in rich robes, and with their white necks gleaming like ivory. Deerfoot and I donned the full dress of the white men, and when the night was growing old I was called upon to make a speech. I stood up and talked to the white people, and much applause was bestowed upon me. But while I was speaking I glanced along the table and my speech stopped short, because I saw the two brightest eyes in the world gazing into mine. I knew the eyes were those of the witch, Raymeya, and I spoke no more, although the guests wondered much. And when I knew she was there the minutes seemed like days, and as soon as I could I hastened away.

"The next day the witch came to see me. She seemed as young as she did that day so long before, when she surprised me in the forests, but she seemed sadder and more gentle. She took my hand, and held it to her lips and kissed it, and then she asked me how life had gone with me since my wife had died, and asked if I were happy. I told her that life was good, but it was no longer so sweet to me as in those older days when I was chief among my own people in the mountains; and that most of the joy of my life had gone out with the breath of my wife. And then she said, almost in a whisper,—

"And you have not changed your mind concerning the matter of which I spoke to you in the forest?"

"I told her no; and for a long time she gazed mutely upon the ground. As she gazed upon the ground I regarded her, and never have the eyes of men looked upon a fairer being. In Europe I saw fine pictures of angels, and her features were like unto the features in the pictures. I was saddened, too, to think that such a creature was doomed to go childless and loveless through life,

and in sorrow for her tears came to my eyes. I turned my head away, and when I turned again the woman was gone. She had vanished, seemingly into thin air, just as she had done before.

"From that time on the witch was much in my mind, and many times in the night I woke to find that I had been dreaming of her. It seemed to me that in my sleep she came and stood by my couch, and gazed on me with her great bright eyes all filled with love; and she seemed to point to the west, as though bidding me to go again to the land of my own people. In time I went again to the land of my own people; I forsook the cities and the ways of the white-skinned races; I donned again the garments of my tribe, and I said to myself that with the people of my own blood I would spend the sundown of my life. I hunted with the young men of my tribe, I went to Moqui to the dance of the snakes, I journeyed among the tribes whose lands lie round about the lands of my own tribe. Many years slipped into the past, and I had come almost to forget that I had ever journeyed so much over the face of the earth. Like my people, I believe in magic; and many times I sat up far into the night listening to tales of the wonderful magic of the great Witch of the South. I held my peace, telling no man that I knew her; and often I thought of the lost land in the Sierra Madres, of which she told me she was the queen, and of which she offered to make me king and ruler.

"In time the life of my people palled upon me. On every hand were the forts that held the white-skinned soldiers; no more rode our young men forth to battle; and when I was surfeited with weariness I chose a strong horse and set out alone to journey to the hidden valleys that lie locked fast in the Sierra Madres. I had many adventures on the journey, but of them I need not tell you, as my tale is long without them. Among the Navajos and all the Pueblo tribes I

was treated as a loved kinsman; among the Apaches I found that I was known, and when I entered a rancheria I would hear the old men say:—

" 'He who rides among us is Lo-To-Kah of the charmed life; he is mighty in magic and unconquerable in battle; treat him well, that he may pass on his way and leave us in peace.'

"And in time I came to lands that I had not seen since the days of my earliest manhood. Soon I was in an unknown land, and was journeying in the lands that belong to the fierce Yaquis. Some of them were hostile, and at times it seemed that I must lay aside my weight of years and again do battle like a young warrior; but once, when the Yaquis closed about me in scowling groups, I stood up in my stirrups, and said:—

" 'I am Lo-To-Kah of the North, and my name may be known among you. I am on a journey of peace and I care not to fight; but if I am not treated as a warrior and a chief, old as I am, I will fill some Yaqui graves. I journey to visit the land of Raymeya. Now let me pass, for I ask twice for nothing!'

"When I spoke the name of the witch the Indians looked upon me in awe, and they stood aside to let me pass. And then an old chief came forward and shook my hand, and told me he had heard of me in the time of long ago, when he and I were both warriors and were both young. And the Yaquis craved me to abide among them until they could honor me with a feast, but I hastened on my way.

"In time I came to a place where the valleys and mountain passes ceased, and then my way was up, up, up, toward the very crest of the frowning mountains. Soon I was at timber line; then I came to the region where snow lies forever on the rocks; and then I was in a region of snow and hail and storms, a desolate region never before trodden by the foot of man or beast. My horse died in that place, and I was almost minded to lie

down and die. Yet hope was with me, and I struggled on and on, sometimes falling into a chasm of snow, sometimes stopping to rub my frozen feet and hands, and then going onward, and always up. At last, while stones of hail were almost knocking the breath from my body, I came suddenly to a wall of masonry, rising out of the snow sheer before me. I believed then that my reason was gone and that my mind was wandering in delirium, but I placed my hand on the wall and followed it. It was so high that I could not look over it; it was impenetrable, its massive side not being broken by a single opening of any kind. I followed it for many miles, going on long after the storm had ceased; and just as my strength was gone and I could go no farther, I came to a place where a ladder of rawhide was hanging to the wall. I grasped the ladder, and with my strength leaving me at every step, I painfully climbed to the top of the wall.

"Friend, the people of your kind believe in a land of Paradise, a land of joy where milk and honey flow, and every grace is known. And I say to you that your land of Paradise can be no fairer than was the land that opened to my astonished view when I had reached the summit of that cruel wall. The mountain I was on seemed to be split in twain, and the wall was on the very crest of such a precipice as those that are seen in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. A few feet below me was a roadway, cut out of living rock, that ran around the face of the cliff; and more than a mile below me was a laughing valley of rippling rivers and groves of trees, of golden cities and level lawns. Spires and minarets rose above the cities, lakes glistened in the sun, boats shot over the waters, and from all the valleys came up the incense of flowers and the smell of growing crops. And as I sat and gazed into the valley I knew it to be the land whose people called Raymeya

queen, and I felt that the end of my journey was reached. That was the land of which I might have been king; those golden cities might have been mine; and my life might have been lived out in that wondrously beautiful valley, if it had not been for the love I bore for Zeetah. Then memories of Zeetah came crowding back to me; crowding back over the long, lonely, vanished years that I had lived since she went from me. And as I mused of her and of her love for me, I gazed again into the valley, and felt that all its wonders and honors had been well lost.

"Then I climbed off the wall, into the roadway of stone, and started down into the valley. Soon I was halted by a bronze warrior, who carried a silver spear. In a tongue that I did not know he said words to me, and when I answered him in the Spanish speech he shook his head in perplexity, and gazed on me in wonder. But he answered me in the same tongue, and he lowered his spear and walked by my side, and together we went down the winding roadway that led into the valley. When we came to the level land we met men and women and children, and they all stopped and gazed on me, and asked questions of my guide. I was truly in a sorry state; my clothes were worn out, my hands and feet were frozen and swollen, and my face and body were covered with scratches and bruises. And thus, hungry, naked, penniless, and ill, I was led into that golden city of which I might have been the ruler. I was being led to a prison that was kept for such wandering Indians as found their way into the valley; but as we were passing a palace of marble I saw the eyes of Raymeya gaze out from a window. At first she did not see me, but soon her eyes fell upon me, and then she called to the officer who was guiding me, telling him to stop. He stopped, and stood mutely by my side; and soon another officer came, and ordered that

I be taken before the queen. I was led through the palace grounds, into the apartment of the queen, and she rose from her place and ordered that I be left alone with her. When we were alone the queen knelt at my side; she took my hand in hers, and her eyes were aflame with joy. She said:—

“‘And have you come to me at last, Oh, Lo-To Kah? The time has been long; the years have passed on leaden feet; but I endured, because I believed that in time you would come.’

“I said to her: ‘Raymeya, he who stands before you is an old man, whose days to live are few. I came to this place because I tired of the land of my own people; but I came to seek no bride. I have a bride who waits for me in a land as fair as is this land of yours.’

“Raymeya rose and looked upon me in sorrow; and she was not one day older than when she came to me in the depths of the forest, or when I saw her in the greatest city of the world. The years had gone on, changing babes to men, and men back to earth; but the hand of time had not fallen on the fair face or form of the witch who was ever young.

“We seated ourselves and drank wine; and we talked for many hours, and when we were through talking, Raymeya was my friend, and she no longer craved my love. I told her all the tale of my journey through life. I told her that never could I love any woman but the one who had been my wife; and she said it was well, and that she would speak to me no more of love. Then she gazed into my face for a long time, her eyes filled with tears; and then she arose and walked up and down the room, moaning to herself. But soon she became quiet; she smiled, and laid her hand on my shoulder, and called me friend; and from that time forth she spoke no more of love.

“I was tired and hungry, and the queen ordered attendants to bathe me,

and to give me food and garments; and when I was dressed and had eaten, I lay down and slept for many hours.

“The next day I walked with the queen over the streets of her city, and wherever we went the people bowed in reverence. The streets of the city were lined with beds of flowers; in the center were lawns of well-kept grass, and the houses were all of marble and fine stones, and the domes and spires and minarets were of beaten gold. Never in all my wanderings in the far lands of the earth had I seen anything so beautiful, and many times I asked of the queen, in wonder, how it had all come to be. But she smiled and told me to wait, and in good time she would tell me all the tale of her life. And I was content to wait, while we wandered on through the streets and plazas of that enchanted city. Soon we were tired, and as soon as the queen waved her hand a chariot drawn by four horses came to our side. We entered the chariot, and the queen ordered the driver to go to the Plaza of the Statues.

“The Plaza of the Statues was a circular place, hemmed in with palaces of marble, and in the place golden statues were scattered about, intermingled with statues carved in the purest white marble. In the center was a colossal golden statue, towering above the others. It was of beaten gold, and when I gazed upon it I almost fainted with wonder, for the statue was of myself. It was myself as I was when a young man. The habiliments were those of my people, and a mighty war club was in the hands.

“‘That,’ said the queen, pointing to the golden statue of myself, ‘is the image of the king of this land, the king who never came to claim his own.’

“The eyes of the queen filled with tears, and we drove in silence away from that place. That matter of the statue troubled me, and from the time I had seen it I yearned to leave that fair city.

and go again to live out the remnant of my life in the rude land of my own people. And on the next day I said to the queen: 'O, Raymeya, tell me now the tale of your life, the tale you promised me so long ago in the forests that cover the mountains of the La Platas. Let me know the truth of the mystery of your life, and your endless youth, and your changeless beauty; and then let me go out of your land and out of your life, and let me go back to the land where I was born. I am but a wild man, and I am out of place among the splendors of your royal city. You have a warm place in my heart; you seem at once my daughter and my friend, but it is best that I abide not here with you.'

"And the queen told me the tale of her life. In the lodges of my people, when the wild mountain storms were howling, when the lightnings were flashing, and the thunders were shrieking among the mountain crags and forests, often have I sat and listened to strange, wild tales that were told by the storytellers of my tribe; in the printed books of the white-skinned peoples I have read many tales so strange that they seemed untrue; but never in all the years of my life have I heard so strange a tale as that which was told to me in that luxurious palace, by the beautiful woman who was always young. I will not repeat to you all of her tale, for the night grows old; and too, I fear at best you will think I speak to you in lies. But as plainly and as shortly as I can, I will repeat the tale that was told to me by Raymeya.

"Raymeya told me that she was born in Spain, before the time when Columbus sought the Western world. She was the daughter of a pirate, and in her early life she felt great remorse for the life that was lived by herself and her people, and she entered a convent as a nun. There she fell in love with a priest, and in order not to lay herself open to reproach, she stole away at

night, and fled from the convent. At that time South America was the haven for all men of adventurous spirits, and at the time she fled from the convent a fleet was fitting out to sail to that land to seek for a land of gold, whose fame had reached earlier explorers. She went to the admiral of the fleet, and begged that he would take her with him, and the admiral became enamored of her beauty, and begged of her to go as his wife. They were married before they sailed, and she landed on the western shores as a wife. In America the pioneers were wild over the tales of *El Dorado*, the Gilded Chief of the land of Cundinamarca, a man who was said to have so much gold that his house was built of it, and his body was powdered afresh each day with gold dust. Raymeya's husband set out to find that land, and his wife went with him. And after months of hardship they came to the plain of Cundinamarca, and they found only a village of seemingly wild Indians, who had no gold, and who fought like demons. And the Indians said there was no Gilded Chief.

"The land of Cundinamarca seemed to be full of curses for the Spaniards and fevers and pestilences came upon them, and death abode in their camps by night and by day. Some made their way back toward the sea; but many were too ill to move, and among those were the commander and his wife. When all but a few were dead, there came to their miserable camp the one whom they had sold their lives to find,—the Golden King himself. When the aliens had entered his land, he had taken all but a few of his people and withdrawn to an almost inaccessible valley, and there they had hidden themselves and their wealth. But every day spies went to the valley, and told of the ills that befell the white-skinned invaders. When the white men were so few that all danger was past, the king had gone forth to meet them, and no sooner had he come among them

than his heart caught fire from love of Raymeya. The Inca professed great love for the Spaniards; he took them to his hidden city, and he studied their speech. And when he had learned to talk with them, he sought to win Raymeya for his bride. At first she refused, but he showed her his vast stores of gold and precious gems; and the woman was tempted, and she sold her honor for a price. The warriors of the Inca then fell upon the Spaniards and killed all but the commander; and with her own hands Raymeya slew her husband that she might be free from him, and free to wed the Golden Chief.

"Raymeya told me that in the gray dawn of the next morning after she had killed her husband, while she was lying with staring, sleepless eyes by the side of the sleeping Inca, the miracle took place that in South America is still remembered, and is called the miracle of Our Lady of the Wilderness. The apparition of an angel formed before the eyes of Raymeya, the angel's hands were pointed at her, and then these words were said:—

"O sinner, viler than the work of a fiend has been your deed this night. To gain wealth and place you have taken human life, and the souls of your victims are now in Purgatory. Until the last one of those souls is freed, you shall not grow old, and the passing of time shall harm you not; but you shall be denied the blessing of death. And you shall wander over the earth, seeking something you shall not find, and bearing the memory of this time with you forever!"

"Thus it is that Raymeya is ever young and ever fair; thus it is that she wanders over the earth, seeking love and finding it not; thus it is that she is the most unhappy woman who breathes the sweet air that the Great Spirits have given to the children of men.

"In time the Inca died. During the long, almost countless years that have

been from then till now, Raymeya gained wisdom and the wealth that is now hers. Long ago she found the hidden valley in the Sierra Madres, occupied then by a tribe as wild as the Yaquis. Because they could not kill her they made her their queen; and she wrought with them and their children, and the children of their children's children, until the result is that her people are a wise and learned people, who dwell in a golden city in the fairest valley upon the earth. She has taught her people all things except knowledge of the world; but she never allows them to journey beyond the mountains that shut in their valley. She herself wanders up and down the earth, appearing sometimes in a wild camp, disguised as an Indian woman; then going as a great lady in the courts of kings, and sometimes going as a nun to nurse the dying when the great wars are raging. But all the time she bears in her bosom a heart that is on fire, and joy is a thing that is not known to her."

Lo-To-Kah abruptly ceased speaking; he rolled a corn-husk cigarette and lighted it, and then he walked up and down the room and smoked, his head hung low in thought. When he had finished smoking he sat down again and began talking. He said:—

"Friend, when you think of all the blessings the Great Spirits have given to us of earth, remember that the greatest of all is death. It is the end of trouble, the ceasing forever of evil doing. It will come to me soon, and may come to you also at any time; for a man's life is but as a breath of air. My mind now is often filled with thoughts of a fair land that I soon shall journey in; a land as fair as the land where Raymeya rules, but a land where no one's heart is like a stinging adder."

The old man spread his blanket on the floor, and it was not long till I also slept, for the night was almost gone.



In the morning I studied the old Indian with a new interest. He had traveled so far and wide, he was so much wiser than the men of his race, that it seemed strange that he should believe such strange, weird tales as the one he had told me the night before. I hoped he would speak further about the witch, but he did not mention her, and seemed to forget that he had spoken of her, or that such a person lived. He told me old tales of the long ago; he described the "outfits" that used to journey down the trail to Santa Fé before the rail-

roads were built, and he discussed the various army officers who had fought in the West. The day was hot, and I slept an hour after noon. When I awoke and went outside, I found the old chief on his pony, waiting to bid me farewell. He said:—

"Being in this place has brought to my memory other places where the Pueblo peoples dwell, and has made me long to see the great rock of Acoma once more before I die. I am going there now. May health and joy be with you. *Adios.*"

*Verner Z. Reed.*



### O SLY BO-PEEP.



SLY Bo-Peep, behind a chair,  
I catch a glimpse of tangled hair,  
And laughing eyes, and dimpled cheek.  
Then comes a challenge, faint and weak,  
As if to lure me to thy lair.  
With loud pretense, I wonder where,  
Behind what door, upon what stair,  
And hear, when found, thy joyous shriek,  
O sly Bo-Peep!

In after years, grown passing fair,  
When hearts, perchance, are in the snare,  
Pray tell what games of "hide and seek,"  
Wilt thou provoke in pet or pique,  
Until Love comes to find thee there

O sly Bo-Peep!

*Lucius Harwood Foote.*

## PRICKLY PLANTS OF CALIFORNIA.



THE strange plant forms of California have become world-famous, and among these products of the vegetable kingdom none possess

greater interest than those species of cacti, yucca, and agave (century plant), which are natives of Southern California. These plants are found in greater variety in Arizona and Mexico, with the exception, of the *sahuara*, or giant.

There is scarcely a hill-slope south of the Tehachapi Mountains, now under cultivation, that was not cleared of dense patches of cacti, yucca, and greasewood; and the valley lands are still, in many instances, thickly dotted with acres of prickly vegetation. There is a mistaken idea that this growth indicates an arid and unfruitful soil. On the contrary, some of the acreage that is now producing the largest incomes from citrus and deciduous fruits was once considered absolutely worthless on account of the "sage brush and cactus." If a root or joint of cactus is left in the ground, it quickly takes root and soon becomes a strong, vigorous growth.

There is no more beautiful sight than these cactus beds in the spring, with their infinite variety of shades of red and yellow. One longs to secure the exquisite blossoms, but the array of sharp spines, which guard flowers and leaves alike, renders such an attempt extremely hazardous; for these spines are so tiny, yet withal so sharp, that they are intensely annoying if they penetrate the flesh, often causing great

irritation and inflammation. A peculiarity of these tiny prickles is the fact, that if they become loosened from the fruit or flower the wind carries them hither and yon, and woe to the luckless individual that is in their way, for it seems as though the human skin has an attraction for them.

The flowers of some species of cacti exhale a very sweet perfume; others emit an unpleasant odor, while many are scentless; then, too, there is a vast difference in the size of the blossoms, a few, noticeably that of the *cholla*, or snake cactus, being small, while other varieties bear a bloom that is nearly a foot in diameter.

Enthusiasts are very fond of grafting one kind of cactus with another, and a long, slender stem looks very queer with a spiny globe grafted in the middle of it, particularly if they are both in bloom at the same time, and the blossoms are different in size and coloring. Many varieties bloom only at night, the night-blooming cereus being the best known of these nocturnal bloomers, and it is an established fact, that those flowers whose beauty is greatest when the world sleeps are the ones that exhale the sweetest and most delicate perfume.

It would be difficult for an amateur to describe the various classes or species of cacti, or assign any one kind to the family to which it belongs, for there are over seven hundred recognized varieties. Some of them rise into tall fluted columns, sometimes attaining a height of sixty feet, with blossoms borne on stems that shoot upward for eight or ten inches parallel with the parent stalk, as in the *sahuara* and barrel cactus; others hug the earth in small prickly globes, with flowers of a brilliant hue, that vie in size with the plant from

which they spring: the spines may grow in regular horizontal or longitudinal rows, or they may be distributed so liberally that no order of growth can be observed; or they may be soft and white, covering the plant with long, floating hair-like fibers, as in the "old man" cactus; or they may be short and straight, black or white in hue, presenting an extremely threatening aspect: often they are quite brilliant in color, in fact, their differences are legion.

Sometimes the cactus assumes long, slender, triangular, spidery stems, with short spines, and vivid, heavy-looking blossoms; the cholla is an irregular, snake-like growth, presenting a beautiful but peculiar appearance in the spring, when its spines are soft and downy; the true prickly-pear becomes immense thickets with great paddle-shaped leaves; another variety of *tuna* is low, dwarfish, and wide-spread in habit: in either case it bears a succulent fruit, which, while it makes delicious jelly, is not generally liked by Americans, though it is extremely popular with Mexicans and Indians.

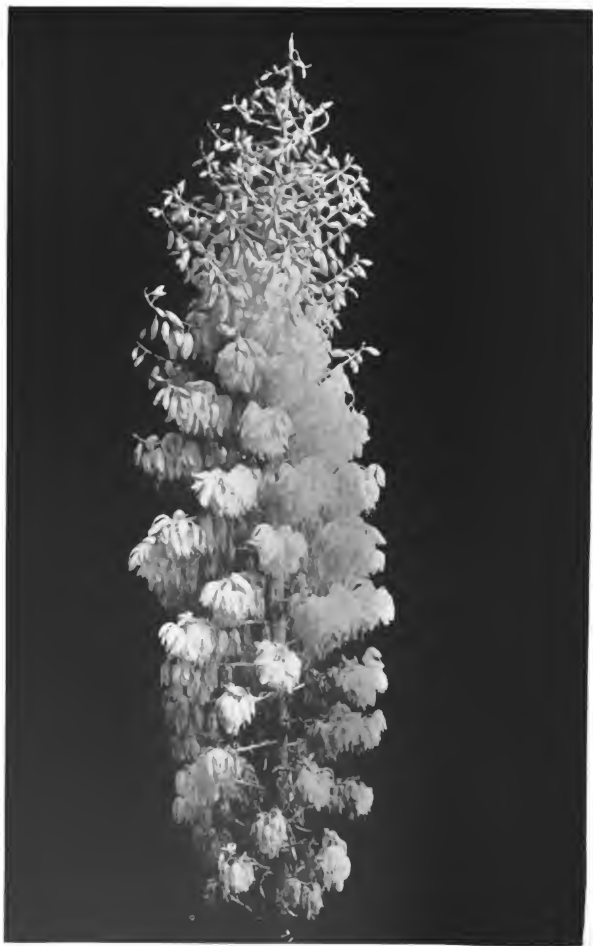
While many species are fruit-bearing,

the fruit is not always edible, a peculiarity that is also to be observed in the yucca. The fruitage of the tall, heavy-leaved prickly-pear is about the size and shape of a large turkey egg, and of a delicate green in color when ripe; but that borne by the dwarf *tuna* is deep purple when matured, and smaller than a good sized hen's egg. The fine "stickers" can only be removed by holding them in a flame, after which the fruit may be handled with impunity.

The cactus hedge of the San Gabriel Mission, in Los Angeles County, planted in the old mission days, has attained a wide-spread fame, enclosing, as it once did, the forty acres of land cultivated by the mission fathers; while in the old portions of the city of Los Angeles may still be seen hedges of this prickly plant that are very dense and fully fifteen feet high.

The wild lands are being cleared so rapidly that in a few more years the patches of cacti that now elicit exclamations of varying emotions—surprise, admiration, contempt, or sarcasm—will be seen no more, and the person who has preserved specimens in his garden will





YUCCA PLANT OR SPANISH DAGGER.

be regarded as fortunate and far-seeing ; for the time will never arrive when cactus culture will become common, and these strange plants, which require special treatment to yield their choicest treasures of bloom, will never be other than fascinating.

Closely allied to the cacti, because of its prickly armor, is the yucca, and the varieties of this plant differ in form and appearance quite as much as do the cacti.

The grotesque trees which thickly dot the Mojave Desert never fail to elicit exclamations of wonder and curiosity from the travelers who view them for the first time. They seem like strange freaks of nature, instead of a distinct species of plants. To the student of nature who traverses the road often, they present different aspects as the seasons greet them, and if he has the time to spare in which to examine them he will feel repaid for the effort.

The trunks of the old trees will be found woody, but porous and light in weight ; to all outward appearances they are as dead as the proverbial door-nail, but at the extremity of each branch will be seen a tuft of rigid green leaves, drawing sustenance from the apparently decaying parent stalk. In the spring-time a short stem is projected from the center of each tuft, bearing lateral branches, from which delicate, whitish-green, cup-shaped flowers are pendent : they diffuse an odor that is not altogether pleasant, and as spring wanes these blossoms merge into a wrinkled, elongated fruit, green in color, that is not palatable, for it becomes dry and spongy as it matures. When ripe, it falls to the ground, and the thin, flat seeds are borne hither and thither by the winds that sweep carelessly over this plain.

Sometimes a gale overturns one of these giants, and the ubiquitous tramp, his conscience smiting him for the railroad ties he has consumed, endeavors to broil his chicken and make his coffee

over a fire made from the rough gray wood. His efforts fail, for nature did not design these trees for firewood. In the town of Mojave may be seen a unique landmark, in the shape of a tall fence built of these dead trunks, from which pieces of the porous, deeply fissured bark may readily be detached. This grotesque tree is the *Yucca brevifolia*, and though it is found only in Southern California and Arizona, there are several varieties of tree yucca which resemble it in structural formation.

Passing southward on the Southern Pacific Railway, one soon has his attention drawn to what he is told is the Spanish bayonet plant, or, as many call it, the Spanish dagger ; but the enthusiastic botanist in the next seat tells him that it is the *Yucca Whipplei*, belonging to the same natural order as the forest of freaks he has just been observing. It seems scarcely credible that these compact crowns, which grow flat on the ground and are composed of scores of long, narrow, gray-green leaves, some of them three feet in length, each tipped with a sharp spine, can be related to the tall, awkward tree yuccas ; but if it is along in the month of May, and he has an opportunity to examine the blossoms, he will note a great similarity in the flowers.

The blossoms of the entire family of yuccas, no matter how unlike their form and habit, preserve the same general appearance ; being bell-shaped, with thick, glossy, waxen petals, and usually emitting a delicate and pleasing fragrance not unlike that of the tuberose. They hang gracefully from the lateral stems, and there are often hundreds of the waxen bells in one panicle. There is some difference in the coloring of the blossoms, however, which ranges from a greenish-white to a dull, brownish purple ; the usual tinting of the beautiful petals is a creamy white, with a dash of purple on the outside. The panicle of flowers on the *brevifolia* is compact and



CACTUS GROWTH.

short-stemmed, but the bloom-bearing stalk of the Whipplei is sometimes ten or twelve feet in height, and perhaps two feet across from tip to tip of the laterals. A number of Spanish bayonets dotting the wild lands, and raising their white, flower-crowned heads above the rank luxuriance of shrubs and vines, make a curious impression on the person who views them for the first time, as from a distance they resemble the imposing shafts which mark a well-filled cemetery.

When the stem first shoots up into

the air, with its budding blossoms, it looks like a huge asparagus stalk, and the "tender-foot" might well be pardoned, who, on seeing a number of them growing near the railroad track in the wild lands of the San Fernando Valley, exclaimed:

"Gee-whilkens! Jest look at that wild sparrowgrass! What must it be when it's cultivated?"

In the spring, when these plants are in the perfection of their bloom, parties from the cities often go out to the wild lands, or on the hillsides, to secure these flower-stalks, with

their racemes of fragrant blossoms; and it is no uncommon sight to see one of these tall stems rising from the middle of a lawn or garden bed, for the flowers will keep fresh for a week or two, if the stem is imbedded in the earth. When the stalks become dry, the pith is very white and spongy, yet firm enough to be cut into various shapes, bound with ribbon, and utilized as pin-cushions. After the blossoms wither the plant dies, but the tall, dead stalk remains standing; and it is a common sight to see this dry, white stem of

a past season's bloom standing erect, beside a raceme of living flowers borne by the new plant that has sprung up from the parent root.

There is another variety of *Whipplei* found in the higher altitudes, which differs from the common bayonet plant in having more flexible leaves, thicker flower-stalks, and deeper-tinted bloom. As there are at least fourteen varieties of yucca,—and some writers say half as many more,—it is impossible, in a short article, to do more than notice some of the points of similarity or difference in the few that are well known.

The plant belongs to the Lily family, and is found in some variety in continuity from the Atlantic to the Pacific, throughout the southern portion of the United States, and even as far north as the upper Missouri River in the Rocky Mountain region. The climatic effect is observable in the short stems which mark all Eastern species, and the tree-like proportions of the varieties found in the warmer and more southern sections. Some writers infer that at one time the yuccas were widely distributed

over the United States, but that advancing glacial cold caused them to recede southward, and undergo many structural changes. The isolated *brevifolia* is thus accounted for, and they conclude it to belong to the original, and now nearly extinct, type of the true yuccas.

This species and the *Whipplei* are distinctively Pacific Coast varieties; the species usually cultivated in parks and gardens belongs to the *filamentosa*, and grows close to the ground, after the manner of the bayonet plant; while all arboreal yuccas are similar in habit to the well known dracænas. Though the yucca, in all its varieties, loves the mountain region best, and lends its greatest beauty to those altitudes which do not afford sufficient level land to tempt the farmer and fruit-grower, yet it grows abundantly, and adds a charm to the Mojave and Colorado deserts, where it speaks of the regret that filled the heart of Nature when she bestowed her brilliant blossoms and graceful foliage on regions already beautiful in contour, and had nothing left but the spiny



A CALIFORNIA GARDEN.



GIANT CACTUS

plants that were best fitted for such inhospitable sections. In her regret she gave them sweet, pure blossoms, that are the more charming because of their surroundings.

The yuccas may be said to be divided into three classes, according to the fruit they bear. About one half of the recognized species have a sweet, pulpy, edi-

ble fruit. Two varieties, the *brevispinis* and *gloriosa*, have indehiscent fruit, which resembles the edible varieties during its green state, but becomes dry and spongy when fully ripe. The remainder of the yuccas, including the *Whipplei*, have dry, dehiscent capsules. The fruitage of all varieties is similar in form, being oblong, usually septici-





CACTUS BLOOM.

dal; and the pulp ranges in color from a yellowish green to a deep purple. The seeds, of which there are many, form a core much after the manner of an apple.

The Mexicans and Indians make thread, rope, and even cloth, from the fibers of the leaves of the yucca, and at one time an English firm undertook to manufacture paper pulp from the wood of the arboreous yuccas; but though the experiment was successful, the enterprise did not prove profitable, and was abandoned. The roots of some varieties have great saponaceous qualities, which the Mexicans utilize in washing clothes, etc., although the *Agave saponaria* and a variety of plant termed "Spanish soap root," both of which grow abundantly in California, are more saponaceous.

When a "tender-foot" hears the exclamation, "A century plant in Mr. Blank's yard is in bloom," he immediately repairs to the spot, in the expectation of seeing a blossom that will realize his ideal of floral perfection, and gazes on the long stalk, and insignificant, apparently imperfect flowers, in astonishment, wondering why such blossoms should be considered noteworthy. They are whitish-green in color, and so small that a stalk fifteen feet high, bearing four thousand flowers on its straight lateral branches, would not appear to have half, or perhaps a quarter, as many.

An idea was prevalent for a long time that this plant bloomed but once in a hundred years, which belief gave rise to the common name "century plant." Many people still believe this, although in Southern California, where they are so common that their long stalks attract but little attention, it is a recognized fact that they bloom in seven or eight years. Immediately after blooming the

plant dies, but several crowns spring up from the parent root, each blooming in turn and yielding up its life thereafter.

This plant is similar in habit to the *yucca Whipplei*, growing flat on the ground in immense crowns; but the leaves are much wider and very flashy, in color, usually a dark green, though in some varieties the center of the leaf is a delicate sagey green, bordered with a creamy-yellow edge. It does not belong to the Aloe family, although the common century plant is frequently termed the "American aloe," and is known botanically as the *Aloe Americana*.

The Mexicans make cordage from the fiber of the leaves, and many imported hammocks are constructed from this material, but they are not very strong, and are apt to rot if they become wet. A coarse paper is also manufactured from the pulp, and the Indians use the fibrous portions for oakum, while the fleshy parts of the young shoots are often cut up and fed to cattle in seasons of scarcity of food.

Perhaps the best known of the products of the agave is *pulque*, a highly intoxicating drink, much used by both Mexicans and Indians.<sup>1</sup> The tender crowns are also used as an article of food, being prepared by boiling.

The leaves are armed with short, thick spines, and it is said that the Aztecs utilized these points in punishments meted out to criminals, by pushing them into the flesh of the victims, thus causing very annoying and painful wounds. Such measures would be considered decidedly cruel nowadays. The agave is very tenacious of life, and its propensity to self-propagation renders it a difficult plant to manage sometimes, as the off-shoots frequently come up in a bed of choice flowers at some distance from the parent stem.

Emma Seckle Marshall.

<sup>1</sup>See OVERLAND for September.

## THE RIVALS.



IN the shadow of Mount Ophir, almost under its ragged summit, we had made camp. We steamed some forty miles up the river Muar that day, shooting crocodiles from one of the Sultan's river launches, and at twilight my companion, Inchi Mohammed, the Tuan Hakim or Chief Justice of Muar, proposed that we stop for the night, and have a grand pig-hunt in the morning.

The messenger that was sent by a tortuous jungle path to the nearest Malay campong, or village, with orders for the punghulo, or chief, to send a hundred beaters on the morrow, returned, accompanied by an escort of Malays, who begged that their Excellencies, the Tuan Hakim and the Tuan Consul, would honor the punghulo by being present at the marriage feast of his daughter, which was to occur that night.

Only too glad of a little diversion, and of a chance to get a peep into the mysteries of a Malayan wedding ceremony, I accepted with profuse thanks, and we followed our guides along an old elephant track that led through a jungle impenetrable to the eye. The flare of the torches lit up the dense, black network of rubber vines and rattans, and exposed clusters of great elk-horn ferns and hanging orchids. The interlacing trees on either side formed a perfect arch, and gave our course the appearance of a tunnel. We stumbled from pitfall to pitfall, made by the countless footsteps of elephants, and our ejaculations of annoyance set colonies of mon-

keys to chattering in the black obscurity of the branches.

Long before the lights of the fires reached us from the campong, our ears were saluted with the deep, sonorous boom of the great wooden gongs, and the shriller reverberations of smaller ones of crocodile hide, that telling us that the festivities were in progress.

The old punghulo met us at the edge of the clearing with many deep salaams and a stream of complimentary Malay. He was dressed, as were all his followers, in a neat silken *sarong*, in honor of the occasion, red sandals, and a light silken *baju*, or jacket. He, alone, was distinguished by a rimless cap, in the front of which were the arms of Johore set in brilliants.

Our appearance created a sensation. A party of half naked youngsters, who were engaged in cock-fighting before a great fire, crowded up close to us, and exchanged a respectful "*Tabek*, Tuan Hakim," with the Chief Justice. The older men, who had been sagely discussing the doings of their little world, and the present rebellion of the redoubtable Panglima Muda in the neighboring State of Pahang, essayed to shake our hands. Even the women, who were engaged in filing the bride elect's teeth, and painting the palms of her hands and the nails of her fingers and toes red, with henna, could not resist the opportunity of coming out and saluting the head of their Courts.

Among the last to come forward was the prospective bridegroom, a small, over-dressed young man, with a hard, cruel face. His features lacked the open, kindly expression which is the chief beauty of his race. I did not like his half-servile, half-arrogant air, and mentioned my dislike to my companion.

The Chief Justice shrugged his shoulders.

"Allah is all wise !"

The old punghulo seemed unusually proud of his son-in-law that was to be, and told us over and over that he was a sergeant in His Highness's Artillery at Bänder Maharani, and that he had paid him for his daughter's hand ten slabs of tin, a hundred piculs of rice, and a kris with a gold-covered sheath.

We followed the happy old man up the rickety ladder that led into his bungalow. Its open bamboo floor was covered with beautifully woven mats of wiry lallang grass, and its palm-thatched sides were hung with gayly colored draperies of native manufacture.

At one end, seated on a low platform, surrounded by her women, was the bride, dressed in a silken sarong, which was held in place at the waist by a zone of silver. Her kabaya, of the finest material, was fastened down the front with golden brooches. Her lace head-scarf was thrown about her shoulders, leaving uncovered her luxuriant black hair, which was twisted up on her head, and stuck full of gold pins, and a spray of sweet smelling chumpaka flower. She was comely, almost handsome, in spite of her swollen gums, blackened teeth, and syrah-stained lips. Her round, plump, sweet little face shone out from its barbaric surroundings with a piquant individuality that attracted us at once.

She smiled graciously when her father told her of the honor we were doing her, but I thought I detected a gesture of disgust when the bridegroom came forward and for the first time claimed the privilege of tasting the betel nut that she was chewing. She handed it to him with an averted face, not deigning to notice his look of rapture as he placed it in his mouth.

Her women crowded about her, and whispered their wish that her lord might take his seat beside her while we were there to witness.

She inclined her head in assent, while an angry spot of red came into either brown cheek.

As he stepped up on the dais, amid the cry of "*Suka, suka*," "we wish it, we wish it," a full grown Malayan tiger with a low, cat-like snarl pushed out from behind her chair, and stood looking at the intruder with flashing eyes. His lithe yellow body was drawn back as though to spring.

Instinctively I put my hand on the butt of my revolver.

The cries of "*suka*," commenced again.

"*Lepas*, Murad," said the girl sternly, and the savage beast crouched softly at her feet and closed his treacherous eyes.

No one seemed to notice this strange pet, save the bridegroom. In spite of all his swagger and assumed indifference, his small black eyes shifted continually from the form on the floor to the face of the woman. The man was a coward at heart, and the curling of the bride's lips spoke her thoughts plainer than language.

After the syrah-box had been passed, and we had each taken a lemon leaf, smeared it with lime, placed in it some broken fragments of the betel nut, and put the mixture into our mouths, we went outside to partake of the "honorable feast" of the bride's father, of goat and buffalo meat, of rice curry with forty sambuls, of vile smelling durians and luscious papayas, leaving the husband and wife with the women.

The white sand beneath our feet, the silver boles of the tall coconuts, the dark green and yellow fronds above, all caught the reflections of the fires, and formed a plaza of almost ethereal beauty.

The queer palm-thatched houses, built up six feet from the ground, filled with the flickering coconut oil lamps and gayly dressed women, seemed fitly set in the tropical surroundings.

I turned to my companion and said,—  
"The bride is not happy?"

"ON HIM CROUCHED THE TIGER, HIS EYES SHINING LIKE COALS."



He looked up at the shimmering lace-work of leaves, shrugged his shoulders once more, and answered,—

"Who knows!"

I did not pursue the inquiry, but turned to watch a party of youths, naked from the waist up, who were tossing the *raga*, or wicker ball, from one to another, striving to keep it from falling to the ground by dexterous movements of their hands, feet, shoulders, and all parts of their body.

A long, piercing, blood-curdling snarl, followed by a cry of human agony, came from the Chief's bungalow. I knew the cry. I had heard it once, when a man-eating tiger had struck down a Chinese coolie within a rod of me.

The punghulo sprang to his feet, and grasped his kris from the folds of his sarong,—the kris his son-in-law had given him an hour before. With the agility of a cat he sped across the little space and up the ladder of his home.

We followed. A crowd of frightened women filled the narrow opening, all trying to escape. The old man dashed them aside, and headlong on the sand below.

A fearful scene presented itself to our view. On the floor, with his face to the roof, lay the bridegroom, his breast crushed, one arm broken. On him crouched the tiger, his eyes shining like coals, his lips drawn back, and his tail lashing his sides in quick, whiplike movements. The top of his head and his jaws were dripping with blood.

Seated on the dais in her chair as we had left her was the bride, with one arm extended across the back of the man's chair. From her hand was flowing a stream of blood. In her other hand she held a small native dagger. She had fainted.

The significance of the scene flashed over me.

The look of disdain and aversion that she had cast upon her husband, the

shrinking from his touch, all suggested to me a solution to the tragedy.

The girl had intentionally cut her hand so that her blood would fall directly on the tiger's nose. In an instant all the savage instincts of the beast had returned. He had tasted human blood, and true to his mistress's reasoning, had sprung on the first person that met his eye. That person was the man she loathed.

Half crazed with grief and fear, the old punghulo rushed forward, armed only with his naked kris. Before he could accomplish his mad feat, the Chief Justice caught him by the shoulder and threw him back into the crowd, at the same moment emptying two chambers of his revolver at the ferocious brute. The tiger sprang into the air with a yell of pain, and fastened his claws into the frail roofing of the house. It gave away, and he fell into the midst of the terrified throng.

Before he could strike down a single person, the old chief was on him and had stabbed him again and again.

It was all done before I could fire.

The girl opened her eyes, shuddered, and fainted again. Her women gath-ered about her, and carried her with loud groans and cries to their apartments.

After it was all over, and the dead bridegroom had been washed, shrouded in a cotton cloth, and laid out for burial, we started back to our camp.

I turned to the Chief Justice as we at last struggled out of the murky blackness of the jungle, and said with an affected carelessness:—

"Rather odd how that pet tiger came to spring on the husband of his mistress. A case of jealousy, do you suppose?"

He scanned my face intently for a moment in the flare of the torches, then raised his expressive shoulders, and muttered,—

"Allah alone is wise."

Rounsevelle Wildman.

## REGARDING BOOK-PLATES.

WHAT is a Book-plate? Some intolerant bibliophile says, "No one who knows what a library is" should ask; but, in truth, comparatively few people are acquainted with the meaning of the term. To begin, then, a book-plate is, in brief, a label pasted in books to denote ownership. Their artistic merit in some cases, their rarity in others, or their association with the name

can read but knows the fascinating influence of books, and the pleasure that comes of possessing them. Many there are who,—while not strictly-speaking, book-lovers,—to whom the lore of "tall copies" and first editions, "absolutely uncut," is as foreign as pfaffians,—yet cherish their little collections of authors with jealous care. To these, it may be reasonably surmised, the possession of a pleasing book-plate would be a source of satisfaction, were the practice of using them but brought to their notice; and it is to these that we would introduce a fascinating subject.

The term book-plate is one that may be, and frequently is, confounded with illustrating plates, and it is, therefore, unsatisfactory; the Latin *ex-libris* (from the books) is better; though even that does not convey the idea of a label, as distinct from an embossed device on the outside of the book. Such embossments may be said to be the progenitors of the book-plate, or *ex-libris*, as they were in common use before the latter appeared.

It would seem that the idea of using a label on books to declare ownership would suggest itself almost as soon as libraries were formed. The autographic cylinder of the Assyrian king, that marked the tablets of cuneiform inscriptions in the treasuries of Nineveh, is a kindred device, and it is supposable that the ancients practiced other methods of signifying proprietorship. The books of Pisistratus, the Ptolemys, and of that classic bibliomaniac, the elder Pliny, may have borne some personal mark; and curious labels from the hands of ancient scribes may have been lost with the countless treasures of antiquity that perished in the conflagrations of Alexandria, or which have vanished beneath



**Hall Mc Allister.**

of celebrities in art and literature, makes them objects of interest, and as such they are frequently collected by book-lovers.

Being on the border-land of Bibliomania, the facts concerning book-plates will interest the laity of letters, as more particular specialties of the hobbyist are not so apt to do. From the school-boy with his Homer and Herodotus, to the book-worm with his black-letters, Caxtons, Elzevirs, there is none who

the equally obliterative hand of Time. But such speculations are impertinent, as the book-plate proper came only with the art of printing.

California can boast a bibliographic pioneer of its own, in Mr. William D. Olds, whose plate dated 1849, is shown in the cut. It bears also what might be taken for the motto of a zealous book lover, though such pursuits have not been commonly attributed to the early settlers of the State.

The date of the first book plate is uncertain. On the continent of Europe they were used much earlier than in England, where they only began to be generally adopted in the early part of the eighteenth century. All examples of English book-plates earlier than 1698 are extremely rare; but the following quotation from a letter of David Loggan, the artist,—dated January, 1675,—at once describes the purpose of the book-plate, and proves that armorial plates were the fashion in England at an earlier date than is generally supposed.

"Sr

I send you hier a Print of your Cote of Arms. I have Printet 200 wich I will send with the plate by the next return, and begge the favor of your keind exceptans of it, as a small Niewe yaers gift or a acknowledgment in part for all your favors, if anything in it be amies I shall be glad to mind it. I



A VICTOR HUGO BOOK-PLATE.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

have taken the Heralds painters drection in it, it is wery much used a mongst persons of Quality to past ther Cotes of Armes before ther bookes in stade of Wreithing ther names. . . . .<sup>1</sup>

We find a single reference made to the plate of John Draper, 1610. Between this date and that of the letter quoted above there are several plates known, bearing simply the name in moveable types, thus:

FRANCISCUS FRAMPTON,

BACC. ART.

AN. DOM. 1631.

It was the practice of many engravers of book-plates to put the date of execution on their work; but, unfortunately, in many specimens the dates are lacking. Dated plates are esteemed the more, as they furnish facts in regard to the evolution of engraving and other interesting historical data.

Book-plates are often intrinsically valuable as works of art, particularly the productions of such craftsmen as Dürer, Hogarth, Vertue, Bewick. Many other artists of repute have lent their skill to the making of these "silent librarians," not the least of whom is that deservedly famous American, Mr. E. A. Abbey. Mr. Edmund Gosse refers to his book-plate by Mr. Abbey with genuine devotion.

<sup>1</sup>For this and other data, the writer is indebted to the *Antiquary*.



His description of it will give an idea of the pictorial book-plate of the present day. "It represents," he writes, "a very fine gentleman of about 1610, walking in broad sunlight in a garden, reading a little book of verses. The name is coiled about him . . ." Such an example as this illustrates the book-plate's strongest claim upon us. The possessor of one that is truly artistic has before him, in every book he reads, a delightful little picture, of which he can never tire : moreover, the sense of proprietorship is more intimately felt, and the pleasure thereof more fully satisfied, than by the possession of a single etching or engraving, however meritorious. This little work of art that is all one's own partakes more of one's personality than even a portrait, and its appreciation is peculiarly and pleasantly subjective.

While the possession of a personal book-plate is as far as most people care to go, these labels are collected by many who have time for this and kindred avocations. He is a happy man who, with a taste for books, can take time from his vocation to enjoy their society. "Old friends and old books," said Southey, "are the best things that this world affords."

Like all who possess the collecting instinct, that peculiar influence that holds such a mastery over some of us, the book-plate collector is never satisfied with his hoard, and regards each new acquisition with a pleasure that no stranger to such hobbies can understand. There is one collection recorded of some twenty and odd thousand specimens.

The Ex-libris Society of London lately held its second annual meeting, and an exhibition of American Book-Plates was recently given by the Grolier Club of New York.

The zealous collector seeks every means in his power to add to his store. In the book-stalls of London and Paris—those promptuaries of bibliographic

bargains—*ex-libris* are to be purchased in bundles ; but the risk is run of finding the plates thus acquired to be spurious. As nothing is exempt from the blight of dishonesty, even this most cultured pursuit has become the medium of fraud. At one time book-plates were inexpensive ; but with the spread of the cult prices rose, until today no one knows the value of these little

MANET



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scraps of paper better than the mercenary proprietor of a book-stall. The collector when buying these prints, with their odd devices and maxims, should bear in mind that other maxim, more apt than many, *caveat emptor* (let the buyer beware). for, unhappily, spurious book-plates are not uncommon.

The richest field for the collector is among old and second-hand books,

which, though often valueless in themselves, are sometimes prized by reason of the plates they are occasionally found to contain. There are some who disapprove of the practice of removing the plates from books, and in a measure they are right. It is certainly unwise to take a valuable and rare plate from an equally valuable and rare book; particularly when such an act would destroy all evidence of former ownership. Associations often exist between a book and its quondam owner that one must hesitate before disturbing. For example: who could take from a well-used and annotated Amsterdam edition of Livy (1738-46) the *ex-libris* of Edward Gibbon. To sever two such names when they are found embalmed in such a splendid sarcophagus would be sacrilege indeed. Mr. Austin Dobson, in his "The Book-Plate's Petition," ends with the plea."

"———Friend, this favor grant me;  
Tear me at once; but do n't transplant me."

A prayer that is unheeded by many.

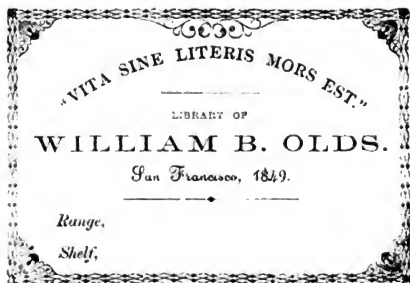
There is no inhibitory scruple about soaking off a plate when the book containing it is not worth shelf-room; and the iconoclast is sometimes rewarded by finding another label beneath the first, and sometimes even a third.

What little has been written upon the

subject of book-plates usually treats them from the view-point of the collector, in justice to whom let it be said that his hobby, with that of the coin-collector, is a more commendable pursuit than those of various other hobbyists, such as the collectors of autographs and postage stamps. The latter have usurped the title of philatelists, which might, with propriety, be claimed by the collectors of book-plates, who are the intellectual aristocracy of the cult. Aristocracy, indeed, has much to do with book-plates, for they most frequently represent the owner's family arms or crest.

The accompanying illustration shows the armorial plate of the late Hall McAllister, the eminent Californian jurist.

To the student of Heraldry these armorial blazons are as instructive as interesting, and in many cases the execution is admirable from an artistic point of view. The "pictorial" book-plate, on the other hand, admits of a play of fancy in a wide variety of subjects; for example, the engraving may represent a priest, knight, jester, or some allegorical figure; or, as is often the case, a delicately executed landscape in miniature, into which the name is introduced, as upon a stone or tree in the foreground, or in some more ingenious manner. Historical and *genre*



subjects afford an infinite variety of designs. The *ex-libris* of Victor Hugo is quite fanciful. As will be seen in the cut, it represents the façade of Notre Dame, which is particularly appropriate for the creator of Esmeralda and Casimodo.

There are many renowned names among the possessors of book-plates, — Hume, Landor, Garrick, Southey, Grote, Gibbon, Horace Walpole, and a multitude more. Other familiar names are: Presidents Washington and Adams, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, George Augustus Sala, Frederick Locker, Brander Matthews, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Edward Eggleston, and others. Mr. Lawrence Hutton gives the following list of colonial families owning book-plates:

The Washingtons, the Beverleys, the Lees and Byrds of Virginia; the Penns and Hopkinsons of Pennsylvania; the Vaughns and Pepperills of Maine; the Quincys, the Royals, and Olivers of Massachusetts; the Carrolls and Magills of Maryland; and the Schuylers, the Morrisses, the Clintons, and the Livingstones of New York.

Book-plates are not confined to individuals; they frequently belong to public institutions, to colleges, libraries, publishers. The hands and torch of Harper & Brothers and the pipe-player of Houghton, Mifflin & Company, and the Bear of the OVERLAND are familiar to all.

As with all subjects, however severe and forbidding may be their natures, this one has its humorous side. Devices are met with on book-plates that have a punning intent, akin to what is termed "canting Heraldry": for instance, the book-plate of one Alexander Trotter bears as a crest a trotting horse. The *ex-libris* of Poulet Malassis represents a chicken seated in a manner at once uncomfortable and grotesque: the playfulness of the design is not far to seek. The book-plate of Manet, the sympa-

thetic illustrator of Poe's Raven, shows the head of the artist on a hermes, with an adroit pun on his name.

It is told of a certain Irish bibliophile, who shared with other collectors an aversion to lending books, that his plate bore the legend, "This book was stolen from the library of Timothy Kelly, Esquire, Cork."

Epigrams and doggerel are often found in book-plates. A nondescript



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paragraph, which contains excellent advice to the borrower, is as follows:—

Read slowly, pause frequently,

'Think seriously,

Keep cleanly, return duly,

With the corners of the leaves not turned down.

Another admonitory label bears this ungrammatical though quaint effusion:

A PLEADER TO THE NEEDER WHEN A READER.

As all, my friend, though wily knaves, full  
often suffer wrong

Forget not, pray, when it you've read, to  
whom this book belongs.

Than one CHARLES CLARK of Totham Hall, none  
to't a right hath better,

A wight, that same, more read than some in the lore  
of old black-letter.

And as C. C. in Essex dwells—a shire at which all  
 laugh—  
 His books must sure less fit seem drest, if they're  
 not bound in *calfs*!  
 Care take, my friend, this book you ne'er with grease  
 or dirt besmear it;  
 While none but awkward puppies will continue to  
 "dog's ear" it!  
 And o'er my books, when book-"worms" "*grub*,"  
 I'd have them understand  
 No marks the margin must de-face from any busy  
 "hand"! *!*  
 Marks, as re-marks in books of CLARK'S when'er  
 some critic spy leaves  
 It always him so *waspish* makes, though they're but  
 on the *fly*-leaves!

Yes, if so they're used, he'd not de-fer to deal a  
 fate most meet,—  
 He'd have the soiler of his *quires* do penance in a  
*sheet*!  
 The Ettrick Hogg—ne'er deemed a *bore*—his candid  
 mind revealing,  
 Declares to beg a *copy* now's a mere pre-text for  
 stealing!  
 So, as some knave to grant the loan of this my book  
 may wish me,  
 I thus my book-plate here display, lest some such  
*fry* should *dish* me,  
 —But hold—though I again declare *with*-holding  
 I'll not *brook*  
 And "a *sea* of trouble" still shall take to bring  
 book-worms "to book."  
 1861.

C. C.

K. Porter Garnett.



NO SOONER was it known that Judge Terry had been taken by the Vigilantes than there was a partial gathering of the Law and Order forces at their armories. The excitement was so great, a good deal of thinking and work had to be done by the Committee in a very short space of time. The situation was clear, and immediate action became a necessity. Four thousand Vigilantes were now at hand, all under arms, and unless the Law and Order forces were

disarmed, a raid for the release of Judge Terry would no doubt be attempted.

To crush out this possibility, orders were issued for the taking of every Law and Order armory, thus to secure all arms and ammunition. The execution of this *coup d'état* was given into the hands of the same committee that received Judge Terry,—namely, Thomas J. L. Smiley, George R. Ward, H. M. Hale, and Myers F. Truett.

Companies of infantry and artillery

were simultaneously dispatched to each armory; one was on the second floor of the building on the northeast corner of Clay and Kearney streets. This armory contained two hundred and fifty stand of arms, with a full outfit of ammunition; and to secure these quick work had to be done. By the time the Vigilantes were on the ground, some seventy-five of the Law and Order party had assembled there, but they now found themselves well covered, not only by bayonets, but several formidable field-pieces.

The same scene at the same time was being enacted at the other less important armories. To those in the Clay Street armory this sudden work of the Vigilantes was a great surprise,—so much so that when the demand for surrender was made, the officer in command took some time to consider the question; but finally concluded the wisest policy was to grant the demand, and at once delivered all the arms, accouterments, and ammunition.

By midnight there had been taken from the different armories, and delivered into Fort Gunnybags, some twelve hundred stand of arms, and between two and three hundred "prisoners of war." It was an amusing crowd; among them were a few respectable gentlemen, of the Law and Order persuasion, but by far the larger part was a very rough set.

What should be done with the prison-

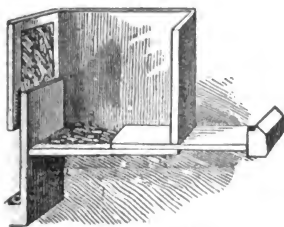
ers was a knotty question for a short time.

In the morning, after all had had a good square meal, there was a review of them, in order to know whether charges for ballot-box stuffing or other crimes had been filed against any of the number. The review over, the prisoners were notified of their discharge, and that if taken again with arms, acting against the Committee, they would be more severely dealt with. The body were now filed out into Sacramento Street. Every one had something to say,—some funny, some caustic, some droll,—together creating a good deal of sport for the line of Vigilantes through which they passed.

During the afternoon of the Terry arrest the Executive Committee was notified that the schooner *Mariposa* had on board arms for the Law and Order party, and was on her way to the city. At once the sloop *Melvine*, with some twenty Vigilantes, was dispatched, with orders to capture the craft and her arms. The *Mariposa* was soon overhauled, the crew surprised, and some dozen cases of muskets, several boxes of pistols, and a lot of ammunition secured,—all of which was delivered to the Vigilance rooms before daylight.

It was wonderful to see what had turned up and what had been consummated in less than eighteen hours, and one of the remarkable features was the fact that not a single serious accident or misunderstanding occurred. Every movement was skillfully marshaled and correctly executed. It was pleasing to the entire Committee, and to their sympathizers all over the State.

It is due Grand Marshal Doane to say, that from first to last he displayed great capacity for organization, and handling of the forces, and to his interest and activity in the work a great part of the success was due. The Committee now kept right on in its general work of making arrests and banishing offenders. On July 5th, about 3 A. M.,



STUFFERS' BALLOT BOX.

there was put on board the steamer John L. Stevens, bound for Panama, some seven men that had had their trials and sentences of banishment for ballot-box stuffing, and other serious charges. These were Dan Aldrich, T. B. Cunningham, R. Malony, Alex. Purple, Thos. Malony, and Lewis Malony. The same day, and the following, other arrests were made.

The Vigilance Committee now had possession of almost all the arms of the Law and Order forces, and was so well fortified with numbers and arms that all fear of any general trouble quieted down to ordinary business ways; still there was every day something to talk about, something to think about, and something to do. The courts, justices of the peace, and city officials generally, moved on as they had from the first, uninterrupted by the Vigilantes, and were now doing more or less good work, while the Vigilantes kept on effectively cleaning the political dens of ballot-box stuffers, thieves, and murderers. It was the remarkable condition of a dual government, each operating within prescribed limits, yet one keeping a vigilant eye on the other, and altogether producing a very wholesome and satisfactory effect.

The people saw their redemption, and but for a few hot-headed followers of Terry, and Major-General Volney E. Howard, who kept up his Falstaffian army without arms, all would soon have become pacified.

As the greater amount of work which came before the Committee had special reference to ballot-box frauds, the modes of manipulation, and the actors in these frauds, the accompanying ballot-box cut, has especial significance. It shows how glaring were the outrages committed on honest voters by a class of men who should have been strung up to the nearest lamp-post, instead of receiving the conservative punishment of banishment. The ballot-boxes were arranged with

chambered sides, concealed springs, and slides. Before any election it was decided by the ruling political powers who should be "elected"; then, concealed in the hollowed-out spaces of the boxes, would be placed properly folded tickets of their favorite candidate. When votes were nearly all counted, and it was seen that the opponent of the favorite was likely to have the most votes, it was only necessary to spring the slide, give the box an accidental tap, and down from the chambered sides would come a given number of tickets, all of which were counted, and the favorite of course elected. A number of these boxes fell into the hands of the Committee, when the plans of working were fully exposed. This kind of work had been carried on for a long time, and at every election. Casey was elected supervisor, through even a more glaring fraud than this, as was reported at the time.

"When they commenced counting the votes Casey found his opponent, Yankee Sullivan, had been stuffing too strong. So Casey had tickets printed in his own name, and caused the inspectors to put them in the ballot-box, and declare him (Casey) elected."

At this election the number of votes returned was largely in excess of the voters in the precinct, and yet in the face of these known facts, Casey was declared elected by the Board of Supervisors.

With the elective power in the hands of such scoundrels, where were the rights of any true American citizen? Was it not time for the people to step to the front, and assume the control of affairs?

The arrest of Judge Terry was as unpleasant for the Committee as for himself, the question of adjournment being then under consideration. This arrest greatly augmented the work, which called for more vigilance and activity. The great question now before the public mind was, What punishment would



WILLIAM T. COLEMAN.

be meted out to Terry? The press and Committee were surfeited with advice.

To add to the confusion of ideas, Hopkins was in a very precarious state. So much interest was manifested in his condition that bulletins were regularly issued, and all reports were as a thermometer of Terry's fate. The Executive Committee, however, wisely avoided expressing any opinion,—all depended on how Hopkins's case would end.

Terry's confinement was now the center of thought of the better class of the

Law and Order element, not only in San Francisco, but in Sacramento and Stockton. Meetings of his friends were called in the respective places, and a plan of rescue arranged. The Executive was notified of a contemplated surprise and rescue, to take place at a given time, by a concentration of friends from the various localities of the State. That night there was a thorough preparation inside of the Fort for receiving all those foolish enough to undertake the rescue. Every ingress to the rooms

was well barricaded, and behind them were field-pieces in numbers, while a large force of Vigilantes was on duty inside. To the outsider all was as usual, but inside it was warlike. There would have been a lively time that night had any attempt at rescue been made. There was general relief when daylight came, not from any fear of the outcome, but that the Committee was saved the sacrifice of life.

On July 24 Martin Bulger, who had been shipped to the Islands, returned. This was in defiance of the order of shipment. He was at once seized by the Vigilantes and incarcerated in the Fort. The question as to what punishment should be meted out to him for daring to disobey the orders was a live one, which Bulger soon settled by assuring the Committee that his destination was New York, and that it was only possible to get there via San Francisco. Ample evidence was furnished to substantiate this, and he was generously escorted to the Panama steamer, and allowed to continue his journey.

This same day, (July 24th,) about 3 p. m., another unfortunate affair took place,—the killing of Dr. Randall, by Joseph Hetherington. To this murder I came near being an eye-witness, being within half a block. At the first crack of the pistol several parties, who were in advance, rushed into the St. Nicholas, on Sansome Street, near Sacramento, and, taking in the situation, captured Hetherington, who, in a second of time, was surrounded by Vigilantes and conveyed to their quarters. Hetherington's trial was at once entered upon. Witnesses were examined, and a verdict of willful murder entered against him. Sentence of death was at once passed. Philander Brace had had his trial and sentence. The 29th day of July was set for the execution of both Brace and Hetherington. Of this they had due notice. On the morning of the 29th a gallows was erected on Davis Street, near Sacramento.

That the execution was to take place in the afternoon was generally known throughout the city, and in consequence every available space commanding a view was densely packed. Several companies of cavalry and some two thousand Vigilantes were under arms. In due time Hetherington and Brace, under guard, were conveyed in separate carriages to the gallows, which they ascended. Hetherington was resigned, self possessed, and made an acceptable forgiving speech; while Brace was defiant, boisterous, and offensive. It took about twenty minutes to conclude all, when both, at the tap of the Vigilance bell, died, with hardly a struggle. Brace's record was bad. For Hetherington there was some sympathy, but all had to yield to the unbending decree of the time.

This execution over, the Committee resumed the trial of Terry, which had been going on for some time, but deferred on account of the murder of Doctor Randall and trial of Hetherington. Hopkins had now sufficiently recovered to be considered out of all danger, and this fact made it easier to determine Terry's case.



CHARLES DOANE.





Terry had now been closely confined in the Vigilance rooms for nearly six weeks, worrying over his uncertain fate, deprived of his accustomed comforts, and in the atmosphere of so many bristling bayonets, and as he felt, surrounded by such large numbers of enemies, to say nothing of having his chivalric pride humbled, all of which to him had been a very severe punishment and went far toward justifying his release by the Committee,—as it was now

of August Terry was informed of this decision, and arrangements were at once made for his departure. Terry, still fearing the vengeance of his enemies, considered it safer to seek quarters on the United States warship John Adams, then anchored in the harbor. This he did in the small hours of the morning by means of a small boat. On the same day he embarked for Sacramento on the regular steamer.

This liberation of Terry, to a very



ALMARIN B. PAUL.

considered in justice should be done. This decision of the Executive was held in abeyance until acted upon by the Committee of Delegates, which body was composed of three from each company.

The aggregate number of those who assembled to determine this question, including the Executive, was one hundred and fifteen. After an exchange of ideas, and a due consideration of all the facts, it was decided that Terry should now be liberated. On the 7th

large number of the Committee, was a satisfactory conclusion; but had Hopkins died, no power then at hand could have saved him, though it was loudly asserted that if the decision was to hang him, San Francisco would be laid in ashes. Terry was not without friends, even in the Committee. He always had and would have friends. He was a man of dignified and autocratic bearing, with naturally kind and manly instincts. He ardently loved his friends, and as strongly hated his enemies. As "like begets

like," each was in the extreme. He was a man all could understand; there was no secretiveness or deceit in his character. Daring and fearless, he was his own great enemy and destroyer. He was passionate to a fault; and but for his lack of balance in this respect, and his false ideas of chivalry, which kept dragging him down in public estimation as fast as his abilities could elevate him, he would have been one of the brilliant lights of the Pacific Coast.

As a finale to Judge Terry, I wish to say, that after his release, and for the many years he lived afterwards, I do not think any one ever heard him speak offensively of the Committee. He had had time to reflect calmly on the causes which brought it forth. He realized the good it had accomplished; he deplored his own rash act, and appreciated the fairness of his trial, and its results, all tending to cause him to overlook the past.

The release of Terry, when known by the body of the Committee, met the disapproval of some, although sanctioned by the joint action of the Executive and Delegates. So breezy was the talk, that a general meeting was called by a number of dissenters, to meet in a large room near the Committee's quarters. About one thousand out of the six thousand members of the Committee attended this meeting, many out of curiosity. The writer was one. Several speeches, condemnatory of the release of Terry, had been made, when entered President Coleman. Mounting a temporary platform, he asked, and was granted, permission to address the assemblage. This he did in an earnest manner, justifying the release of Terry. The conclusion of this meeting was a confirmation of the acts of the Executive and Delegates.

This slight ruffle was the only sign of discord in the Committee, from the beginning to the ending, and this was more the effervescence of hatred to

Terry, outside of Vigilance questions, and yet it was a ruffle which yielded to justice, rather than passion or revenge.

It is proper to state that, in the various trials, different members were called upon to prosecute and defend those on trial. Casey and Cora were defended by Thomas J. L. Smiley; Brace and Hetherington, by H. M. Hale; David S. Terry was prosecuted by C. J. Dempster and Thomas J. L. Smiley, and was defended by Myers F. Truett. In the trials the endeavor was, always, to see that a fair verdict was awarded, every opportunity being offered and given to have all evidence on either side fairly presented.

The rooms were now freed of prisoners, and the political atmosphere seemed sufficiently clear to justify adjournment, which was set for the 18th of August, at which time a review and parade of all the forces of the Committee of Vigilance would take place.

Heretofore the name of William T. Coleman and the Committee of Vigilance were synonymous terms in the minds of the public; and while I do not wish to detract one iota of praise from Coleman,—for he was my schoolmate, and friend for fifty years,—yet it is due others to say that his strength and force in the Committee was not only individual, but much was gathered from the intellectual, financial, and moral strength of the men who surrounded and supported him. Coleman was bold, yet the Executive as a whole was bolder still.

It is but proper I should here append the names of this renowned Executive, and did space allow it I would add the names of every one of the six thousand members, for to each is due equal honor in having filled, in one way or another, his special duty in the regeneration of San Francisco and the State, and that without price,—not only this, but at a sacrifice of time and money. All considered, it was a magnificent example of

individual sacrifice for the public good, and all honor for the men who stood so manfully for principle. The General Committee was mainly of the business element,—the best men of every pursuit,—the wealth, intelligence, and dash, of this live period. On the roll of the Vigilantes can be found the names of those who since have filled about every office of honor and trust, of both City and State governments, from governor down.

As I throw my eye upon the many familiar names, I cannot repress a sigh, as the whisper comes—"He is dead!" It is safe to say that eighty per cent of this loyal band have passed to the "far-off shores of the great unknown."

The following are the names of the Executive of the Committee of Vigilance:

\*WM. T. COLEMAN.....President  
THOS. J. L. SMILEY....Vice-President  
\*G. D. L. FARWELL...2d Vice-President

\*ISAAC BLUXOME.....Secretary  
\*CHAS. LUDLOW.....Asst. Secretary  
JULES DAVIDS.....Treasurer  
\*WM. MEYER.....Asst. Treasurer  
\*CHARLES DOANE....Grand Marshal  
M. J. BURKE.....Chief of Police

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Arrington, Wm. \*Gillespie, C. V.  
Arrington, N. O. \*Hutchings, U. P.  
\*Britton, J. W. \*Hale, H. M.  
Burns, A. M. \*Jessup, B. M.  
Bassange, L. \*Labott, H. J.  
\*Brown, A. S. \*Manroe, J. P.  
\*Case, Chas. L. \*Nutting, Calvin  
Crary, O. B. Osgood, G. K.  
Dempster, C. J. \*Page, F. W.  
\*Dows, James \*Rogers, W. H.  
\*Dellessert, E. Reynolds, W. T.  
Emery, G. S. Tillinghast, W. H.  
Flint, E. P. Thompson, S. T.  
\*Fish, G. H. \*Thompson, W. T.  
\*Grisar, Emil \*Truett, Myers F.  
\*Goddard, E. B. \*Ward, Geo. R.  
\*Gorham, E. \*Dead.



THE PARADE.

All of the above were members of the Executive, yet they were not all members at the same time, as some left the State, or were absent on business. The Executive at all times consisted of thirty members.

As preliminary to the parade, the following from the *True Californian* is appropriate and to the point.

The ceremonies of this day, let it be remembered, are not intended for idle pomp or useless display. The armed men, who by thousands will parade our streets, do not come forth to participate, for the purpose of showing themselves to the gazers of high and low degree, and for exciting wonder in the minds of the populace. Some purer, deeper, and stronger motive will be operative to induce the merchant to leave his store-house, the mechanic his shop, the student his office, and unite in this vast procession of freemen, whose long lines will reach from suburb to suburb. . . . The 18th of August is the public recognition of the happy deliverance from the turmoil of a war, which has been raging for five years, between a plundered, oppressed, and patient people on the one side, and a band of organized villains on the other.

The 18th came, the day opening fairly pleasant. By general understanding, it was to be a gala day. All business was suspended, and all the schools closed. Arches, wreaths, and floral decorations, were in profusion. The stars and stripes and flags of all nations floated from many prominent points.

Along the line of march, which was a long one, the streets were densely packed with men, women, and children. By 10 A. M., the companies began to gather into Third Street, the place for general preparation and review. It was noon before all were in position, the array being fully a mile in length, as there were about five thousand men in line. After review by the Executive, the order of "Forward, march," was given, and the body moved in the following order:—

Grand Marshal, Charles Doane,  
and Aids.

Mounted Brass Band.

Artillery, 12 mounted pieces (decorated with flowers.)

Col. Thos. D. Johns.

Lt. Col. I. D. Curtis, Major R. B. mond.

Company A, 4 field pieces, Capt. Huxley.

Company B, 4 field pieces, Capt. Richet.

Company C, 4 field pieces, Capt. Behrnes.

Company D, 6 field pieces, Capt. I. H. Hasley.

Each drawn by two, four, or six horses. A representation of Fort Gunnybags on wheels, drawn by four bays, from the head of which Union Jacks were flying. From five port-holes, guns were protruding, while the inside was filled with bristling bayonets.

The Stars and Stripes.

The Executive Committee on horseback.

Band.

Major Frank Baker.

Company C and A, mounted Light Dragoons, Capt. Brandt.

Company B, mounted Light Dragoons, Capt. I. Seawell Reed.

Band.

Medical Staff, 45 members, wearing badges.

Executive Committee of 1851, with banner, decorated with flowers.

Brass Band.

Infantry Companies.

1ST REGIMENT.

Col. J. N. Olney, Lieut. Col. J. S. Ellis, Major J. A. Clark.

A, Citizens' Guard, Capt. Watson, Lt. W. C. Allen.

B, Citizens' Guard, Capt. A. L. Loring, Lieut. W. H. Watson.

C, Citizens' Guard, Capt. H. L. Twigg, Lieut. John Conner.

D, Citizens' Guard, Capt. J. V. McClure, Lieut. John Kurtz.

Executive Guard, Capt. I. M. Taylor, Lieut. Joseph H. Atkinson.

Company 3, Artillery, Capt. J. Gavett, Lieut. J. C. Barrell.

Company 7, Capt. Geo. Hossefros, Lieut. A. Klopstein.

indian Company 2, Riflemen, Capt. W. L. and 200.

Major Company, Capt. E. B. Gibbs, Lieut. Washington Bartlett.

#### 2D REGIMENT.

Colonel J. B. Badger.

Vigilant Guards, Capt. W. L. Dotz, Lieut. G. W. Clark.

Company 12, Capt. C. G. Bailey, Lieut. J. H. Josslyn.

King's Guard, Capt. W. Godfrey, Lieut. C. E. Kane.

Pioneer Guards, Capt. Giles H. Gray, Lieut. C. D. Cushman.

Coleman Guards, Capt. C. R. Bond, Lieut. S. Pillsbury.

Doane Guards, Capt. Geo. Gates, Lieut. C. H. Webb.

Company 9, Capt. I. Woods.

#### 3D REGIMENT.

Col. Henry S. Fitch, Lieut. Col. C. Clapp, Major Geo. Hager.

Company 13, Capt. E. J. Smith, Lieut. F. G. Little.

Company 14, Capt. W. E. Keys, Lieut. S. Durance.

Company 15, Capt. Wm. Wess, Lieut. J. D. Carroll.

Company 16, Capt. B. F. Bryan, Lieut. J. A. Baldwin.

Company 18, Capt. P. W. Shepton, Lieut. S. Striker.

Company 19, Capt. R. H. Bennett, Lieut. S. Solomon.

American Guards, Capt. S. Gutte, Lieut. H. Law.

Independent Wallace, Capt. C. E. S. McDonald, Lieut. John Marshall.

Company 10, Capt. Clark, Lieut. John Wightman.

#### Band.

#### 4TH REGIMENT.

Col. G. F. Lippitt, Lt. Col. J. D. G. Quirk, Major Vallesque.

Company 25, French Legion, Capt. Sauffregnon, Lieut. F. Bedhomme.

Company 28, French Legion, Capt. L. A. Armand, Lieut. L. H. Metzger.

Arrington Guards, Capt. W. H. Ballen, Lieut. B. C. Howard.

Company 27, Capt. C. H. Gough, Lieut. S. Loop.

Brutus, Capt. J. C. Folger, Lieut. S. A. Aiken.

Company 21, Capt. J. Milback, Lieut. J. S. Maiers.

Company 23, Capt. J. F. Little, Lieut. J. Duprey.

Company 29, Capt. Harrison, Lieut. J. L. Bivens.

Company 30, Capt. W. O. Smith, Lieut. H. M. Willis.

#### Vigilance Police.

Chief R. B. Wallace; 1st Lieut., J. L. Durkee; 2d Lieut., J. W. Sayward, 3d Lieut., Ira Brooks; 4th Lieut. Jos. Capprice.

The various companies ranged from 50 to 135 men. The two French Legions numbered 275 men.

Every regiment carried the stars and stripes. In movement, the companies were in platoons of from 10 to 15 abreast.

The route was down Market to Montgomery, to Clay, to Stockton, to Vallejo, to Powell, to Washington, to Kearny, to California, to Sansome, to Clay, to Front, to Sacramento, to the Vigilance rooms.

Along the line of march, windows and porticos were filled with women and children, who, with waving handkerchiefs, and flowers, gave evidence of their appreciation; while from the multitude that packed the sidewalks, cheer after cheer rent the air, altogether giving a conscious satisfaction for the sacrifices made. There are, no doubt, many of the children of that day, men and women of the present, who remember the parade of the Vigilantes.

Flowers from fair hands were showered in profusion; some thirty bouquets were thrown into Fort Gunnybags alone, and about every musket was decorated with a floral offering.

On Stockton Street, then the aristocratic part of the city, was suspended a beautiful floral wreath, which, as Pres-

ident Coleman, at the head of the Executive, rode beneath, was dexterously dropped over his head and upon his shoulders. This tribute to the Executive was one of the pleasing events of the day.

Arriving at the Vigilance rooms and special armories the Committee ceased its labors; and thus the Vigilance Committee ended, save the necessary business of closing up its affairs.

Speaking of the parade, the *Bulletin* said:—

It was a magnificent spectacle,—sublime in itself as a popular demonstration, and even more sublime in its moral influence. It was the embodiment of popular power confidently bestowed and faithfully executed.

Thus all laid down their arms, untarnished by selfish aims. As a remembrance, each member was privileged to receive an elegantly engraved certificate of membership. Many of these are, no doubt, still in existence. To look upon it in these quiet later days makes the blood of the old Vigilante warm anew, and his eyes flash with fire, as his mind reverts to those stirring and turbulent times.

On the 22d and 23d of August the rooms of the Committee and Fort Gunnybags, with all its array of arms, were thrown open for public inspection, and visited by a vast number of men, women, and children.

And thus I close the narrative of the main features of this formidable popular uprising, which culminated in the execution of four persons, the deportation of some sixteen offenders, with notices "to leave," etc., to double this number, and the volunteer fleeing "from the wrath to come" of several hundred suspects. Purity of politics, security for business, justice for law, and peace for society, were now established, and the city and State redeemed from the rule of ballot-box stuffers, murderers, and thieves.

The fact that the work of the Com-

mittee of Vigilance was approved by nine tenths of the people of the State, should be enough to have it receive the good will of the present and future generations. Viewed in the light of today, it seems an inspiration, that the hand of a Higher Power wielded its destinies in the saving of human life. It stands as a splendid model; its good work made a deep impression for a quarter of a century, and its echo is still in the present.

The American people want nothing better than American laws, properly respected and administered; but when they are not, then let it be clearly understood that in the people rests the higher law, and that they have the patriotism and bravery to support it.

There are two institutions they will ever maintain, let the consequences be what they may. One is an *unsullied Ballot Box*, and the other, the *Public School System*, untrameled by dogmas,—the first as the cornerstone of our liberty; the other, the intellectual, patriotic, and social advancement of the rising generation, of all nationalities and all religions. For the maintenance of these all over this broad land of liberty there is a deep yet silent whisper, that says, "Hands off"—and any unwarranted interference at any time may fan this meaning whisper into a cyclone.

The American people are done with trifling. These sacred rights must be preserved at any cost, they may be trampled upon for a time, but that time only makes the storm the stronger when it bursts. What has been in the past may be in the future. Guard well the citadels of Liberty and Progress and falter not when duty calls.

No community need fear the uprising of its intelligent element. Danger is only with ignorance. An intelligent people are hard to move beyond the limits of prescribed law; but when patience ceases to correct glaring wrongs, and the people do move, then they will

unmistakably correct the evil. This is the unwritten law in American blood. It gave us our freedom, and it will maintain it. Evil-doers should ever remember, as Lamartine says, "There are storms on the seas of men as terrible as those of the ocean."

God forbid that ever on this Coast again, loyalty to American institutions should call for the tap of the Vigilance bell, or the duplication of this Committee. But should there ever arise the

necessity, may the new generation step forward in all its manhood, as resolute in purpose, as pure in desire, as invincible in strength, as just in action, as considerate for the country's honor, as the ever memorable Committee of Vigilance of 1856.

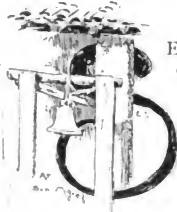
*Almarin B. Paul,<sup>1</sup>*

*Original No. 40, on Reorganization No. 436.*

<sup>1</sup>The OVERLAND desires to express its thanks to Mr. Chas. J. King, son of James King of Wm., for the use of a large amount of material relating to Vigilance days. Most of the illustrations of this series have been made from originals in his unique file of early day publications.

## THE DECLINE OF THE MISSION INDIANS. I.

### WAS IT THE FAULT OF THE PADRES?



EVEN priests of the Franciscan Order recently came from Mexico, and have found an asylum in the long-since abandoned and time-destroyed mission building of San Luis Rey, near Los Angeles, Cal-

ifornia. They brought with them a number of boys to be educated for the priesthood, and to be returned to Mexico. Owing to government restrictions, colleges of the Franciscan Order are not permitted in Mexico, and so the wily padres have come to America, the land of much freedom of thought, where they have established a Franciscan College. They have returned, to the land from which they drove the Jesuits more than a century ago, and have asked and received an asylum from the Order they superseded. There is a restriction, however, in the Papal decree, that the Franciscans shall claim no jurisdiction in this diocese, spiritual or temporal, except to educate priests for another vineyard.

The old mission building, "magnificent in its ruin," which received its first shock during the great earthquake of 1812, and its second by the secularization act of the Spanish Cortes, is being repaired, and it is the aim of the fathers to restore it to its original grandeur,—the finest mission building in California. To this end, the fathers are backed by a "Pious Fund" of \$10,000, contributed by wealthy Catholics in Mexico, and a number of jewels, given to them by Mexican ladies whose religious zeal seems to have overshadowed their vanity.

Mexico furnished priests for California, and now the mission system is to be reversed, with the probability that the still unsettled "mission question" will be renewed. It still lingers in disputed titles to what is known as mission lands, mostly prosecuted by Indians,—descendants of the neophytes who created the wealth of the missions, and who, at their secularization, were driven away as cattle to the mountains,—and savagery.

Our American lawyers seem not to have understood, or perhaps did not



wish to understand, that the laws of the Indies, which governed the Spanish colonies, recognized the inherent right of the Indians to the lands. In founding the missions of the Californias, the lands were not taken from the Indians, and no title was vested in the Church. Spain intended the Missions to aid in colonization, and so expressed its policy when permission was granted the first band of priests to accompany the military expedition. It was also decreed, that, after a mission had been in existence ten years, the Indians having been "reduced" and Christianized, that the mission itself should be "reduced" to a pueblo (or town), and that the missionaries should "go to some other wilderness, where their labors would be more needed."

The Spanish government held that ten years was sufficient time for civilizing and Christianizing the Indians, and after that had been done the padres should go farther in the wilderness to make other converts; something on the style of pioneers who settle a wilderness, and on the advance of civilization, or when the first note of a piano is heard, they move further into the wilds.

The missions of Lower California had been established about fifty years. About one fourth of the 30,000 Indians had been "subjected" to the Church authority, and but few, if any, had been converted, judging from the numerous insurrections reported. The labor of the Indians had constructed the buildings, they tilled the ground, tended the herds, made the wines, and repeated prayers which they did not understand, and perhaps did not wish to. They were flogged into submission, and flogged when they failed to attend mass. Whenever they had an opportunity, they united with other Indians not yet reduced to mental and bodily slavery, and rebelled. Spain being frequently called upon for soldiers to put down the uprisings, grew tired of the expense and

annoyance, and as the Jesuits were then in bad odor with the government, in consequence of a discovered conspiracy, they were banished from the country and its colonies. It is believed that the Franciscan Order had a hand in it, for they were in readiness with the exact number of padres to take the places of those expelled as soon as the order was issued. The same vessel that brought the Franciscans over took back the deposed Jesuits, who were scattered to the four corners of the earth, from whence they came.

As before stated, with the first Spanish military expedition the Franciscans gained permission to extend their missions to Alta (Upper) California — the present State of California. In a few years they had founded a chain of twenty-one missions, covering the entire coast line of the territory of Alta California, a distance of about 700 miles. As their object was to "reduce" and Christianize the Indians, they must locate their mission church where there were the most Indians. The Indians had located in the most fertile valleys of the country, where fish and game were abundant, and on these rancherias the fathers built their mission churches. The peaceable Indians, among whom no warlike weapons were found, were "reduced" by the Spanish soldiers,—about half a dozen soldiers being attached to each mission. They were under the command of the priest, and the system of civilizing these Indians was little short of barbarism. They were hunted down by the soldiers and caught with a riata, whence they were brought to the mission, flogged, and baptized. They were then considered as neophytes, and not knowing the significance of this forced conversion, and still clinging to the belief of their ancestors, they ran away on the first opportunity, to be again hunted down as slaves, and flogged as were negro slaves. But, with this difference: however badly a negro slave may have been treated,

he was never flogged into changing a religious belief. Attached to each mission is a dungeon, where neophytes were imprisoned, put in stocks, and starved into a change of belief,—to renounce their fetich and worship the God of the pale face. These dungeons of inquisition are pointed out to inquisitive tourists, but it will never be known how much of suffering and torture was endured in those gloomy adobe walls by the untutored Indians, who knew not why they were punished.

The "mission fathers" have been credited by superficial writers with great foresight in selecting the most valued lands and eligible locations for their missions. The facts are as above stated, although not generally known, that the padres simply located wherever they found the greatest settlement of Indians. Without the consent of these Indians they occupied their lands, made them build the mission churches, and finally subjugated them, and made them cultivate the mission lands, or lands wrested from the Indians, whose title was acknowledged by the laws of Spain. It was never intended by the Spanish government that the missions should be permanent, or that the churches should have any property in the lands. Had it been, the mission authorities would have been given royal grants for lands, as were given to colonizing parties and individual pioneers. These grants read that the lands should be located where they may not interfere with "the rights of others." The padres preferred to locate upon lands occupied by Indians, and thereby interfered with the rights of others. They could not have received a grant to locate Indian lands, consequently they had none; and furthermore, the rules of their Order prohibited them from owning property, excepting the necessary church building. As it was, they claimed and were in virtual possession of the entire coast line,—each mission claiming the land intervening to the

land claimed by the adjoining mission. Thus the peaceable Indians were dispossessed of their lands, and those who could not be subdued fled to the mountain range and joined the savage tribes.

The Indians were more civilized and peaceable at the time of the arrival of the missionaries than they were at the time of the secularization of the missions a half century later. Of the 50,000 Indians then in California, only about one fifth of that number had been brought under the subjection of the church; and whatever of conversion to the new faith there may have been was dispelled almost immediately after the secularization order went into effect, for the dispersal of the Indians followed. Immediately on returning to their villages or ranches they built their *estufas*, and renewed the worship of their fetiches. But the large majority in the mountains, who were not peaceable when the padres came, and refused to become so, were only subjected by the tide of immigration that flowed in years after the missions had ceased, in search of gold. These Indian wars were bitter, made more so by the revenge of the red man for the enslavement of his brothers by the missionaries.

It is not generally known why the missions were secularized. Spain was tolerant, in permitting them to exist so long as temporal powers, which is owing probably to the great distance and slow communication at that time. The priests had built up large temporalities,—petty kingdoms, surrounded by their soldiery, each having from 500 to 3,000 Indian laborers, thousands of cattle, horses, vineyards, orchards, and other sources which gave to the churches an income ranging from ten thousand dollars to fifty thousand dollars a year. All this was the result of Indian labor, for which the Indians received their food, which was very plain, and their clothing, which was as limited as the other was meager. Instead of being Christian-

ized and prepared for citizenship, the Indians had been degraded into slaves. Instead of being educated, they were only taught to repeat a ritual in a mechanical manner, whose signification they could not understand.

The better class of colonists revolted at this treatment, especially at the numerous expeditions of conquest. Frequently, a priest led a cavalcade of soldiers in a raid upon an Indian rancharia, and proved himself to be an expert in lassoing Indians, when they were brought to the missions for conversion. These missionary raids were frequently followed by an Indian uprising, or an attack by the hostile mountain Indians. This turbulent condition of affairs being frequently reported to the Spanish government, that power finally awoke to the conclusion that, as the Jesuits had accomplished nothing in Lower California after more than half a century's labor, and that as the Franciscans had been equally unsuccessful in the same length of time, the missions might as well be secularized, or reduced to mere secular institutions. The famous secularization act was decreed in 1813, and Spain also changed her policy of colonization from that of the missions, by sending out companies with grants.

This act, little understood, divested the Church of all temporal power, gave one half of the lands and other property held by the missions to the Indians who had created the wealth, and confiscated the remaining half to the government. The church building, with its ornaments, and necessary grounds, limited to about twelve acres, was allotted to each mission, and held to be sufficient for all religious purposes. Reducing the priests from rulers of small principalities to mere curates,—shorn of all power and property, and reduced to a few acres and a small garden,—was a sad blow, which even their supposed humility could not brook. The act further provided, that the Indians who had created this wealth

should be entitled to one-half of the accumulated property,—the result of a half century of slavery. But neither the Indians nor the government received any portion of this profit, which seems not to have been treasured up.

The secession of Mexico, however, prevented the act from taking immediate effect, and after Mexico gained her independence, in 1821, she permitted the missions to exist as before. But after a little more than ten years' probation, she came to the same conclusion as the mother country,—that the mission system was a failure, so far as the attempt to Christianize and make citizens of the Indians was concerned; if, indeed, it was the intention of the fathers to attempt to fit them for citizenship, which is certainly not shown by their works.

The Mexican Congress passed the celebrated secularization *bunda* in 1833, and sent soldiers and civilians to take possession of the property. A revolution followed, mainly incited by the priests, who were loth to surrender their large powers and immense estates. Mexican revolutions are not celebrated for blood-letting,—the casualties usually result from accidents. The governor who attempted to enforce the law was however deposed, and himself and convict soldiers were returned to Mexico. The Indians were promised their freedom if they would fight in the cause of the missions,—their slavery being thus acknowledged by the men who needed their assistance. Some of the Indians were armed, and in readiness to fight for the Church which held them in bondage, but the revolution was virtually a peaceful one. The Indians, however, were not liberated. They had been promised their freedom by the Mexican revolutionists if they would fight against Spain, but were told that as there was no fighting in California the promise was void.

In a year or two another attempt was

made to enforce the law, and the Indians, having in mind these broken promises, refused to defend the missions, and the padres were deposed. During these few years the wily padres evidently divined the inevitable, and had been laying up treasures in their distant homes in Spain, by shipping sacks of silver and gold where it might not corrupt the confiscating government officials.

These shipments were made in casks of olives, and in leathern sacks partly filled with tallow, so as not to excite suspicion. Though Spain was the prime mover of the secularization, the padres were royalists, and refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Mexican government. Some of the more troublesome were ordered out of the country, but they refused to go, and the priest in charge of San Gabriel went so far as to fortify the building with an iron railing as a fort, to resist authority.

Their hatred was so intense against the Mexican government, and they were so unjust toward the Indians who had performed the only labor at the missions, that with their own hands they uprooted the vines, let the rich wines run to waste, and turned the cattle and horses astray. The Indians had an undoubted right to a share of the property for which they had so long labored, and in equity, the government, perhaps, had rights for the rental of lands. The few Indians that still remained around the missions were actually made to go into the fields and vineyards, and plow up the growing seeds and vines, and cut down the fruit trees. A greater act of vandalism is not known, even in a country occupied by a hostile army. Yet the property of these unfortunate peons was ruthlessly destroyed, because the friars who had fattened upon their labors could no longer enslave them. Sentimentalists have spilled a great deal of ink in writing of the supposed injustice of the secularization of the Cal-

ifornia Missions. The causes that led to this just act are little known, even in California; and none are more interested in keeping them from the light of history than the native Californians, or Mexicans, whose ancestors also enslaved the Indians, and who are indebted to unpaid Indian labor for the property they now hold.

True, the example was set by the mission fathers, and the Spaniard and the Mexican joined in the "reduction" of the Indians. When a rancher wanted laborers, he organized an expedition against the Indian rancherías, and brought in the required number as captive slaves.

What the friars did not succeed in destroying, the *mayor-domos*, or administrators, frittered away in a very suspicious manner. An officer, styled *mayor-domo*, was placed in charge of each of the missions. In most instances they were so ignorant that they could neither read, nor write their names. These were but the tools of more designing men. In some instances the *mayor-domo* was in office for revenue only. As a rule, no accounts were kept of the revenues of the mission, or of the cattle or horses. If a friend wanted a few horses, a hundred head of beef cattle, or a few casks of wine, they were loaned to him, and of course never paid for or returned. When the authorities demanded a showing, the *mayor-domo* would indifferently reply that the cattle were killed for food for the Indians, and that the horses ran away to the mountains. Perhaps a friend or relative of the Governor had borrowed from the mission, and he generally accepted the excuses. In a few years, when the estates were settled, nothing was found,—everything had been borrowed or sold to men who could not now pay—something as lawyers of the present day are too much accustomed to do. The buildings were left. These were sold at what may be called a ruinous sacrifice. The

San Luis Rey Mission building, the finest in the territory, which cost about \$50,000, (counting peons' wages, which were not paid,) was sold at \$1100. A brother of the Governor bought it. San Juan Mission, worth about \$25,000, (had the labor been paid for,) was bid in by a brother-in-law to the Governor for \$900. The same extremely low prices and collusion of the mission ring prevailed at the sale of the other mission buildings and grounds. The purchasers became very wealthy, because villages at once sprung up on the mission grounds and vicinity.

The Mexican government received a small pittance, and the Indians did not receive anything whatever. Those who had been given small tracts of land around the mission buildings, with the view of becoming citizens, were dispossessed and enslaved by the Mexicans, or fled to the mountains and lapsed into an uncivilized condition worse than when found by the missionaries.

The work of the missionary fathers left no lasting effect,—except the broken spirit of the stoic Indian. The civilizing and Christianizing spirit which it was supposed they would impart had no perceptible effect on the succeeding generation of Indians. It had no effect

on those whom they had under their charge, for no sooner had they been disposed, than the Indian fled from the mission as if from a slave prison. Whatever of civilization or Christianity may have been instilled into him was lost almost before the padres had got well out of the country. After more than a half century's work in California, surrounded by civilization, though somewhat crude, the missionaries failed to plant lasting germs of Christianity, and all that remains is a few ruins of those buildings,—monuments of the injustice done to the Indians. The work of the friars does not begin to compare with the civilization the ancient native races of Mexico and Peru achieved for themselves. Had the California Indian not been deprived of his liberty, and had not his proud spirit been broken by the lash, he would doubtless have become civilized, when Christianity would naturally have followed.

The California Indians are more docile than any other tribes. They are the most peaceful, and archæological history shows that they were not warlike. Had the friars been divested of temporal power, these Indians would undoubtedly have become Christianized, and perhaps not have been robbed of their lands.

*J. M. Scanland.*

*(To be continued in January number by F. P. Clark.)*



## FAMOUS CALIFORNIANS OF OTHER DAYS.

WHEN the fever which had accompanied the discovery of gold in California had been somewhat allayed, wild excitement and hap-hazard procedure gave place to system, and the organizers of a new commonwealth stepped to the front. There were plenty of capable men. The attraction exercised by California affected all grades of society, from the rough and rugged, the coarse and illiterate, to the refined, highly cultured, and intellectual. The majority of the great immigration was crazed with the *sacra fames*, and thought of little else but adding to the metallic dust-heap; but there were among its numbers men whose aims extended beyond the acquisition of wealth; who, ambitious of fame, came to California as to a new battle-ground offering exceptional opportunities. The eyes of the world were directed to it, and wide would be the celebrity of men who made themselves prominent in its arena. Many of these aspirants for honor had already made for themselves high reputations before they moved hither, and it is of a few of these that we would speak.

No time during the organization of the State was more momentous in its possibilities than what may be termed the Broderick-Gwin period. Both these men were champions, — the former of the anti-slavery cause, the latter of the Southern "chivalry" and its pro-slavery doctrines. Each, supported by his convictions, engaged in the political war with unflagging energy, bringing into play all his talent, cunning, and tenacity. Though destined to become antagonists, their antecedents were as different as were their political creeds. The one, of humble origin, with no opportunities of acquiring culture, was entirely self-educated; the other, of a good and well-to-

do family, had received a classical training, and had successfully studied law and medicine.

David Colbert Broderick was the son of a skillful stone-cutter, and was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1820. His father, being selected by an American government agent to execute the decorative work in the interior of the Capitol at Washington, came with his family to the United States, and his son David thereupon began to learn the art of stone-cutting. What education the lad received was very rudimental, and on the removal of the family to New York and the death of his father shortly afterward, David was apprenticed to a stone-cutter. He soon lost his mother, and thenceforth his lot was cast among the rude and muscular. A thirst for knowledge kept him looking about for an occupation which would afford him more time for reading and study. During this period of his life he read much and studied deeply all important political and social questions. By the time he was twenty-one years of age, he had made himself a thorough politician, and was consulted on the management of political campaigns. He obtained a position in the New York Custom House, and in 1845 was made president of the convention assembled for the purpose of forming a new charter for the city. In 1846 he was nominated for Congressman, and was defeated by a small majority. Being renominated in 1848, he declined to run; and early in 1849 he left New York and proceeded to California, where he arrived in June, in poverty and ill health. Coined money being scarce in San Francisco at that time, he formed a company with some friends to coin gold, and so great were the profits that he soon replenished his empty purse, sold out the

business in the autumn of the same year, and returned to politics. Henceforward his career belongs to the history of California.

Broderick, though almost as tall as Gwin, was not so broad or heavy; but he possessed an extremely muscular and active frame, and was a clever athlete and pugilist. His perseverance in self-education was remarkable. As he advanced in his studies and came more in contact with men of culture, he shook off, to a great extent, that crust of coarseness which had attached itself to him under the condition and associations of his youth. His mental qualities were of a superior order, and these combined with his energy, perseverance, and undeviating march on the political course which he entered, made him a formidable opponent.

Both Broderick and Gwin were uncompromising Democrats, but when a distinction began to be made between the Northern and the Southern men of that party, Gwin became the leader of the pro-slavery faction in California and Broderick that of the anti-slavery. The warfare was conducted with extreme bitterness on both sides, intensified by the fact that it was plebeian pitted against patrician.

In 1851, Broderick having been previously elected to fill the vacancy in the first State legislature, caused by the resignation of Nathaniel Burnett, was elected president of the Senate. Then he studied law with his customary ardor, was admitted to the bar, and became clerk of the Supreme Court. Having successfully manipulated the re-election of Governor Bigler in 1853, he sought his own election to the United States Senate to succeed Gwin in 1855; the latter having been sent to Congress as senator from California in 1849, with General Frémont as his colleague. In this he was unsuccessful. In 1855 the senatorial contest began again, and though Gwin obtained a majority of

votes he fell short of the requisite number—fifty-six—to secure his re-election, and his seat remained vacant in the United States Senate. During these contests neither faction flinched at any means that seemed conducive to success. Ballot-box stuffing, bribery, threats, the protection of armed guards to prevent kidnapping,—all such practices were in vogue.

In 1857, however, an arrangement was made between Broderick and Gwin, by which, on January 9th of that year, Broderick was elected United States Senator, to succeed John B. Weller, and on the 13th Gwin was elected to succeed himself.

This compromise, instead of smoothing matters, irritated both factions, and evoked the most rancorous feelings. At Washington, Broderick met with bitter disappointment; the Federal patronage was not distributed according to his expectations, while there was a decided feeling of unfriendliness toward him in the Democratic Senate at the capital. In California his enemies became more numerous and more powerful. In the United States Senate, during the Kansas question, he ranged himself on the side of Stephen A. Douglas, who stood out for a free constitution for Kansas. Broderick spoke fearlessly,—ay, imprudently,—denouncing in bitter terms President Buchanan's action, and indignantly proclaiming against the forcing of the Lecompton Constitution on the people of Kansas. His invective and action at Washington was condemned by the California Legislature of 1858, which was strongly on the side of the Lecomptonites, the chivalry, and Gwin.

Another gubernatorial election took place in 1859, and Broderick returned to California to organize the Anti-Lecompton wing of the Democratic party. The campaign was conspicuous for personal affronts and acrimonious attacks. The end was drawing near.

In June, David S. Terry, one of the judges on the Supreme Bench, who, in the days of the Vigilance Committee had been sustained by Broderick, said in convention that it was the banner of the black Douglas, whose name was Frederick, not Stephen, that Broderick followed.

While seated at breakfast in the International Hotel, San Francisco, Broderick next morning read Terry's speech. Indignant at such ingratitude, he remarked that he had always upheld Terry as the only honest man on the bench, but he now revoked his opinion. Opposite him sat D. W. Perley, a friend of Terry's, a miserable little jackal. He took up Broderick's words, challenged him, and was promptly refused a hostile meeting, for several good reasons. Broderick, however, gave it to be understood that when the election was over he would be ready to meet any of his enemies. This was in June.

The campaign proceeded, but after this affair the insults and affronts became more offensive. On September 7th the election took place, and the chivalry were triumphant. On the following day, Terry, who had nursed his ire, resigned his position on the Supreme Bench, and challenged Broderick to mortal combat for remarks made nearly three months before. The meeting took place in San Mateo County, at a spot about ten miles from San Francisco. The weapons used were hair-trigger pistols. When the word was given, Broderick's pistol went off as he was raising it, the bullet striking the ground a few feet in front of his antagonist. Immediately afterward Terry's bullet struck him in the breast.

"The shot is not mortal," exclaimed the determined man-killer, "I have struck two inches to the right."

But it *was* mortal, and after lingering for three days at the house of Leonidas Haskell, at Black Point, Broderick breathed his last.

William McKendree Gwin was born in Sumner County, Tennessee, October 9th, 1805. His father was an eminent minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who had been chaplain in the army of General Andrew Jackson, and enjoyed for many years the intimate friendship of that victor over the English. The son, having finished an extended course of education in all English branches, mathematics, and the ancient classics, studied law in Gallatin, Tennessee; but the medical profession being more to his liking, he abandoned the bar and took a medical degree at Transylvania University, Kentucky, in 1828. For several years he practised in Clinton, Mississippi, but in 1833, having been appointed by President Jackson United States marshal for the district of Mississippi; he left the profession never to resume it. In 1840, he was elected to Congress, where he was an adherent of J. C. Calhoun. He declined re-nomination on account of pecuniary embarrassment, and President Polk appointed him superintendent of the new Custom House at New Orleans, in 1847. Gwin resigned this position on the election of Taylor to the presidential chair, and removed to California, where he arrived June 4th, 1849.

In person, Gwin was tall, powerful, and well proportioned, of robust and somewhat heavy physique. His head was massive, his face animated and wearing an expression of strength of mind, his mouth indicating great firmness of character. This imposing presence, supported by mental vigor and acuteness, and by the refinement and resources acquired by a thorough education perseveringly and faithfully pursued, rendered him singularly fit to become the champion of any cause that he might espouse, while his unflinching fidelity and persistency precluded the possibility of his abandoning it.

California is greatly indebted to Doctor Gwin for the active services which he



rendered in her behalf. He took an energetic part in the formation of the State government, and was a member of the Convention held in Monterey, September, 1849, to frame a Constitution. As United States Senator he secured for California the establishment of the mint, the survey of the Pacific Coast, a navy yard and station, and carried through the Senate a bill providing for a line of steamers between China, Japan, and San Francisco, via the Sandwich Islands. He was an earnest advocate for the annexation of those islands, and the extension of United States territory southward. He firmly believed that the slave-holding States could establish an independent government, and in 1860 had the boldness to say in the Senate: "The Northern States are laboring under a delusion if they think that the Southern States cannot separate from them, either violently or peaceably,—violently if necessary."

At the breaking out of the Civil War Doctor Gwin, while on his voyage from California to the Eastern States in 1861, was arrested on the steamer at Panama by order of General Sumner, conveyed under guard across the Isthmus, and thence to New York, General Sumner being a passenger on the same vessel. The charge against him was that of disloyalty. With him were arrested Calhoun Benham, brother-in-law of George D. Prentice,—the famous editor of the *Louisville Journal*,—and J. L. Brent, both of whom afterward became officers of some distinction in the Confederate army. The three "suspects" were imprisoned in Fort Lafayette, New York Harbor, where they remained in durance for some weeks. Meantime Mr. Prentice was exerting his influence in their behalf. Going to Washington he so persistently advocated their cause that he secured their unconditional release.

Some time after his release Doctor Gwin ran the blockade to the South, where he remained for a year or more on

his plantation in Mississippi. During this period he had no official connection with the Confederacy, and in 1863 we find him in Paris, for the purpose of promoting a scheme which he had formed for the colonization of Sonora. This project of his was greatly misunderstood at the time, and for long years afterward, it being often charged against Doctor Gwin that the scheme was intended to supply a refuge for Southerners, which would at the same time be a menace to the United States Government. Mr. Evan J. Coleman, his son-in-law, published, however, in several numbers of the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, for 1891, a mass of correspondence bearing on the subject, the impartial perusal of which leads to the conviction that Gwin's plan had for its object the repairing of his fortune, and not the planting of a magazine of menace against his country. It must be borne in mind that his fortune was greatly shattered by the Civil War, and that he was always, to the day of his death, a man of great and grand projects. Space does not admit of entering into particulars, but it may be stated that the Duke de Morny and the Emperor Napoleon viewed the scheme with enthusiastic favor. The position of the French in Mexico, however, was not such as to give much assurance of its realization; and though Doctor Gwin visited Mexico in 1864, provided with a letter from the Emperor to Marshal Bazaine, that General gave him no encouragement. On his return from Paris, in the winter of 1864-65, he found De Morny on his death-bed. In the latter year he again went to Mexico, and pursued his project to its final rest. Then he traveled into Texas, where, soon after his arrival, he was arrested by order of President Johnson, conveyed under guard to New Orleans, and imprisoned in Fort Jackson. In that unhealthy place he was confined for nearly eight months before he was released. He now turned his steps to California,

where he took up his permanent residence, being provided with an ample income from a fine mining property which was developed by the perseverance and energy of his son William. He died September 3d, 1885.

In the history of California, Doctor Gwin will ever occupy a conspicuous place. His energy of character and integrity of purpose were alike prominent. During his residence in Washington, assisted by his charming and talented wife, he entertained in a sumptuous style, extending his hospitality without distinction of political creeds. His residence, in fact, became a neutral ground, on which opponents met and amicably discussed their differences, while the entertainments which he provided were famous for their magnificence. Mrs. Gwin resides in San Francisco with her daughters, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman and Miss Carrie Gwin. Doctor Gwin's son, William M. Gwin, Jr., at present United States Shipping Commissioner, married a Miss Maynard of an old and distinguished Virginia family, and is the father of four children, so that California's first Senator to Congress is well represented by descendants in the land of his adoption.

It was during the period of the exciting struggle between the pro- and anti-slavery parties, that Henry Stuart Foote appeared in California. Lawyer, politician, and literateur, Foote had already won renown before he turned his steps hitherward. He was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, February 28th, 1804, and after having graduated at Washington College, Lexington, in the same State, before he had attained his nineteenth year, took up the study of law with great assiduity. In 1822 he was admitted to the bar, and at once entered into practice of his profession. He soon began to display his literary taste as also his political views, and having removed to Tuscumbia, Alabama, in 1824, he there edited a Demo-

cratic paper. Two years later he went to Jackson, Mississippi, where he established himself, and rapidly acquired an extensive practice. In 1827 he was united in marriage to Elizabeth, daughter of Col. Wm. Winter and Catharine Stark Washington. He was equally conspicuous and active in the political field, the results of which were that he was made presidential elector in 1844, and was chosen United States Senator as a Unionist in 1847. His senatorial career was marked by the energetic part which he took in the compromise measures of 1850. He was a leader in all the great measures of the times and his judgment was eagerly sought and accepted by his colleagues and associates, among whom were such honored names as Webster, Clay and Cass.

Foote's fiery soul, and the never-back-down factor of his character, brought him into frequent collision with his political opponents, and he fought a number of duels. Indeed, perhaps no member of Congress ever obtained greater notoriety than he, as a defender of his principles and honor by practical appeals to the Code. And yet, with all his prompt readiness to give or receive a challenge, his lack of skill with the pistol was as notorious as his courage. His antagonist might always reasonably consider that he himself occupied the safest position on the field. S. S. Prentiss, whom he twice engaged in mortal combat, on one occasion, when they had taken their positions, observing that some boys had climbed a neighboring tree in order to see the duel, warned them that they were in danger, telling them that "the Governor shoots very wide."

Senator Foote was a singularly loyal supporter of the Union, and in the autumn of 1852 he resigned his seat in the Senate, in order to canvass his State for the position of Governor. Having driven Gen. Quitman from the field, he found himself opposed by Jefferson

Davis. His campaign was successful, and he was elected over the future President of the Confederate States. Having served one term as Governor, he left Mississippi, and proceeded to California, where he arrived in 1854.

When Governor Foote established himself in our State he was in the prime of life, vigorous, energetic, and capable of great endurance. Owing to long experience, contact with eminent

in height, of graceful mien and gentlemanly demeanor. His quick, light, springy step proclaimed his physical and mental activity, while his finely shaped forehead and well developed head told of the great potential energy of his intellect. Honorable and upright in all his dealings, consistent from first to last in his fixed political principles, and void of fear in advancing them, the new-comer brought to California an en-



HON. HENRY S. FOOTE.

men, and his keen power of observation, he possessed a deep knowledge of human affairs, human character, and human tendencies. His talents were of a high order, and whether as lawyer, politician, or orator, he was equally conspicuous and popular in the sphere of his labor. His personal appearance, as well remembered by old Californians, was that of a slightly-built, active, intellectual man, about five feet eight

viable reputation, gained by sterling merit and brilliant talents.

The ex-Governor soon won much personal popularity, yet he did not attain that success in the political field which had attended his efforts elsewhere. This was chiefly owing to splits in the Democratic party, and desertion from the ranks of the Know Nothing faction, to which he had attached himself. At the opening of the year 1856, Governor



DAVID COLBERT BRODERICK.

Foote had good prospect of being elected United States Senator, to succeed Gwin, by the Know Nothing Legislature. There were three candidates for the seat, the ex-Governor's competitor being E. C. Marshall, also a Democrat, and H. A. Crabb, of San Joaquin. Both Broderick and Gwin used their best efforts to prevent an election. Foote had been nominated in caucus, but when the motion for a joint convention on the senatorial election was made in the State Senate, it was defeated by Wilson Flint, Democrat, whose action in the matter was taken on the ground that Foote was a pro-slavery politician. The consequence was that there was no election, to the great disgust of the Know Nothing Party,

which, it may be remarked, enjoyed but a brief existence in California.

After this failure to secure a seat in Congress as Senator from California, Governor Foote debated in his mind whether he should remain in the State or remove to Texas, where he had considerable landed interests. If he remained in California, two careers were open to him; he could devote himself to the practice of his profession, or to politics. Whatever may have been the influencing motives which determined his future course, he discarded all three propositions and decided to return to Mississippi, whither he went in 1858, establishing himself at Vicksburg, where he practiced law. He was present at the Southern Convention held at Knoxville, Tennessee, in May, 1859, and stren-



COL. JACK HAYES.

uously opposed disunion. When that momentous question began to be seriously agitated, hoping to influence the impetuous current of public sentiment, he removed to Tennessee, established his home at Nashville, and became the

denounce measures which he disapproved in such bold language as did Foote. But Foote was perfectly intrepid, and was a sword in the side of the Confederate President. He earnestly advocated acceptance of the terms offered by



DR. GWIN.

eloquent protagonist in the cause of non-secession.

In spite, however, of his world-known feelings on the subject of disunion, he was subsequently elected to the Confederate Congress, and during no period of his life did he more signalize himself than while occupying that seat. His courageous opposition to Jefferson Davis made him famous; probably no other man in the house would have dared to

President Lincoln, and finally vehemently opposed continuance of the war.

After the conclusion of the war Governor Foote resided for some time in the city of Washington. There he supported the administration of President Grant who, in 1876, made him Superintendent of the United States Mint at New Orleans, which office he held until shortly before his death, which occurred May 20th, 1880. Although he had nearly



PRESIDENT HENRY DURANT.

reached his eightieth year, his constitution was still vigorous. His life was shortened, however, by an accident. Rising suddenly one day from his chair, he struck his head violently against the ornamental point of a chandelier. He did not long survive the injury received. He returned to his home at Nashville, where he shortly afterward died.

Although his residence in California was neither permanent nor even long, Foote was a prominent promoter of her welfare. While in Congress as Senator from Mississippi, he devoted himself to the interests of the newly acquired country, and earnestly labored in behalf of its admission into the Union as a State.

He gave expression to his literary taste and ability by the publication of several works of considerable merit, besides being a constant contributor to leading newspapers. During his busy life he managed to find time to use his pen in other than legal and political lines. In 1841 he published two volumes entitled, "Texas and the Texans"; his work, "The War of the Rebellion, or Scylla and Charybdis," appeared in 1866; "Bench and Bar of the South and Southwest," in 1876. Besides these he left an interesting book of "Personal Reminiscences."

Governor Foote had a numerous family, and is worthily represented on the Pacific Coast in talent and character by his immediate descendants, who occupy positions of honor and distinction. Four daughters and three sons are still living, namely, Mrs. Jane W. Martin, wife of the Hon. J. West Martin, ex-Mayor of Oakland, President of the Union Savings Bank of Oakland, and a Regent of the University of California; Mrs. Annie Stewart, wife of Senator William M. Stewart, of Nevada; Mrs. Aldrich, widow of the late Judge Louis Aldrich; Mrs. Arabella Wood; — the surviving sons are Judge Henry S. Foote, of San Francisco; Hon. W.

W. Foote, ex-Railroad Commissioner, and a prominent candidate in the late fight at Sacramento for United States Senatorial honors, who was an officer in the Civil War, now residing in Oakland; and Mr. M. M. Foote, of San Francisco. Another son, now deceased, Romilly, who served through the Civil War, on the staff of Gen. Buckner, was prominent in Idaho politics, and like his father in California, missed an election to Congress from that State by one vote.

Foremost among the crusaders who bore the banner of education to California was Doctor Henry Durant, who may be justly called the father of the State University.

Henry Durant was born at Acton, Middlesex County, New Hampshire, June 18th, 1802, and was brought up on a farm until he was twelve years old. At that age he lost his father, but was provided with the means of education by friends, who placed him in Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. In 1823 he entered Yale College, and graduated in 1827. Having studied theology he became a Congregational clergyman, and was the pastor of a church for sixteen years. The cause of education had been dear to him even in early life, and regarding California as a land in which his services would be exceptionally valuable during its infancy, he turned his course thitherward, and landed at San Francisco in May, 1853.

At this time Doctor Durant was over fifty years of age, vigorous and enthusiastic, with a mind rich in the wealth of experience, and ripe in power of thought. Courteous and gentlemanly in demeanor, unobtrusive yet impressive in all his course of action, he was singularly successful in winning attention, and in carrying out to a prosperous issue the projects to which he devoted his energy and abilities.

One month after his arrival in California he opened a private school in Oakland for the education of young

men. He began with three pupils only, and with one hundred and fifty dollars a month to pay for rent of the building, and an equal sum as wages to a man and his wife to take charge of it, for the first few months the receipts were not sufficient to meet current expenses. But faith and perseverance prevailed; the germ of the future University of California survived its first struggles for existence, and Doctor Durant began to put in shape his plan to found a college. Having gained popularity by the care which he exercised over his pupils, and having interested enlightened and influential men in the cause, he succeeded in obtaining, April 13, 1855, a charter granted by the Legislature for the incorporation of the "College of California, situated in the city of Oakland." The trustees of the newly founded institution, in spite of the squatter troubles existing at that time in Oakland, obtained possession of four blocks of land on Twelfth Street for its site. This site was selected by Doctor Durant, and it was owing to his presence of mind and judicious address to a large crowd of "jumpers," who were on the point of taking possession of all unoccupied land in Oakland, that it was secured.

At the start the undertaking was embarrassed by pecuniary difficulties, but these were overcome, and the college grew in number of pupils, professors, and buildings, under the able management of Doctor Durant, who was made president of the institution.

The trustees of the college secured 160 acres of land at Berkeley, with the view of removing their institution. This tract had been chosen by Doctor Durant as its future permanent site, and he now exerted himself to have the college merged with the State institution newly provided for by Congressional grant. On October 9th, 1867, resolutions were passed, offering to donate and convey to the State Board of Di-

rectors of the Agricultural, Mining, and Mechanical Arts College the 160 acres of land above mentioned, in the earnest hope and confident expectation that the State of California would forthwith organize upon the site a University of California, to include a College of Mines, a College of Civil Engineering, a College of Mechanics, a College of Agriculture, and an Academical College,—all of the same grade, and with courses of instruction equal to those of Eastern colleges. The offer was accepted, and Doctor Durant's ardent wish was accomplished. The old college was discontinued and made part of the new institution, which was organized in 1868.

For two years Doctor Durant held the position of President of the new university. But his advanced years made him unable to cope with the arduous requirements of those early days, when the University had to fight its way, so he resigned his position. The people of Oakland elected him their Mayor, in March, 1873. In the following year they again complimented him by re-electing him. But his days were numbered, and he did not live to serve out his term. He died January 22d, 1875.

In contrast with the life of peaceful industry passed by Doctor Durant, was the career of Colonel Jack Hays, the Texan Ranger, who distinguished himself in border warfare and the war with Mexico.

John Coffee Hays was raised on a farm in Wilson County, Tennessee, being born there in 1817. At the age of eighteen he migrated to Texas, where, during the struggle of that Mexican province for independence, he served with distinction in the military campaign conducted by General Sam Houston, being noted for his bravery and strategy. After the termination of that conflict Hays was placed in command of the small regular force that was shortly afterward organized and became known to fame as the "Texan Rangers." Many



were the desperate fights in which he was engaged with the fierce Comanches and border Indians, and innumerable were the perils which he encountered. He was the first to supply an armed force with Colt's revolver and use it in battle.

The Indian mode of warfare in those early days was to draw their enemy's fire and then sweep down upon them like a whirlwind, plying their bows and using their long spears with deadly effect. So cautious were they in this respect, that they soon distinguished the double-barreled gun when it was brought into use, and only approached when they were sure that such weapons had been emptied. On the first occasion when Hays and his Rangers, armed with the revolver, met a band on the war-path, they allowed their fire to be liberally drawn, and then the Indians charged with exultant cries. But when the revolver was brought into play at close quarters, the panic that ensued was absolute, and the destruction of the Indians complete.

When John Audubon, son of the celebrated ornithologist, was making his zoölogical examination in Texas, Colonel Hays supplied him with an armed escort and a faithful Indian guide, Black Beaver by name, a Delaware and noted hunter and frontiersman. The man of science and the man of nature became great friends, and the affection of Black Beaver for Audubon was deep. Their parting was a sorrowful one, and the latter was wont to narrate that when he rode away his Indian friend seated himself on a rock, and, with his elbows on his knees, buried his face in his hands. As Audubon turned from time to time on his saddle to wave adieu, the same mournful figure, without change of attitude, met his eye; and as he passed out of sight that lone living picture was still silhouetted in the distance.

During Taylor's campaign on the Rio

Grande, Hays was Colonel of the First Texan Regiment, the nucleus of which was formed of veteran Rangers. All through the campaign the regiment distinguished itself,—particularly at Monterey, at the storming of Fort Soldado, and the stronghold known as the Bishop's Palace. Led by Hays and Walker, two hundred Texans, under cover of a thick mist, at three o'clock in the morning of September 22d, 1846, scaled the almost perpendicular cliff of the Cerro del Obispado, drove the Mexicans from that point, and were instrumental in the capture of the fort beyond, by their destructive fire upon the flanks of the enemy, as they made a formidable sally against the small force opposed to them.

When the war was ended, Hays crossed the plains and came to California, arriving in San Francisco in 1849. In 1850 he was elected sheriff of that city by a great majority, over Colonel Bryant. Bryant was a wealthy man, and spared no expense to secure the position, but the fame of his competitor, opportunely supported by a wonderful exhibition of horsemanship in the plaza, gained the favor of the people. Hays was the first sheriff in San Francisco, and held the office for four years. In 1853 he was appointed United States Surveyor-General by President Pierce.

Colonel Hays was of medium height and slightly built, but an extremely active and wiry man. He was temperate, quiet, modest, and unobtrusive, but would stand no trifling. In California he never had an enemy, and in Texas even the "roughs" of those early days in which he figured, accustomed as they were to express themselves in harsh and unmitigated terms, never spoke of Hays but in language of respect. During the latter part of his life he resided on his farm, situated in the foothills of Oakland Township, where he made for himself a beautiful home, until his death.

*J. J. Peatfield.*

## THE BLAZED TRAIL AT MONTEREY.



TIME has not obliterated an old Indian trail back of Monterey, that leads from the mountains to the sea. The blazed scars on the trees are nearly overgrown, but wood-choppers and boys keep the path itself well worn.

It is out of the way of the summer visitors, but the view along its course would well repay the long walk over it—the sea with the graceful sweep of its horse-shoe beach, the pine-clad mountains, and the quaint old town nestling at their feet. Truly it was an Arcadia in which the Indians lived; no need to labor; no tilling of the soil; woods alive with game, and full of fruit and nuts; sea stocked with fish, and around and above all a perpetual Indian summer.

Perhaps over this old trail the swift messenger sped to carry the news of the Spanish galleon in the harbor, and over it his fellows may have crowded to watch in breathless silence and curiosity the landing of the priests. These Indians were of a friendly nature. The priests were not obliged to overcome the flesh before reaching the spirit.

The baptism of a few women and children was consummated first, and, finding no harm came of it, others followed. The first months were put to studying the Indian tongue and gaining their friendship. The sacred rite of baptism became so frequent that some way of distinguishing them became necessary. One day all were called to the chapel, and received a slit ear. As they departed to their mountain homes, with the marks of the cross upon the brow, and the bleeding and mutilated ear, each had a sense of outrage in his heart, not unlike a wounded animal that seeks solitude until recovered.

The time being ripe for the building of the mission church, the priests began by setting the women to excavating for the vaults and cellars, their only implements being *clam-shells*. A dungeon was also dug for the punishment of the refractory. From the exhaustive nature of this work as it progressed, it too often proved the tomb of many of these willing and faithful creatures.

History speaks of one priest who, having some feeling of youth and cheerfulness in his nature, laughed, danced, and sang to amuse the Indians while teaching them to mould the adobe bricks for the walls of the church. He "was re-proved for his levity," and the Indians were punished severely in various ways if a certain number were not made each day. When the heavy beams were required to support the roof, the priests selected the largest trees, growing far up the mountain side. The labor of getting them down to the church was enormous. To represent the holy trinity, three Indians only were allowed to carry these beams at a time; fresh relays of three were at short distances apart on the trail. Notwithstanding this, the unwonted labor and the terrible strain on the undisciplined Indians caused many to drop from exhaustion and die by the wayside. At the end of each day's work the priests would go over the trail, and the dead having scarred ears were interred according to the ceremonies of the church,—the others were buried where they lay. There is an old saying often used by the priests of this religion, in excuse of their many inquisitions, viz: "The end justifies the means." This is a bit of the unwritten—but none the less true—history of the building of the mission churches. Are they monuments to Christianity, or to martyred lives?

Kate P. Sieghold.



# THE WRECK

By ROBT H. DAVIS

I stood beside her on that night,  
The wild, mad ocean in its might  
Tossing the ship on high;  
I saw the towering watery wall  
And heard the tumbling breakers fall,  
A drowning sailor's helpless call,  
While foam splashed on the sky; —

I felt her clasp upon my arm,  
An ocean 'twas of the coming harm,  
Rising from out the deep.  
I felt her tangled hair all wet,  
Twining my neck like a siren's net;  
I hear the roar of the tempest yet  
And the sound of the billows sweep.

It all comes back like a night-mare dream;  
The slip, the fall, her curdling scream  
As she sank in the roaring sea.  
Oh hear the wind with its moaning sigh;  
Oh see the white caps dancing by,  
I see her sinking and hear her cry,  
"What wonder she beckoned me?"

Twelve years ago she left my side,  
Torn from my arms by the hungry tide  
And tossed on a curling wave;  
But still I hear the terrible roar,  
The echoing boom from the wave-beat shore,  
No rest, no peace for evermore —  
I will follow her to my grave.



## TAKING TOLL.

I.

"I THINK you're very rude indeed, to stop my going by,  
And threaten me such dreadful things if I should even try.  
I really, truly, don't believe you mean a word you say,—  
So please to stand aside, sir, and let me go my way."



## II.

"Don't grieve yourself so, pretty one, for just one little kiss;  
 You surely ought to render toll in such a place as this,—  
 And if you knew the happiness you've given me, why then  
 It might be you would turn around, and come right back again."

*Charles S. Greene.*



## THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

YOSEMITE.

ETERNAL Chorister, O sylvan stream!

Thy harmonies, like evening lullabies,

Compose my soul into a waking dream

Of endless summer with untroubled skies,—

Where, far removed from glooms and sensuous strife,

I catch the glories of a higher life.

'Tis near, I hear thy ripples' monotone,

A vesper plaint for this dim forest tract;

And far, the trumpets of thy cataract

Blown loudly by uneven lips of stone.

Who by thy banks could ever feel alone,

Or worldly cares and thoughts material keep,

Whether at rest where languorous shade is thrown,

Or threading tangled thickets on the steep?

*Wilbur G. Zeigler.*



## JAPANESE SPINNING SONG.

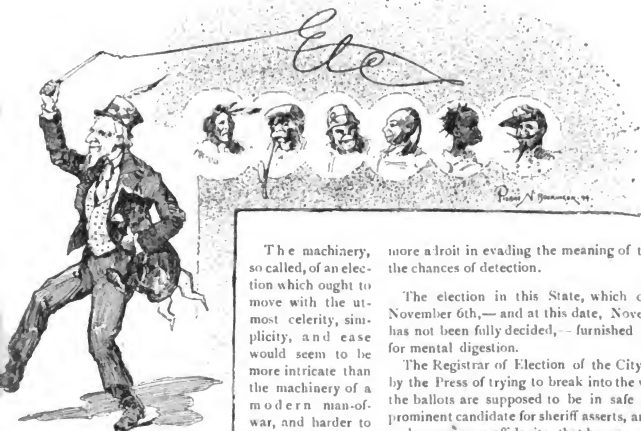
THE sun, Amateru, rolls o'erhead,  
 A wheel whose spokes are rays of light,  
 And drags the lazy, smiling earth  
 Through summer days of slow delight.  
 Gay birds and insects twirl in air,  
 Or dip the lake to hurrying rings;  
 While underneath the cherry trees,  
 Sweet Noshi spins her silk and sings:—

“Hyak-u! Hyak-u! Whirr and circle,  
 Dizzy wheel that draws the silk,  
 At your edge a rim is growing,  
 Fine as sunshine, white as milk;  
 Floating in the bowl beside me,  
 Oval cocoons dance and reel,  
 As from each a fairy fiber  
 Glistens upward to the wheel.”

Hyak-u! Hyak-u! Whirr and circle,  
 While the spinner lightly bends,  
 Forward, backward, twisting, twirling  
 Broken thread and flying ends.  
 Suddenly the bowl grows placid,  
 Each cocoon drifts brown and bare.  
 Ah! the merry wheel has robbed them  
 Strand by strand of treasure rare!

Hyak-u! Hyak-u! Check the circle,  
 Slip the wreath of silk away,  
 Coil and bind its glistening softness,  
 Hang it where the breezes play,  
 Store it in the lacquered casket,  
 Made such treasures to conceal,—  
 Then again for song and spinning,—  
 Dip the cocoon! turn the wheel!

*Mary McNeil Scott.*



The machinery, so called, of an election which ought to move with the utmost celerity, simplicity, and ease would seem to be more intricate than the machinery of a modern man-of-war, and harder to handle than Keelcy's motor. To a voter of average intelligence, it does not appear a more difficult thing for a party of chosen citizens to count his ballot than it did for him to vote it.

more a froit in evading the meaning of the law and the chances of detection.

The election in this State, which occurred on November 6th,—and at this date, November 17th, has not been fully decided,—furnished much meat for mental digestion.

The Registrar of Election of the City is accused by the Press of trying to break into the vault, where the ballots are supposed to be in safe keeping; a prominent candidate for sheriff asserts, and is backed up by numerous affidavits, that he was counted out; would-be voters have been arrested, who give their residence as a leading hotel in the city. Investigation proved that the rooms indicated as their domicils were hallways, closets, and wardrobes, numbered with chalk.

Some of the testimony in Judge Wallace's Court is worth preserving:

"I received information from a person connected with the Registrar's office," said the witness, "that a number of stuffers were in the Baldwin Hotel. I went to the Registrar's office and verified the list. I then went to the hotel about 7 or 8 o'clock in the evening, and saw Mr. Gilmore on duty. Wanting to learn if the persons registered were in the hotel, I sent up cards. I forget the names of these people, but one was a longshoreman by occupation, the other an auctioneer.

"Gilmore told me the gentlemen were there—said he was certain of it, as he had registered them. I sent the cards up and waited some little while, when Gilmore told me the persons were not in at that time, but would be later on. I left, came back some time after, sent the cards up a second time and received the same reply. Then Mr. Johnson, another newspaper man, came in, and I got him to send cards up to these same people, Mr. Gilmore receiving his cards in the same way, telling him the people were there.

"I then went to the rooms these people were supposed to occupy. They were on the fifth floor. I met the bellboy, and told him I was looking for the gentlemen occupying the rooms of which I gave him the numbers. He laughed at me, and said there were no such rooms as those in the house. In one of them, he said, they never allowed any gentlemen. Gilmore did send three cards up with that number on it. I am very positive about that.

"I then inquired of the bellboy for the second

The most generous minded man in the world, regardless of party, can arrive at but one conclusion in regard to the intelligence, if not the honesty, of the election-board of his precinct, when he knows that it has taken four days or a week to count the suffrages of three hundred voters, with numerous recounts that vary one from one another by ninety or a hundred votes. The idea suggests itself, that a party of American school-boys could do better, or would be abandoned by their teachers as impossible. The most intricate set of bank or counting-house books in the city are playthings compared to the election machinery, of this civilized, educated country. Why is this? Is it because the law-makers cannot invent a system that contains some of the practicality of their own business affairs; is it because the election-boards, clerks, et cetera, are ignoramuses, or is it because some are dishonest?

Every state or national election furnishes the daily press with column after column of sensational news *in re* ballot-box stuffing, false counts, waylaying of ballots, robbing safes, and "repeaters." If a country, like an individual, learns anything by experience, and wishes to profit thereby, it would seem that a century and more of national life ought to simplify and purify the ballot.

It would seem, however, that all that is taught the American politician by experience is, how to be

room. He said, "You must be badly fooled." The second room was filled with sections of scenery and chairs, and had the appearance of not having been occupied for some time.

The private life of Hall Bronillette, or Hall Room-toilet, as Mr. Clunie called him, was inquired into. As far as the New Western was concerned, Mr. Bronillette never lived there. He had registered from room 29, but the books showed that B. Redman occupied it. John Brown had registered from the same room, but John's body and soul marched on without lingering in that neighborhood. John Corcoran, who had registered from room 69, never roomed in the house."

Another startling fact brought to light in the tenth precinct was, that the register showed only 176 votes had been cast, yet 182 had been tallied for Governor.

In one instance a would-be voter went so far as to take his oath that his name was ———, in the face of an astonished election clerk, who bore the name and owned the house the voter claimed as his residence. The perjurer was allowed to escape, and the incident was treated as a joke.

Such are some of the delightful election day echoes that salute the ears of the honest voter and tax-payer. We may well inquire, "Where are we at?"

THERE ought to be no question as to the meaning of the result of the two last general elections. The people are sick and tired of the Tariff tinkering.

The Republican Party was turned down and out in 1894 because of the paralyzation of business, brought about by its long-drawn-out playing with the tariff law, and the final passage of a bill that upset all commercial stability.

The Democratic Party have lost their commanding influence in the government for exactly the same reason. They followed to the letter General Grant's celebrated definition of the party—"They did the wrong thing in the right place."

Had they here been wise they might have profited by the mistakes of their opponents. Their policy was to "sit tight and do nothing." But no, it must dally with the buzz-saw, and like the bear who did likewise it was cut up into so many small pieces that its own mother would not know it.

Now the Republican Party is in power again, and it remains to be seen whether it will be drawn to its destruction by this same fateful fascination. The business men of the country want a chance to recover. They want the tariff question let alone. Any bill is better than uncertainty. It is to be hoped that our newly elected legislators appreciate this.

HOWEVER, in case our Congressmen find their usefulness gone and their chances for distinction nil, with the tariff question relegated to the skeleton closet, we are taking the liberty of suggesting that

the Nicaragua Canal has not been built in spite of our boasted wealth and progressiveness.

No one disputes either the practicability or the advisability of building the canal; or that commercially and politically it would redound to our credit. Then, why is it not built? If Reed in the House and Stewart or Sherman in the Senate would champion the measure, and see that it was made an issue regardless of party, they would write their names on the nation's history in a way that could never be effaced.

The money question need hardly be considered in this connection. As a government measure, there would be no trouble in disposing of the one hundred million dollars worth of bonds in this country. If any one doubts it, let the government issue twice that amount of non-interest bearing bonds and guarantee the holder against fraud. They would be taken up in twenty-four hours. The people have faith in the canal; only let the government give them a chance to test their faith, and it would be a reality in another year.

AFTER all has been said and done, the election is over and people breathe free once again. California has a Democratic Governor and a Republican State ticket, but what is more important to the Republican party is the election of a Republican Legislature, thereby insuring the election, we trust, of Mr. Irving M. Scott to the U. S. Senate.

If a State has two men in the Upper House of Congress of whom she is proud, and feels she can trust, that State is in a position to hold up her head and ask for a place in the governmental affairs equal to its representatives' standing among their colleagues in the Senate, and it will be granted without demur.

Nevada has for years far exceeded her proper station, taking into consideration her sparse population and desert lands.

She has ranked with New York and Pennsylvania. It is a tribute to her Senators, Stewart and Jones, who are national leaders and recognized statesmen. The Republican party of California turns to Mr. Scott as the Democratic party would have turned toward W. W. Foote had it been successful, and the people of California applaud in the one case as they would in the other. An able man is above party.

THE OVERLAND being "devoted to the development of the country," finds itself advocating men, as well as measures. There is no reason why a magazine should not be fearless enough and independent enough to take a stand politically. While it may be a radical departure from the course pursued by this magazine and others, and possibly open to the criticism of the few, it feels that it will have the endorsement of the many.





### Dumas' Napoleonic Romances.

At this time, during the Napoleon renaissance, the translation of the Dumas novels that cover the era in history made glorious by the doings of the greatest Frenchman is more than apropos,—it is a welcome surprise.

Almost without exception, the lover of the historical novel turns to the author of the *Three Musketeers* as the historical novelist par excellence. No other novelist has covered such a vast space, handled so many characters, or depicted so many scenes in a nation's life. From the "Countess of Salisbury" down to the "Count of Monte Cristo" lie five centuries and a half, during which time one cannot but agree with the novelist's estimate of himself, that concerning those five centuries and a half he has taught France more history than any historian. He can properly claim to have written "The Drama of France," as Balzac claims that his novels are "The Human Comedy."

*The Whites and The Blues*<sup>1</sup> take up this "Drama of France," where "Le Chevalier De Maison-Rouge" left it, and introduce the reader to the excesses and struggles of the Republic after the execution of Louis XVI.

The Reign of Terror under Robespierre, Saint Just and Schneider, the defeat of the Prussians on the Rhine by Generals Pichegru and Hoche, the rise of Napoleon, the expeditions to Italy and Egypt, are all related with the dash, coloring and charm that Dumas knows so well how to command.

In "*The Companions of Jehu*"<sup>2</sup> the Napoleonic story is carried on and down to the crowning victory of the First Consul at Marengo.

The story on which all this history hangs is also strangely enough history, but the history of a phase of the time that has been almost overlooked in the

greater events that crowd the era. It is the narrative of the Civil War in the Vendée, the last stronghold of the royalists.

The *Companions of Jehu* were a body of young aristocrats who robbed stage-coaches of government funds, in order to send it to the royalist troop under the famous Georges Cadoudal.

The love interest in the novels is, as is usual with Dumas, small; but his picture of Napoleon, Josephine, and the generals, and the public characters that surrounded them, are drawn with a skill and ease that make them real and living.

In the second volume of *The Companions of Jehu*, Chapter IX, the student of Napoleon will find the author's estimate of the great man, not in the form of a critical essay, but rather in the style of a pen picture. It is a valuable addition to the literature on the subject.

The books are illustrated with full page etchings by well known artists, and the translation of the subject matter from the original has been painstakingly done.

### The Last Leaf.<sup>3</sup>

In 1885 Mr. Holmes publishers issued a very fine ten-dollar edition of "The Last Leaf," with a history of the poem by Dr. Holmes. The original of the "Last Leaf" was, it seems, Major Thomas Melville, "the last of the cocked hats," as he was sometimes called, and one of the "Indians" of the famous "Boston tea-party." The lavish illustration, by Geo. Wharton Edwards and F. Hopkinson Smith, was especially interesting for its local color and fidelity to historic Boston. This fine edition is now reproduced in less expensive form,<sup>1</sup> the illustrations all reduced to smaller size, but otherwise unchanged. The fac simile of the manuscript of the poem is omitted,—probably because reduction of size would

<sup>1</sup>The Whites and The Blues. By Alexandre Dumas; Little, Brown & Company. Boston : 1894.

<sup>2</sup>The Companions of Jehu. *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup>The Last Leaf. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Illustrated by Geo. Wharton Edwards and F. Hopkinson Smith.

be unsuitable in this case,—but in its place is prefixed a fac simile of Dr. Holmes's last letter to the publishers, in June of this year,—an interesting addition to the book. It is a most welcome publication, for many will be glad to have it who could hardly venture on so expensive a purchase as the former edition.

### The Three Musketeers.

The hundreds of thousands of admirers of Dumas' great masterpiece,—*The Three Musketeers*<sup>1</sup>—cannot but feel under a debt of gratitude to Thomas Y. Crowell & Company for presenting to them such a handsome edition of the work.

It is hardly within the province of the reviewer of so well known a novel to add even a word to the vast amount of literature on the subject, so he is confined, with every new edition of the great authors, to the binding, illustrations, and letter press.

No handsomer or charming edition of Dumas has ever been issued than this two-volume edition of *The Three Musketeers*. The binding is a la Pompadour,—gold and white back and flowered sides. The paper is heavy plate, and the illustrations, some 150 in a volume, are wash drawings of Maurice Leloir, and perfectly express the spirit of the story and the times. The artist was two years making the studies for the book. The frontispiece of Vol. I is a striking picture of the great author. It is followed by a letter from Alexandre the son to Alexandre the father, after the latter's death. It throws some interesting side-lights on the great man's character. From beginning to finish the edition is a triumph of artistic workmanship, and one can but think of the pleasure it would have given their author.

Book publishing has certainly become a fine art and fortunate is the author that falls into the hands of publishers like the ones under review.

### The Book of the Fair.

As Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft's great *Book of the Fair*<sup>2</sup> is the only complete history ever published of the Chicago Exposition, one looks forward with some eagerness as part after part of the great work comes out. It is interesting to compare one's own impressions and recollections of the Fair with Mr. Bancroft's.

Part XIX and the first half of Part XX carry on the description and history of the treasures of the Art Palace. Notable among the hundred half-tone reproductions of paintings are "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" by McCullum, "The Roll Call" by Lady Butler, "Cloister Kitchen" by Grützer, "Psyche" by Thurman, and Carl Becker's "Feast in the Doge's Palace."

<sup>1</sup>The Three Musketeers. By Alexandre Dumas. Two Vols. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company: New York and Boston. 1894.

<sup>2</sup>The Book of Fair, Parts XIX and XX. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. The History Co.: Chicago and San Francisco: 1894.

The State Exhibits commence with Chapter 22 of Part XX, with half and full page pictures of the New York, Pennsylvania, Vermont, and other State buildings, interior and exterior. In the letter press Mr. Bancroft has added much to the picture by giving brief narratives of the conception, erection and cost of the several buildings. Withal the two parts reviewed are admirable in every respect. There are five parts yet to come.

### Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.<sup>3</sup>

Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, the publisher of Portland, Maine, is responsible for a series of the most original and elegant reprints of this season. His dainty *bibelots*, one of which is the *Rubāiyāt*, are models of artistic workmanship.

It renders Edward Fitzgerald's First and Fourth versions of the famous Persian poem in parallel columns on parchment paper, in quaint old block type, between parchment covers.

Andrew Lang's exquisite quatrains, "To Omar Khayyam," follow, and are in turn succeeded by Justin H. McCarthy's "L'Envoi," of which the first stanza is:

"Omar, dear Sultan of the Persian Song,  
Familiar Friend whom I have loved so long,  
Whose Volume made my pleasant Hiding-place  
From this fantastic World of Right and Wrong.

Mr. Mosher has gone to some trouble to collect a list of editions and versions in English of the *Rubāiyāt*.

While lovers of rare and exquisite editions of famous works will seize upon these books with delight, there is another and larger class of book buyers that during the holidays cannot but prize them—the seeker after something new, handsome, and unique in books for presents.

The other books brought out in the series are:—  
"Felise: A Book of Lyrics," chosen from the works of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

"Old World Lyrics," translations from the later French poets.

"Songs of Adieu," a collection of recent English lyrics.

### Schools and Masters of Fence.

After reading Prof. Anso's able disquisition on "The Metamorphosis of Fencing," elsewhere in this magazine, a notice of Egerton Castle's well-known work on *Schools and Masters of Fence*,<sup>4</sup> and an acknowledgment of the benefit it has been to all lovers of the art of fence, will not be out of place, although the book was first published in London in 1885, revised in 1892.

<sup>3</sup>Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Rendered in English verse by Edward Fitzgerald. Thomas B. Mosher. Portland, Maine: 1895.

<sup>4</sup>Schools and Masters of Fence. By Egerton Castle. Macmillan & Co.: New York: 1892.

Mr. Castle's work is something more than a mere technical treatise on the art;—it is that, and also a complete history of swordsmanship from the middle ages to the end of the 18th century, "with a complete bibliography" of the subject.

As every position and every stage of development of the art, from its inception in the 15th century down to the present day, is illustrated, often with quaint reproductions from old Mss., the book is far more interesting and instructive than the ordinary manual. Probably the history of no other art is so surrounded by the romance of national history as this, and yet it is the least known of any to the general public.

The author, as does Prof. Ansot, emphasizes the fact that while fencing has become almost obsolete as a means of dueling, it still remains the best and highest method of physical and mental exercise. It not only brings the muscles into constant use, but it requires the undivided co-operation of the brain. In the introduction to his work the author says:

"It can be safely asserted that the theory of fencing has reached all but absolute perfection in our days—when the art has become practically useless. . . . It seems, therefore, paradoxical that the management of the sword should be better understood now than in the days when the most peaceable man might be called upon at any time to draw in defense of his life."

As has been said, the work is well illustrated, but special mention might be made of the series of half-tone plates of styles of swords used during the past two hundred years.

### Recent Verse.

*A Patch of Pansies*,<sup>1</sup> though issued by a New York publisher, is by a Western writer, not unknown to OVERLAND readers. It has a good deal of cleverness, but the verses are very unequal. They are divided into five groups, with separate dedications: the first, the "most thoughtful of my verses," dedicated to a valued critic; the second, love-verses, dedicated to the poet's mother; the third, humorous verse, dedicated to various "merry men" of his acquaintance; the fourth, verse of a somewhat homely and sensible cast, dedicated to certain business friends; the fifth, poems of childhood, dedicated to "Our Baby," and his fellows. On the whole, the homelier verses are the best, especially when they have a slightly humorous or satirical cast. Of these lighter poems, this is quite the best:

#### *The Other One Was Booth.*

Now, by the road, as Hamlet says, it grieves me sore to say  
The stage is not as once it was, when *I* was wont to play.

<sup>1</sup>*A Patch of Pansies*, By J. Edmund V. Cooke. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1894.

'Tis true that Irving, dear old chap, still gives a decent show,  
And Mansfield and young Willard really act the best they know;

'Tis true, Duse and Bernhardt, for we must n't be too hard,  
Are very fair, for women, though, of course, they ought to guard  
Against some bad-art tendencies; and as for all the rest,  
There's hardly one, I may say none, who stands the artist's test.

True artists are a rare, rare breed; there were but two, forsooth,  
In all *my* time, the stage's prime! and the other one was Booth.

Why, Mac, — I mean Macready, — but we always called him Mac, —

And old Ned Forrest used to say, or so they once told Jack, —

Or, that is, Jack McCullough, — well, this is what they said:

There were but two who really knew how Shakspeare should be read.

They did n't mean the younger Kean, nor Jack, and so perhaps

Caused a little jealousy among the lesser chaps.

They said that Lawrence Barrett was entitled to respect;

But as for Tom Salvini, well, his dago dialect  
Would never do for Shakspeare; so to tell the simple truth,

There were only two men in it; and the other one was Booth.

I liked Ed Booth, for he was such a royal-hearted fellow,

We never had a jealousy. When he put on Othello  
His Iago was much like to mine, likewise his stage direction;

But what cared Ed what critics said, since *I* made no objection!

Ah me! that day is past; the play has lost its honored station:

Who reads aright, rage, sorrow, fright, or tragic desolation?

Aye, who can reach to Hamlet's speech, "To be or not to be?"

Or wild Macbeth's cry, "Never shake thy gory locks at me!"

Or Lear's appeal: "O! let me not be mad, sweet heavens, not mad!"

Or Shylock's rage: "I'll have me bond!" Ah me!

It makes me sad  
To think it all, and then recall the drama of me youth,

When there were *two* who read lines true; and [the other one was Booth.

*Roses and Thistles*<sup>1</sup> incites a special friendliness in reviewing, because it is the work of a veteran Californian, a man now of nearly fourscore years, and because it is put forth with the modest explanation that the verses "have been written for amusement during the course of a long life, solely to please myself." They bear within themselves evidence of this origin, although they are in fact better than those the public is sometimes offered with deliberate hope of fame. There are some family poems and poems of friendship, a great many that express the writer's philosophy of life, and not a few on miscellaneous topics. They are above the average of verse of the sort, and one can well appreciate that after about sixty years of rhyming the writer was disposed to see his waifs all together in a good looking volume. The versification is uniformly flowing, the spirit genial, the level of intelligence good, and there is a fair amount of sympathy with the poetic aspects of nature and life. We quote a few stanzas which have as good a poetic quality as anything in the book:—

*Let Me Not Sleep in the Valley Low.*

Oh ! let me not sleep  
In the valley low,  
Where the earth is damp  
And the rank weeds grow ;  
Where the cold mist hangs  
O'er the reedy brake,  
And the green frog croaks  
In the dismal lake ;  
No, let me not sleep  
In the valley low.

Nor yet would I sleep  
In the churchyard old,  
'Neath green, mossy stones,  
And dark, crumbling mould ;  
Where the yew-tree grows  
And the willow waves  
O'er the bones that rot  
In forgotten graves ;  
No, I would not sleep  
In the churchyard old.

But make me a bed  
On the mountains high,  
Where the lightnings flash,  
When the storm sweeps by ;  
Where the eagle roars  
From the rocky nest,  
And the white snow sleeps  
On the mountain's breast.  
Yes, make me a bed  
On the mountain high !

Yes, lay me to rest  
Where the thunder speaks  
From the cloud as it sweeps  
O'er the mountain peaks,  
And the sun looks bright  
From an azure sky,  
When the storm has passed  
And the cloud gone by.

<sup>1</sup>Roses and Thistles. By Rufus C. Hopkins. San Francisco: William Dosey : 1894.

Yes, lay me to rest  
Where the thunder speaks.

Then my spirit will sport  
On the wings of the blast,  
And ride on the sunbeam  
When the tempest has passed ;  
Up through the bright azure  
"T will bring its swift flight,  
And bathe in the ether  
At the flood-gates of light.

*A Light Through the Storm*<sup>2</sup> comes to us from the same publisher ; and it would be unjust not to note how well made all three books are. Few volumes have been published in California in more tasteful printing and binding. *A Light Through the Storm* contains over seventy poems, somewhat ambitious, inspired by refined thought and by scientific and ethical enthusiasm ; a spirit at once happy and ardent runs through them, and though sorrows and strife are spoken of, the tone is very unreal. The verses are a little puzzling to a reviewer : they are not very readable, and it cannot be said that the real light of poetry touches them anywhere ; yet there is much excellence of diction, in spite of a good deal of looseness and indirectness, and they certainly have a quality of their own. They give an impression of youth throughout ; and there may be in them the promise of something very much better hereafter. There is no trivial sentiment in them, and no affectation,—except perhaps, youth's sincerely-meant affectation of deep experience.

We quote one sonnet :—

*Aspiration.*

My brain grows dizzy as I watch the flight,  
In free gyrations, of an eagle's drift,  
In endless circles pinioning the light  
Of blue, eternal silence, 'mid the shift  
Of undulating clouds. What waste too far  
For your undaunted wings to climb? What zone  
Of atmospheric distance can delar  
Such vital aspirations at the throne  
Of light immortal? Go, thou sluggish soul,  
Like Ganymede enclasp Jove's mighty bird,  
Nor fear the giddy steep that hem the goal  
So far beyond your ken ; for hope can gird  
The everlasting void that, tire on tire,  
Above us arches towards eternal rest.  
Enclasp thy eagle, thrilled with glad desire,  
And dauntless seek far heaven's immortal crest.

The book is illustrated from several of Keir's paintings, and from pen sketches and washes. These are all interesting, but do not seem to us to have come well through the process-work.

*Sebastian*<sup>3</sup> is in dramatic form. It has no real dramatic purpose, however, and the form is only an excuse for a study of the problem of the part of sin in forming character,—an old enough problem, but

<sup>2</sup>A Light Through the Storm. By Charles A. Keeler. San Francisco: William Dosey : 1894.

<sup>3</sup>Sebastian. Buffalo: Chas. Wells Moulton. 1894.

discussed here with intelligence and freshness. The poetry is of no remarkable merit, but is adequate to the dignity of the topic, and in the dialogues often shows unusual thoughtfulness and experience. Some of it is in blank verse, some in rhyme. A dramatic poem is too continuous to be quoted from very satisfactorily, but the following stanzas will give some idea of this one :—

## FELIX

See the wondrous beauty of this region,  
Bathed in radiance by the rising sun,  
See the gilded mists below us mounting  
Like blest souls whose work of love is done.

Kissing from the plains outstretched beneath us,  
Where the vineyards alternate the fields,  
And where Nature with unfailing kindness  
Hundredfold the bounteous harvest yields.

## SEBASTIAN

Nature is a stepdame to her children,  
Not a mother, tender, kind, and true.  
What cares she although we all should perish,  
What cares she how black our sorrow's hue?

Even when she smiles in sweetest beauty,  
Death she sows with a remorseless hand.  
Yonder lovely mist that toward us rises  
Hath left fever stalking through the land.

## FELIX

Great the mystery of earth's creation,  
And 't is not for us poor creeping things  
To pass judgment on the power Almighty,  
At whose beck the universe upsprings.

We are but an atom of the Cosmos,  
Nor can comprehend the mighty whole,  
Feeble ants in darkness ever crawling,  
While above our heads the planets roll.

## SEBASTIAN

Vast the Cosmos, and we judge it only  
By the fragment to our sight revealed,  
And we find it cruel, cold, remorseless,  
To man's cry for mercy ever sealed.

Often ere is innocence afflicted  
Than is guilt, for Nature careth not.  
Man must rise above her to be noble,  
Man must better be than is his lot.

Cruel she, therefore he must show mercy,  
Careless she, therefore he must be just ;  
He must ever seek to make her better,  
Struggle with her evil powers he must.

Mr. Thayer's *Poems New and Old*<sup>1</sup> are less striking and characteristic, but they are thoughtful and refined verse, sustained easily and consistently on a good poetic level. They are what we call very "modern," science, and philosophic and social problems playing much part in them ; but the range of

subjects and styles is wide. Without any delicately lyrical quality, the verse-movement is more than usually easy. Perhaps the best thing of all is a paraphrase from Hafiz, "The Secret of Hafiz"; but we prefer to quote from something entirely the author's, and therefore choose a few stanzas from a long poem, called "Wellesley Revisited."

Up from the waters of life, up from invisible sources,  
Spring,—the Youth of the Year, spring,—the  
blithe and divine,

Like the fresh, salt air of the sea, reviver of virginal  
forces,

Breathes on this Waverley land, long ago home-  
stead of mine.

Maple and cedar rejoice, the orchard of apple trees  
blushes,

By her ineffable kiss kindled with love and delight:  
Robert-o-Lincoln has come, the catbirds call, and  
the thrushes

Garland their thickets with song, from the day-  
break into the night.

Springtime in Italy—oh, the indescribable splendor!  
Florence, the Lily, afloat in an ocean of quivering  
green ;

Fragrance of lemon and thyme, and rustles of cy-  
presses slender

Stirred by the breezes which waft the carol of  
throats unseen !

Mythical unison, blending of strength and splendor  
and sweetness,

Pageant of noonday enhanced when noonbeams  
hallow the night—

Love interfusing the soul with visions of joy and  
completeness—

This is the magic of Italy's spring—the spell, the  
delight !

Springtime at Athens—a chiasm of hues from ethe-  
real fountains !

Shimmer of tremulous waves, amethyst wedding  
with gold,

Emeralds set in the purple of immemorial mountains,  
Veils of violet, opaline mists o'er the horizon un-  
rolled !

Whithersoever she wander, spring on her beautiful  
mission,

Touches with rapture the sky, wakens to laughter  
the earth ;

But we remember as fairest of all her first apparition,  
When her miraculous wand transfigured the place  
of our birth.

The sailors, says Edith M. Thomas, came in sight of a lonely shore, golden as if bathed in full sunshine, in clear or cloudy weather ; they called it Sunshine Land ; and the secret of it was that the hills were covered with a million little flowers,—little, but so many that they covered the hills with a mantle of light. So she calls her book of poems about the

<sup>1</sup>Poems, New and Old. By William Roscoe Thayer. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Company : 1894.

"many small joys" that make up our pleasure, *Sunshine Land*.<sup>1</sup>

The poems are about children, and birds, and flowers, and little fancies. They recall the criticism to which Miss Thomas's early poems were open,—that the excellence of her manner sometimes passed off very trivial matter as sufficient basis for a poem. The criticism holds good again of this latest book,—the little conceit sometimes seems scarcely worth making a poem over. But one must forgive that, for the sake of the delicate fancy, the rare feeling for the little things of nature, and the honest, simple, and worthy expression. In this book, too, appears an attractive sympathy with childhood that has not been noticeable hitherto in Miss Thomas's work. While they are not all intended directly for children, there is a childlike simplicity about them which we think grown people will find appeals to them,—not alone to memory of childhood, but to that trace of the child that still lingers in their present selves. Perhaps we may be permitted to give more than one example, since they are short :—

*Butterfly and Thistle-Ball.*

Painted Wings hailed Silver Sphere,  
Riding through the heavens clear :  
"O you lovely fragile waif,  
Without wings to make you safe,  
Tell me how it is you dare  
Seek your fortunes through the air?"

Silver Sphere touched Painted Wings  
Softly, in their wanderings :  
"Nay, but tell me, traveler fine,  
How, without a wheel like mine,  
You can venture as you do  
Up the wide and breezy blue!"

*The Migration of the Squirrels.*

As the squirrels swept down from the North,  
A questioner stood in their way :

"Why thus go ye forth?"

Is it peace, is it war, that takes ye so far?"

"O, that is our secret," said they,

"And we will not tell."

As the squirrels swept on from the North,  
Said one to the other, "Disclose

Why 't is we go forth."

Then answered the other, "Heaven's secret, my  
Not one of our company knows, [brother!  
Heaven keeps it so well."

The book is illustrated satisfactorily by Katharine Pyle, with drawings that have a certain old-fashioned firmness and a good deal of individuality, and fit it well with the poetry.

It is still true, though the last of the great group of New England poets is gone, that we look to the

Atlantic seaboard of the country for most of the good verse that is written; and it chances that of all the books coming under our notice in the present review, the only ones that are in any exacting sense poetry are of this oldest literary region. The poems of Bliss Carman, indeed, are mostly Nova Scotian. *Low Tide on Grand Pré*<sup>2</sup> takes its name directly from the first poem, but all in the collection "are variations on a single theme, more or less aptly suggested by the title." They are collected from a larger number of scattered poems with reference to this similarity of tone, with the result of making a singularly harmonious whole. It is almost impossible to speak of them without using phrases borrowed from music, so marked is the lyric element in them, and so curiously is the vaguely emotional quality of music caught. One gets the pensive melancholy of the verse not so much from anything definitely said, as from subtle suggestions that cling about word and metre. One feels in reading it as if he were drifting down a gentle stream in dim moonlight, and catching shadowy glimpses of trees and flowers ashore. The verse ought to be more distinct,—it is often very obscure,—yet it manages always to leave its impression. It is very individual, and its peculiar quality may better be shown by an example than by any attempt to characterize it farther.

*At the Voice of a Bird.*  
*Consurgeat ad vocem volucris.*

Call to me, thrush,  
When night grows dim,  
When dreams unform,  
And death is far!

When hoar dews flush  
On dawn's rathe brim,  
Wake me to hear  
Thy wildwood charm,

As a lone rush  
Astir in the slim  
White stream, where sleer  
Blue mornings are.

Stir the keen hush  
On twilight's rim,  
When my own star  
Is white and clear.

Fly low to brush  
Mine eyelids grim,  
Where sleep and storm  
Will set their bar;

For God shall crush  
Spring balm for him  
Stark on his bier  
Past fault or harm,

<sup>1</sup>*Sunshine Land*. By Edith M. Thomas. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1894.

<sup>2</sup>*Low Tide on Grand Pré: A Book of Lyrics*. By Bliss Carman. New York: Charles L. Webster & Company: 1893.

Who once, as flush  
Of day might skim  
The dusk, afar  
In sleep shall hear  
  
Thy song's cool rush  
With joy rebrim  
The world, and calm  
The deep with cheer.

Then, Heartsease, hush !  
If sense grows dim,  
Desire shall steer  
Us home from far.

We would defy anybody to tell what some of these lines mean ; and certainly no sort of poetry would be more dangerous to imitate,—"sheer blue mornings," "the slim white stream," "the keen hush," could easily turn to affectations in unskilled hands : yet they do not sound so here, and somehow, with all strange expressions and all obscurities, the emotional effect of the bird's note and of the early dawn hour is given.

*Of Such is the Kingdom and other Poems*<sup>1</sup> is a collection of bright verse clothed in holiday cover, a very pretty design in gold, white and violet. Mrs. Commellin dedicates the volume to her sons, and the book breathes the pure thoughts of a woman and a mother. It would be a valuable addition to any library.

### Briefer Notice.

*Electricity at the World's Columbian Exposition*<sup>2</sup> is the title to a neatly bound book to which the reader's attention is attracted by an introductory quotation from the fertile pen of Murat Halstead, and a number of half-tone night views of the World's Fair, interspersed with cuts of electrical machinery.

Had the book been published during the period of the Exposition, it would doubtless have been of value as descriptive of the various exhibits in the Electrical Building. At this time it possesses little of interest or value. The brief technical portions savor of the elementary text book, and the descriptions are apparently culled from advertising circulars.

Six pages of data concerning the Intramural Railway leave one dazed with the final statement,— "cost per passenger, twenty-one one-thousandths of a cent."

Remembering the success of the electrical work at the great Columbian Exposition, one cannot but feel sad, after going through the dreary pages of this book, to find how little advantage the author has taken of the opportunity offered him to write not only an interesting book, but one that would also be of great value in Exposition work of the future.

<sup>1</sup>Of Such is the Kingdom and other Poems. Anna Olcott Commellin. Fowler & Wells Co. 1894.

<sup>2</sup>Electricity at the World's Fair. By J. P. Barrett. Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co. 1894.

It is a pleasure to find credit given Mr. Luther Stieringer for his important work as Consulting Electrical Engineer for the Exposition. A vain search may be made for the name of any other person connected with the successful electric work of lighting the Exposition.

W. F. Hasson.

The very cover of *Asiatic Breezes*,<sup>3</sup> with its bits of scenery from all over the world, not to mention Oliver Optic's name on the title page, is enough to set any healthy boy's heart bounding. For a generation Oliver Optic has provided fathers and mothers with boys' books that are almost as good as school-books, and a thousand times as interesting. His last one, *Asiatic Breezes*, or *Students on the Wing*, relates the adventures and studies of a party of our old friends on board their own yacht in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. That the volume is full of exciting incident one need hardly mention, but along with it all is a charming lesson in geography and history. The volume completes the second series of the "All-Over-the-World Library."

*A Moral Busybody* is a cleverly written story, relating the tribulations of an earnest, honest young man's endeavors in the cause of morality. Curiously interwoven in the tale, which is practically the narration of the Parkhurst movement, is the pathetic story of young Arriverney's sister and half-sister. The author essays to show that the Brickfield, or if you prefer it the Parkhurst upheaval, works more evil than good, but fails to provide a remedy, save in an outline of a crusade against the evil from another direction. It would seem simply a change of fire to another battery, with but little hope of better success.

Sophie May has made a Christmas present to the little people of the land of another of her charming Prudy books. *Wee Lucy*<sup>4</sup> is fully as delightful as its numerous predecessors,—filled with funny sayings and doings, and running over with happy child-life scenes.

It is hardly fair to the many little ones to even breathe the story of *Wee Lucy*, so we will just intimate that it is "ever so good."

Sophie May understands healthy children, and they in turn appreciate her.

ONE of the prettiest holiday brochures received at this office is entitled *Hoofs, Claws and Antlers of the Rocky Mountains*. It is a compilation of beautiful camera pictures by Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan, published by Frank S. Thayer, Denver. Theodore Roosevelt says: "The picture of the bunch of deer watering at the spring pool in snowy weather gives an idea such as no written description could of the

<sup>3</sup>Asiatic Breezes. By Oliver Optic. Lee and Shepard. Boston: 1895.

<sup>4</sup>A Moral Busybody. By Alan Dale. Mascot Pub. Co.: New York: 1894.

<sup>5</sup>Wee Lucy. By Sophie May. Lee & Shepard: Boston: 1894.

way black-tails look as they come down to drink in a band. . . . The alertness of the queer pronghorned beasts is caught to perfection, as well as the difference in their attitudes when compared with deer. . . . Knowing as I do the habits of the cougar or wolf, I can only express my astonishment at seeing these remarkable photographs of both. . . . It is a credit to Colorado and to the United States that a book of this kind should be published." The book is an ornament to any library, and is an innovation in its originality; the quaint stories as told by the authors convey but a faint idea of the difficulties encountered in securing these pictures of our Rocky Mountain game. We do not believe that this has been attempted before by any one else.

*Chi* is a new monthly magazine, under the editorial tutelage of Robert H. Davis, late of the *Examiner*. Mr. Frank A. Nankivell wields the crayon with decided chic and freedom. It is managed by Charles Taorm, Jr. It is a monthly record of the doings of Bohemia. In his salutatory the editor says: "The funny part of *Chi* is the absence of vulgarity and the presence of artistic truth. These are both funny in San Francisco." *Chi* occupies a field particularly its own; it is in good hands, and we wish it success.

THE *Student*, No. 1, Vol. I, Miss Alice G. Friedlander, editor, is an addition to the monthly publications of San Francisco. It is a bright, instructive magazine, devoted to the interests of education. The other departments are quite up to the high standard set in the editorial columns.

If you are interested in Natural Gas or Oil you should secure a copy of *Bulletin No. 3*,<sup>1</sup> the latest issue from the CALIFORNIA STATE MINING BUREAU. The volume gives in condensed form all the information concerning gas and oil yielding formations in the Central Valley of California obtainable to date. Comprehensive maps and analyses of values are also given, together with half-tone views of some of the districts where operations are being carried on. The experimental tables of relative values as fuel are exhaustive in their treatment of the subject, and the information given throughout is of a character not heretofore published.

The State Mineralogist and his assistants deserve great credit for their efforts to supply the public with information concerning the mineral resources of the State of such value as these Bulletins contain.

### Books Received.

The Three Musketeers. By Alexandre Dumas. 2 vols. Boston. Thos. Y. Crowell: 1894.

<sup>1</sup>The Gas and Petroleum Formations of the Central Valley of California. California State Mining Bureau.

The Genesis of Water. By P. W. Dooner. Los Angeles, Cal.: Kenshaw & Jones: 1894.

Whiter than Snow. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co.: 1894.

Must Greek Go? By John Kennedy. Syracuse: N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen: 1894.

The Rights of Labor. By W. J. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.: 1894.

Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson. By William Winter. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.: 1894.

A Light Through the Storm. By Chas. A. Keeler. San Francisco, Cal.: Wm. Doney: 1894.

The Growth of Love. By Robt. Bridges. Portland, Me.: Thos. B. Mosher: 1894.

Felise. By Algernon Chas. Swinburne. *Ibid.*

Moral Busybody. By Alan Dale. New York: Mascot Publishing Co.: 1894.

First Latin Book. By Collar & Daniell. Boston, Mass.: Ginn & Co.: 1894.

The Bell-ringer of Angels. By Bret Harte. Boston and N. Y.: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1894.

Timothy's Quest. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. *Ibid.*

The Story of a Bad Boy. By Thos. Bailey Aldrich. *Ibid.*

The Last Leaf. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. *Ibid.*

In Sunshine Land. By Edith M. Thomas. *Ibid.*

Catherine de Medici. By Honore de Balzac. Boston: Roberts Bros.: 1894.

Wee Lucy. By Sophie May. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1895.

Asiatic Breezes. By Oliver Optic. *Ibid.*

Wimples and Crisping Pins. By Theodore Child. New York: Harper & Bros.: 1895.

The Teacher's Mentor. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen: 1894.

Saints and Sinners. By Fanny May. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co.: 1894.

Schools and Masters of Fence. By E. Castle. Macmillan & Co. New York. 1892.

Suggestions on Government. By S. E. Moffett. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co.: 1894.

Of Such is the Kingdom and other Poems. By Anna Olcott Commuclin. New York: Fowler & Wells: 1894.

Chronological Outlines of American Literature. By Selden L. Whitcomb. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.: 1894.

American Immigration. By R. M. Atcliffson. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.: 1894.



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